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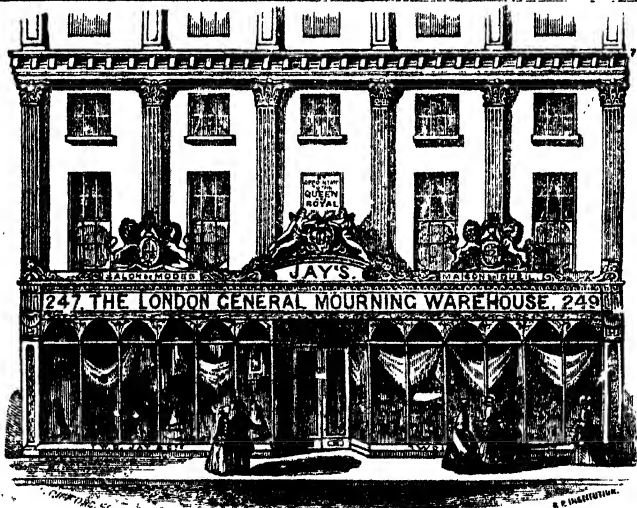
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THE  
ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1853.

ART. I.—“*My Novel*,” by *Pisistratus Caxton*; or, *varieties in English Life*. In Four Volumes. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

THE present is peculiarly an age of transformations. To say of almost any one that he was so-and-so twenty years ago, is pretty nearly tantamount to describing something very different indeed to that which he is at present. We do not refer to mere minor differences of character and sentiment, such as happen to all of us, but rather to radical and fundamental changes. In the world of religion and politics the correctness of this remark is so evident as to bring it almost down to the level of a truism. But the work before us proves that the transformation of which we speak is not confined to religion and politics, but extends to literature also, and that in no less a remarkable degree. We have no doubt that many of our readers were surprised and gratified to find the author of “*England and the English*” doing good service, in the opening of the present Parliament, as a staunch upholder of Lord Derby’s administration. They will be equally surprised and gratified to find the author of “*Pelham*” and “*Ernest Maltravers*” giving to the world a work, in “*My Novel*,” which, while it is well-nigh in every respect the exact opposite of those productions, has rarely been equalled, and, in our own opinion, never been excelled, in the whole range of fictitious literature. We do not refer merely to the merits of the work as a tale—to its fascinating interest—to the consummate literary genius which is stamped upon every page—but rather to the pure and high-toned morality which it throughout inculcates—to the delicacy of sentiment and expression by which it is every where pervaded—qualities these for which the earlier works of the writer were certainly *not* remarkable—qualities which, we think, entitle this, his latest work, to more than a mere passing notice, even though it be in the pages of a Review, which is usually occupied with subjects of a graver nature. We do not think our readers will quarrel with us for introducing them to a more intimate acquaintance with “*My Novel*,” nor are we at all afraid that when our task is ended they will disagree with the estimate we have formed of its merits, or shrink from bestowing upon the author the very high meed of praise to which, in our opinion, he is so justly entitled. It will be the object of this paper to



give as complete a sketch as our space will allow of the contents of "*My Novel*," illustrating that sketch as we go on by copious extracts, thereby enabling our readers to come to a more satisfactory conclusion respecting the soundness or the unsoundness of the judgment which we ourselves have formed respecting it. It would certainly be somewhat difficult, within the limits to which we are constrained to confine ourselves, to give any thing like even a general idea of the contents of a work consisting of something like 1400 closely printed pages. There is, however, a measure of consolation even in this difficulty. We shall be quite certain of not destroying the interest which those of our readers may hope to derive from "*My Novel*," who shall be induced, from our account of it, to seek a more extended acquaintance with the work itself. And with this remark we proceed to our story.

"*My Novel*" is supposed to be written by Pisistratus Caxton, son of that "old man eloquent" who so wins upon our affections in "*The Caxtons*," the work which preceded the one before us; and there are various "initial chapters," constituting, to us, one of the gems of "*My Novel*," in which Pisistratus recounts to his assembled family the progress of his undertaking, and receives in return many erudite criticisms thereupon.

The main purpose of "*My Novel*" we gather to be a demonstration of the falsity of the celebrated aphorism, wrongly attributed, the author tells us, to Lord Bacon, that "Knowledge is power." He shows us this by tracing out the career of two lads, Leonard Fairfield and Randal Leslie, the one of whom, a peasant, is introduced as the "pattern boy" of the village of Hazeldean; the other, belonging to a family once of considerable standing, but now in very reduced circumstances, is the *protégé* of an eminent statesman and cabinet minister, Audley Egerton. Leonard Fairfield is the aspirant after knowledge for its own sake, Randal Leslie for the sake of the "power" which he supposes to accompany it. The one cultivates the intellectual, in subservience to the moral principle; the other is only anxious to make his way in the world, and to restore the fortunes of his family—the only good feature by the way about him—without the slightest regard to any principle whatever, except that of self-advancement. In tracing the career of these two lads, we are in fact laying bare the "plot" of the work before us; for the other characters are, in various ways, grouped around them. Let us then proceed to introduce ourselves to the village of Hazeldean, and its "pattern boy," Leonard Fairfield.

But first we must bring forward two very prominent characters in our history,—Squire Hazeldean, as his name implies, the squire

of the village, and Parson Dale, two very admirable specimens of their kind. In an evil hour the Squire takes it into his head to shake to its very foundations the quiet of the hitherto peaceful village of Hazeldean, by causing to be put into complete repair the PARISH STOCKS. But we will introduce the Squire and his family to our readers:—

"The Squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the Parish Stocks. Then came the painter and coloured them a beautiful dark blue, with white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gayest public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian genius of the Hazeldeans—to wit, the almshouse, the school, and the parish pump.

"A more elegant, enticing, coquettish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

"And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The Squire's family (omitting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs. Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Mr. Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs. Hazeldean was every inch the lady—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline nose that commanded respect. Mrs. Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked Heaven for it. There was about her speech and manner something of the shortness and bluntness which often characterize royalty: and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of the parish. Mrs. Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these, when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons; while at her waist was seen no fiddle-faddle *chatelaine*, with *brelouques* and trumpery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers—for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs. Hazeldean could, however, lay by her more sumptuous and imperial raiment for a stout riding-habit, of blue Saxony, and canter by her husband's side to see the hounds throw off. Nay, on the days on which Mr. Hazeldean drove his famous fast-trotting cob to the market town, it was rarely that you did not see his wife on the left side of the gig. She cared as little as her lord did for wind and weather, and, in the midst of some pelting shower, her pleasant face peeped over the collar and capes of a stout dreadnought, expanding into smiles and bloom as some frank rose, that

opens from its petals, and rejoices in the dews. It was easy to see that the worthy couple had married for love; they were as little apart as they could help it. And still, on the First of September, if the house was not full of company which demanded her cares, Mrs. Hazelden 'stepped out' over the stubbles by her husband's side, with as light a tread and as blithe an eye as when, in the first bridal year, she had enchanted the Squire by her genial sympathy with his sports.

"So there now stands Harriet Hazelden, one hand leaning on the Squire's broad shoulder, the other thrust into her apron, and trying her best to share her husband's enthusiasm for his own public-spirited patriotism, in the renovation of the parish stocks<sup>1</sup>."

Now these same stocks are fated to exercise a very important influence on the destiny of Leonard Fairfield. The villagers of Hazelden, after the Squire's departure, gather round the stocks with mingled fear and curiosity, when they are interrupted by Master Stirn, the Squire's bailiff:—

"'And what the plague are you all doing here?' said Mr. Stirn, as he waved and smacked a great cart-whip which he held in his hand, 'making such a hullabaloo, you women, you! that I suspect the Squire will be sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye? High time indeed to have the stocks ready, when you get squalling and conspiring under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French revolutioners did afore they cut off their king's head; my hair stands on end to look at ye.' But already, before half this address was delivered, the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together, and the men sneaking off towards the ale-house. Such was the beneficent effect of the fatal stocks on the first day of their resuscitation!

"However, in the break-up of every crowd there must always be one who gets off the last; and it so happened that our friend Lenny Fairfield, who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr. Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of sight behind the trunk of the elm-tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr. Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart-whip—when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"'Hallo you, sir—what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your villainous little fist there?'

"'Nothing, sir,' said Lenny, opening his palm.

"'Nothing—um!' said Mr. Stirn, much dissatisfied; and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognizing the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow;—for Mr. Stirn, who valued himself much on his learning—and who, indeed, by dint of more know-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

ledge as well as more wit than his neighbours, had attained his present eminent station of life—was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish

‘The gods dispersed in empty air.’

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the Parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr. Stirn was naturally, and almost justifiably, ill-disposed towards Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr. Stirn had designed for his son.

“‘Um!’ said the right-hand man, glowering on Lenny malignantly, ‘you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your care—and you’ll keep off the other boys from sitting on ’em, and picking off the paint, and playing three-holes and chuck-farthing, as I declare they’ve been a-doing, just in front of the elevation. Now, you knows your ’sponsibilities, little boy—and a great honour they are too, for the like o’ you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d’ye understand?—and that’s what the Squire says to me. So you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!’”

And here, leaving Lenny for a moment in charge of the stocks, we must make our readers more particularly acquainted with Randal Leslie. Audley Egerton, Randal's patron, is the half-brother of Squire Hazeldean, but estranged from him on account of political differences. He had adopted Randal, as being a distant relation of his wife, who, dying in a very few years after their marriage, had left to her husband the whole of a very large property. Randal is also next of kin to Squire Hazeldean. Now Randal and Frank Hazeldean, the Squire's only child, being schoolfellows at Eton, the latter prevails on his father to let him pay a visit to Rood Hall, the residence of Randal. We have a most capital sketch of the interior organization of Randal's home, with his “ne'er-do-weel” father and slatternly mother; but we must pass this by in favour of the following portrait of Randal himself:—

“At the far end of the room, before a high desk, sate Frank's Eton schoolfellow, the eldest son. A minute or two before Frank's alarm had disturbed the tranquillity of the household, he had raised his eyes from the books on the desk, to glance at a very tattered copy of the Greek Testament, in which his brother Oliver had found a difficulty that he came to Randal to solve. As the young Etonian's face was turned to the light, your first impression, on seeing it, would have been melancholy but respectful interest—for the face had already lost the joyous character of youth—there was a wrinkle between the brows

and the lines that speak of fatigue were already visible under the eyes and about the mouth: the complexion was sallow, the lips were pale. Years of study had already sown, in the delicate organization, the seeds of many an infirmity and many a pain; but if your look had rested longer on that countenance, gradually your compassion might have given place to some feeling uneasy and sinister—a feeling akin to fear. There was in the whole expression so much of cold calm force, that it belied the debility of the frame. You saw there the evidence of a mind that was cultivated, and you felt that in that cultivation there was something formidable. A notable contrast to this countenance, prematurely worn and eminently intelligent, was the round healthy face of Oliver, with slow blue eyes fixed hard on the penetrating orbs of his brother, as if trying with might and main to catch from them a gleam of that knowledge with which they shone clear and frigid as a star. . . .

“‘Oh look, Randal, look up,’ cried Oliver, who had again rushed to the window; ‘such a pretty grey pony!’”

“Randal did look up; nay, he went deliberately to the window, and gazed a moment on the high-mettled pony, and the well-dressed, spirited rider. In that moment changes passed over Randal’s countenance more rapidly than clouds over the sky in a gusty day. Now envy and discontent, with the curled lip and the gloomy scowl; now hope and proud self-esteem, with the clearing brow, and the lofty smile; and then all again became cold, firm, and close, as he walked back to his books, seated himself resolutely, and said half aloud,—

“‘Well, KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!’”

“Mrs. Leslie came up in fidget and in fuss; she leant over Randal’s shoulder and read the card. Written in pen and ink, with an attempt at imitation of printed Roman character, there appeared first ‘MR. FRANK HAZELDEAN;’ but just over these letters, and scribbled hastily and less legibly in pencil was—

“‘Dear Leslie,—sorry you are out—come and see us—*Do!*’

“‘You will go, Randal?’ said Mrs. Leslie, after a pause.

“‘I am not sure.’

“‘Yes, *you* can go; *you* have clothes like a gentleman; *you* can go any where, not like those children;’ and Mrs. Leslie glanced almost spitefully at poor Oliver’s coarse threadbare jacket, and little Juliet’s torn frock.

“‘What I have I owe at present to Mr. Egerton, and I should consult his wishes; he is not on good terms with these Hazeldeans.’ Then turning towards his brother, who looked mortified, he added, with a strange sort of haughty kindness, ‘What I may have hereafter, Oliver, I shall owe to myself; and then, if I rise, I will raise my family.’

“‘Dear Randal,’ said Mrs. Leslie, fondly kissing him on the forehead, ‘what a good heart you have!’

“‘No, mother; my books don’t tell me that it is a good heart that gets on in the world: it is a hard head,’ replied Randal, with a rude and scornful candour. ‘But I can read no more just now; come out, Oliver.’

"So saying, he slid from his mother's hand and left the room.

"When Oliver joined him, Randal was already on the common; and, without seeming to notice his brother, he continued to walk quickly and with long strides in profound silence. At length he paused under the shade of an old oak, that, too old to be of value save for firewood, had escaped the axe. The tree stood on a knoll, and the spot commanded a view of the decayed house—the old dilapidated church—the dismal, dreary village.

"'Oliver,' said Randal between his teeth, so that his voice had the sound of a hiss, 'it was under this tree that I first resolved to—'

"He paused.

"'What, Randal?'

"'Read hard: knowledge is power!'

"'But you are so fond of reading.'

"'I!' cried Randal. 'Do you think, when Wolsey and Thomas à Becket became priests they were fond of telling their beads and pattering Aves? I fond of reading!'

"Oliver stared; the historical allusions were beyond his comprehension.

"'You know,' continued Randal, 'that we Leslies were not always the beggarly poor gentlemen we are now. You know that there is a man who lives in Grosvenor-square, and is very rich—very. His riches come to him from a Leslie; that man is my patron, Oliver, and he is very good to me.'

"Randal's smile was withering as he spoke. 'Come on,' he said, after a pause—'come on.' Again the walk was quick, and the brothers were silent.

"They came at length to a little shallow brook, across which some large stones had been placed at short intervals, so that the boys walked over the ford dryshod. 'Will you pull me down that bough, Oliver?' said Randal abruptly, pointing to a tree. Oliver obeyed mechanically; and Randal, stripping the leaves, and snapping off the twigs, left a fork at the end; with this he began to remove the stepping-stones.

"'What are you about, Randal?' asked Oliver, wonderingly.

"'We are on the other side of the brook now; and we shall not come back this way. We don't want the stepping-stones any more!—away with them!'

Shortly after this, Mrs. Randal sets out to pay a return visit to Frank Hazelden, but meanwhile dire events had happened at the hitherto peaceful village. Some daring hand had wantonly offered a gross and grievous insult to that object of the Squire's fondest and most anxious care, the Parish Stocks. In fact, since the stocks had been repaired every thing had gone wrong, and now, by this last insult, the Squire's temper is roused in earnest, and he vows vengeance against the ungrateful villagers. He

orders Master Stirn to watch between the services on the following Sunday, in the hope of detecting the delinquent. That Sunday afternoon was a remarkable one for Hazeldean; for on it Parson Dale had determined to try and heal the differences existing between the Squire and the parish by preaching a "political sermon," and a most admirable sermon he preached, from the text, *Bear ye one another's burdens*. We must quote the conclusion of it:—

"We have constantly on our lips the simple precept, 'Do unto others as you would be done by.' Why do we fail so often in the practice? Because we neglect to cultivate that SYMPATHY which nature implants as an instinct, and the Saviour exalts as a command. If thou wouldst do unto thy neighbour as thou wouldst be done by, ponder well how thy neighbour will regard the action thou art about to do to him. Put thyself into his place. If thou art strong, and he is weak, descend from thy strength, and enter into his weakness; lay aside thy burden for the while, and buckle on his own; let thy sight see as through his eyes—thy heart beat as in his bosom. Do this, and thou wilt often confess that what had seemed just to thy power will seem harsh to his weakness. For 'as a zealous man hath not done his duty, when he calls his brother drunkard and beast,' even so an administrator of the law mistakes his object if he writes on the grand column of society only warnings that irritate the bold, and terrify the timid: and a man will be no more in love with law than with virtue, 'if he be forced to it with rudeness and incivilities.' If, then, ye would bear the burden of the lowly, O ye great, feel not only *for* them, but *with*! Watch that your pride does not chafe them—your power does not wantonly gall. Your worldly inferior is of the class from which the Apostles were chosen—amidst which the Lord of Creation descended from a throne above the seraphs."

"The Parson here paused a moment, and his eye glanced towards the pew near the pulpit, where sat the magnate of Hazeldean. The Squire was leaning his chin thoughtfully on his hand, his brow inclined downwards, and the natural glow of his complexion much heightened.

"'But'—resumed the Parson softly, without turning to his book; and rather as if prompted by the suggestion of the moment—'but he who has cultivated sympathy commits not these errors, or, if committing them, hastens to retract. So natural is sympathy to the good man, that he obeys it mechanically when he suffers his heart to be the monitor of his conscience. In this sympathy behold the bond between rich and poor! By this sympathy, whatever our varying worldly lots, they become what they were meant to be—exercises for the virtues more peculiar to each; and thus, if in the body each man bear his own burden, yet in the fellowship of the soul all have common relief in bearing the burdens of each other.

"'This is the law of Christ—fulfil it, O my flock!'

"Here the Parson closed his sermon, and the congregation bowed their heads<sup>4</sup>."

But, in the mean time, great events were happening at the Parish Stocks. Master Stirn had pounced upon Lenny Fairfield, and given him strict injunctions to find out the author of the insult which had so excited the Squire's anger. On this Sunday afternoon Randal Leslie had walked over to see Frank Hazeldean, but had got into a scrape on his road. As we wish our readers to understand this young gentleman thoroughly, we will give his reflections on coming to the hall during afternoon service, and what ensued thereupon.

"He beheld the evidence of wealth—and the envy of wealth jaundiced his soul.

"Folding his arms on his breast, he stood awhile, looking all around him with closed lips and lowering brow; then he walked slowly on, his eyes fixed on the ground, and muttered to himself—

"'The heir to this property is little better than a dunce; and they tell me I have talents and learning, and I have taken to my heart the maxim, 'Knowledge is power.' And yet, with all my struggles, will knowledge ever place me on the same level as that on which this dunce is born? I don't wonder that the poor should hate the rich. But of all the poor, who should hate the rich like the pauper gentleman? I suppose Audley Egerton means me to come into Parliament, and be a Tory like himself. What! keep things as they are! No; for me not even Democracy, unless there first come Revolution. I understand the cry of a Marat—'More blood!' Marat had lived as a poor man, and cultivated science—in the sight of a prince's palace.'

"He turned sharply round, and glared vindictively on the poor old hall, which, though a very comfortable habitation, was certainly no palace; and with his arms still folded on his breast, he walked backward, as if not to lose the view, nor the chain of ideas it conjured up.

"'But,' he continued to soliloquize—'but of revolution there is no chance. Yet the same wit and will that would thrive in revolutions should thrive in this common-place life. Knowledge is power. Well, then, shall I have no power to oust this blockhead? Oust him—what from? His father's halls? Well, but if he were dead, who would be the heir of Hazeldean? Have I not heard my mother say that I am as near in blood to this Squire as any one, if he had no children? Oh, but the boy's life is worth ten of mine! Oust him from what? At least from the thoughts of his uncle Egerton—an uncle who has never even seen him! That, at least, is more feasible. 'Make my way in life,' sayest thou, Audley Egerton. Ay—and to the fortune thou hast robbed from my ancestors. Simulation—simulation. Lord Bacon allows simulation. Lord Bacon practised it—and—'

<sup>4</sup> Vol. i. pp. 161, 162.



"Here the soliloquy came to a sudden end; for as, rapt in his thoughts, the boy had continued to walk backwards, he had come to the verge, where the lawn slid off into the ditch of the ha-ha; and, just as he was fortifying himself by the precept and practice of my Lord Bacon, the ground went from under him, and—slap into the ditch went Randal Leslie!

"It so happened that the Squire, whose active genius was always at some repair or improvement, had been but a few days before widening and sloping off the ditch just in that part, so that the earth was fresh and damp, and not yet either turfed or flattened down. Thus when Randal, recovering his first surprise and shock, rose to his feet, he found his clothes covered with mud; while the rudeness of the fall was evinced by the fantastic and extraordinary appearance of his hat, which, hollowed here, bulging there, and crushed out of all recognition generally, was as little like the hat of a decorous hard-reading young gentleman—*protégé* of the dignified Mr. Audley Egerton—as any hat picked out of a kennel after some drunken brawl possibly could be<sup>5</sup>."

In this unluckily plight Randal finds his way to the stocks, on which presuming to sit, he is taken for a poacher by Lenny Fairfield, and a battle-royal ensues, in which Eton training bears off the palm. Poor Lenny, besides being most fearfully thrashed, gets *put in the stocks* by Master Stirn, for presuming to insult a young gentleman, a friend of the Squire's,—a sad finale to his gallant defence of the honour of Hazeldean! Lenny's feelings at this occurrence are well described.

"Unaffectedly I say it—upon the honour of a gentleman, and the reputation of an author, unaffectedly I say it—no words of mine can do justice to the sensations experienced by Lenny Fairfield, as he sate alone in that place of penance. He felt no more the physical pain of his bruises; the anguish of his mind stifled and overbore all corporeal suffering—an anguish as great as the childish breast is capable of holding. For first and deepest of all, and earliest felt, was the burning sense of injustice. He had, it might be with erring judgment, but with all honesty, earnestness, and zeal, executed the commission intrusted to him; he had stood forth manfully in discharge of his duty; he had fought for it, suffered for it, bled for it. This was his reward! Now, in Lenny's mind there was pre-eminently that quality which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race—the sense of justice. It was perhaps the strongest principle in his moral constitution; and the principle had never lost its virgin bloom and freshness by any of the minor acts of oppression and iniquity which boys of higher birth often suffer from harsh parents, or in tyrannical schools. So that it was for the first time that that iron entered into his soul, and with it came its attendant feeling—the wrathful, galling sense of impotence. He had been wronged, and

<sup>5</sup> Vol. i. pp. 148, 149.

he had no means to right himself. Then came another sensation, if not so deep, yet more smarting and envenomed for the time—shame! He, the good boy of all good boys—he, the pattern of the school, and the pride of the parson—he, whom the Squire, in sight of all his contemporaries, had often singled out to slap on the back, and the grand Squire's lady to pat on the head, with a smiling gratulation on his young and fair repute—he, who had already learned so dearly to prize the sweets of an honourable name—he, to be made, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, a mark for opprobrium, a butt of scorn, a jeer, and a byword! The streams of his life were poisoned at the fountain. And then came a tenderer thought of his mother! of the shock this would be to her—she who had already begun to look up to him as her stay and support: he bowed his head, and the tears, long suppressed, rolled down.

"Then he wrestled and struggled, and strove to wrench his limbs from that hateful bondage;—for he heard steps approaching. And he began to picture to himself the arrival of all the villagers from church, the sad gaze of the Parson, the bent brow of the Squire, the idle ill-suppressed titter of all the boys, jealous of his unspotted character—character of which the original whiteness could never, never be restored! He would always be the boy who had sate in the stocks! And the words uttered by the Squire came back on his soul, like the voice of conscience in the ears of some doomed Macbeth. 'A sad disgrace, Lenny—you'll never be in such a quandary.' 'Quandary,' the word was unfamiliar to him; it must mean something awfully discreditable. The poor boy could have prayed for the earth to swallow him<sup>6</sup>."

Lenny is rescued from the stocks by Dr. Riccabocca, an Italian refugee, of whom more presently, and immediately hastens home perfectly heart-broken. We wish we could extract the capital scene in which Riccabocca, or as the Squire calls him, Rickey-bockey, wishing to try by experience the nature of the stocks, gets fixed in them, and is then found by the whole party on their return from Church. The results of "the battle of the stocks" are highly important to our history. The Squire insists on Lenny's apologizing to Randal, which neither the boy nor his mother will hear of for a moment, and the result is that Leonard and his mother quit the Squire's cottage, and settle near the Italian, who takes Lenny into his service. We will give the conclusion of the "battle of the stocks":—

"'Parson!' cried the Squire, when all this news came upon him, as he was walking arm in arm with Mr. Dale to inspect some proposed improvement in the Alms-house, 'this is all your fault. Why did not you go and talk to that brute of a boy, and that dolt of a woman?

<sup>6</sup> Vol. i. pp. 188, 189.

You've got 'soft sawder enough,' as Frank calls it in his new-fashioned slang.

"'As if I had not talked myself hoarse to both!' said the Parson in a tone of reproachful surprise at the accusation. 'But it was in vain! O Squire, if you had taken my advice about the stocks—*quiesce non movere!*'"

"'Bother!' said the Squire. 'I suppose I am to be held up as a tyrant, a Nero, a Richard the Third, or a Grand Inquisitor, merely for having things smart and tidy! Stocks indeed!—your friend Rickeybockey said he was never more comfortable in his life—quite enjoyed sitting there. And what did not hurt Rickeybockey's dignity (a very gentlemanlike man he is, when he pleases) ought to be no such great matter to Master Leonard Fairfield. But 'tis no use talking! What's to be done now? The woman must not starve; and I'm sure she can't live out of Rickeybockey's wages to Lenny—(by the way, I hope he don't board the boy upon his and Jackeymo's leavings: I hear they dine upon newts and sticklebacks—faugh!) I'll tell you what, Parson, now I think of it—at the back of the cottage which she has taken there are some fields of capital land just vacant. Rickeybockey wants to have 'em, and sounded me as to the rent when he was at the Hall. I only half promised him the refusal. And he must give up four or five acres of the best land round the cottage to the widow—just enough for her to manage—and she can keep a dairy. If she want capital, I'll lend her some in your name—only don't tell Stirn; and as for the rent, we'll talk of that when we see how she gets on, thankless obstinate jade that she is. You see,' added the Squire, as if he felt there was some apology due for this generosity to an object whom he professed to consider so ungrateful, 'her husband was a faithful servant, and so—I wish you would not stand there staring me out of countenance, but go down to the woman at once, or Stirn will have let the land to Rickeybockey, as sure as a gun. And harkye, Dale, perhaps you can contrive, if the woman is so cursedly stiff-backed, not to say the land is mine, or that it is any favour I want to do her—or, in short, manage it as you can for the best.' Still even this charitable message failed. The widow knew that the land was the Squire's, and worth a good 3*l.* an acre. 'She thanked him humbly for that and all favours; but she could not afford to buy cows, and she did not wish to be beholden to any one for her living. And Lenny was well off at Mr. Rickeybockey's, and coming on wonderfully in the garden way—and she did not doubt she could get some washing; at all events, her haystack would bring in a good bit of money, and she should do nicely, thank their honours.'

"Nothing farther could be done in the direct way; but the remark about the washing suggested some mode of indirectly benefiting the widow. And a little time afterwards, the sole laundress in that immediate neighbourhood happening to die, a hint from the Squire obtained from the landlady of the inn opposite the Casino such custom as she had to bestow, which at times was not inconsiderable. And what with

Lenny's wages (whatever that mysterious item might be), the mother and son contrived to live without exhibiting any of those physical signs of fast and abstinence which Riccabocca and his valet gratuitously afforded to the student in animal anatomy'."

But now, our readers will say, who is Dr. Riccabocca? Dr. Riccabocca is an Italian noble, who, on account of being mixed up with some revolutionary proceedings, had taken refuge, with Giacomo his servant, in the Casino, a house of Squire Hazeldean's, where, his property having been confiscated by the Austrian government, he lives on very slender means. If we mistake not, the Doctor is one of the author's pet characters. Of a dry and caustic humour—deeply versed in the philosophy of Machiavel, which he innocently imagines to be an armour of proof against all danger of imposition—a professed woman-hater—a storehouse of Italian proverbs, which he is always quoting—concealing under a cynical exterior a fund of warm and genuine feeling—Riccabocca is a most interesting personage, and is most admirably drawn throughout the work. A widower—his whole life saddened on account of the supposed unfaithfulness of his wife and the treachery of a near kinsman, the Comte di Peschiera—Riccabocca suddenly hears that Violante, his only child, is coming from Italy, and he is in great difficulty as to how he can best manage for her reception. Riccabocca's feelings on hearing the news are very beautifully portrayed. That our readers may understand the quotation, we must premise that Mrs. Dale and Giacomo are very anxious to draw Riccabocca into a marriage with Miss Jemima Hazeldean, the Squire's first cousin; the one, for the sake of her friend, who is fast verging on a "certain age;" the other, for the sake of that friend's money. We need hardly premise that Riccabocca is a Roman Catholic. The quotation is long, but our readers will not complain of its length.

"The servant saw that something had gone wrong, and, under pretence of syringing the orange-trees, he lingered near his master, and peered through the sunny leaves upon Riccabocca's melancholy brows.

"The Doctor sighed heavily. Nor did he, as was his wont, after some such sigh, mechanically take up that dear comforter, the pipe. But though the tobacco-pouch lay by his side on the balustrade, and the pipe stood against the wall between his knees, childlike lifting up its lips to the customary caress—he heeded neither the one nor the other, but laid the letter silently on his lap, and fixed his eyes upon the ground.

"'It must be bad news indeed!' thought Jackeymo, and desisted from his work. Approaching his master, he took up the pipe and the tobacco-pouch, and filled the bowl slowly, glancing all the while towards

that dark musing face on which, when abandoned by the expression of intellectual vivacity or the exquisite smile of Italian courtesy, the deep downward lines revealed the characters of sorrow. Jackeymo did not venture to speak; but the continued silence of his master disturbed him much. He laid that peculiar tinder which your smokers use upon the steel, and struck the spark—still not a word, nor did Riccabocca stretch forth his hand.

"'I never knew him in this taking before,' thought Jackeymo; and delicately he insinuated the neck of the pipe into the nerveless fingers of the hand that lay supine on those quiet knees. The pipe fell to the ground.

"Jackeymo crossed himself, and began praying to his sainted namesake with great fervour.

"The Doctor rose slowly, and as if with effort; he walked once or twice to and fro the terrace; and then he halted abruptly, and said—

"'Friend!'

"'Blessed *Monsignore San Giacomo*, I knew thou wouldst hear me!' cried the servant; and he raised his master's hand to his lips, then abruptly turned away and wiped his eyes.

"'Friend,' repeated Riccabocca, and this time with a tremulous emphasis, and in the softest tone of a voice never wholly without the music of the sweet South, 'I would talk to thee of my child.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"'And with a word,' said Jackeymo resolutely, 'the Padrone might secure to his child all that he needs, to save her from the sepulchre of a convent; and ere the autumn leaves fall, she might be sitting on his knee. Padrone, do not think that you can conceal from me the truth that you love your child better than all things in the world—now the Patria is as dead to you as the dust of your fathers—and your heart-strings would crack with the effort to tear her from them, and consign her to a convent. Padrone, never again to hear her voice—never again to see her face! Those little arms that twined round your neck that dark night, when we fled fast for life and freedom, and you said, as you felt their clasp, 'Friend, all is not yet lost.'

"'Giacomo!' exclaimed the father reproachfully, and his voice seemed to choke him. Riccabocca turned away, and walked restlessly to and fro the terrace; then, lifting his arms with a wild gesture as he still continued his long irregular strides, he muttered, 'Yes, heaven is my witness that I could have borne reverse and banishment without a murmur, had I permitted myself that young partner in exile and privation. Heaven is my witness that, if I hesitate now, it is because I would not listen to my own selfish heart. Yet never, never to see her again—my child. And it was but as the infant that I beheld her! O friend, friend—' (and, stopping short with a burst of uncontrollable emotion, he bowed his head upon his servant's shoulder); 'thou knowest what I have endured and suffered at my hearth, as in my country; the wrong, the perfidy, the—the—' His voice again failed him; he clung to his servant's breast, and his whole frame shook.

"'But your child, the innocent one—think now only of her!' faltered Giacomo, struggling with his own sobs.

"'True, only of her,' replied the exile, raising his face—'only of her. Put aside thy thoughts for thyself, friend—counsel me. If I were to send for Violante, and if, transplanted to these keen airs, she drooped and died—look, look—the priest says that she needs such tender care; or if I myself were summoned from the world, to leave her in it alone, friendless, homeless, breadless perhaps, at the age of woman's sharpest trial against temptation, would she not live to mourn the cruel egotism that closed on her infant innocence the gates of the House of God?'

"Jackeymo was appalled by this appeal; and indeed Riccabocca had never before thus reverently spoken of the cloister. In his hours of philosophy, he was wont to sneer at monks and nuns, priesthood and superstition. But now, in that hour of emotion, the Old Religion reclaimed her empire; and the sceptical world-wise man, thinking only of his child, spoke and felt with a child's simple faith."

The result of course is that, for the sake of his child, Riccabocca proposes to, and is accepted by the fair Jemima, and the Squire takes the opportunity of Jemima's marriage to take down the stocks, and in a capital speech, makes his peace with the villagers. Here is the conclusion of it:—

"'Friends and neighbours,' said the Squire when silence was restored, and lifting the horn of ale, 'I have the pleasure to inform you that I have ordered the stocks to be taken down, and made into a bench for the chimney-nook of our old friend Gaffer Solomons yonder. But mind me, lads, if ever you make the parish regret the loss of the stocks, and the overseers come to me with long faces and say, 'the stocks must be rebuilt,' why—' Here from all the youth of the village rose so deprecating a clamour, that the Squire would have been the most bungling orator in the world if he had said a word further on the subject. He elevated the horn over his head—'Why, that's my old Hazeldean again! Health and long life to you all!'

"The Tinker had sneaked out of the assembly, and did not show his face in the village for the next six months. And as to those poisonous tracts, in spite of their salubrious labels, 'the Poor Man's Friend,' or 'the Rights of Labour,' you could no more have found one of them lurking in the drawers of the kitchen-dressers in Hazeldean, than you would have found the deadly nightshade on the flower-stands in the drawing-room of the Hall. As for the revolutionary beer-house, there was no need to apply to the magistrates to shut it up—it shut itself up before the week was out.

"O young head of the great House of Hapsburg, what a Hazeldean you might have made of Hungary!—What a '*Moriatur pro rege*'

*nostro*' would have rung in your infant reign,—if you had made such a speech as the Squire's!"

But we must now return to Lenny Fairfield. We are sorry to say that Lenny seems in a fair way of being spoiled. Riccabocca, seeing in him much indication of genius, had incautiously supplied him with material for cultivating the intellect, but not the heart; and Lenny begins to ask himself, "Am I born to dig a potato ground?" a very dangerous question for one in his position to ask in such a spirit. On the arrival of Violante, Riccabocca's daughter, Lenny is left much to himself, and he then falls into the habit of reading pernicious tracts on the "rights of man," &c. &c., which are supplied him by an incendiary travelling tinker, one Mr. Sprott. Just at this time little Violante, ignorantly committing a trifling depredation in his garden, is reproved by Lenny, and he in return gets soundly rated by Giacomo. The result is beautifully told:—

"Lenny walked away. He had been called 'the scum of the earth' by a foreigner too! He had again been ill-treated for doing what he conceived his duty. He was again feeling the distinction between rich and poor, and he now fancied that that distinction involved deadly warfare, for he had read from beginning to end those two damnable tracts which the Tinker had presented to him. But in the midst of all the angry disturbance of his mind, he felt the soft touch of the infant's hand, the soothing influence of her conciliating words, and he was half ashamed that he had spoken so roughly to a child.

"Still, not trusting himself to speak, he walked away and sat down at a distance. 'I don't see,' thought he, 'why there should be rich and poor, master and servant.' Lenny, be it remembered, had not heard the Parson's Political Sermon.

"An hour after, having composed himself, Lenny returned to his work. Jackeymo was no longer in the garden: he had gone to the fields; but Riccabocca was standing by the celery-bed, and holding the red silk umbrella over Violante as she sat on the ground looking up at her father with those eyes already so full of intelligence, and love, and soul.

"'Lenny,' said Riccabocca, 'my young lady has been telling me that she has been very naughty, and Giacomo very unjust to you. Forgive them both.'

"Lenny's sullenness melted in an instant: the reminiscence of tracts Nos. 1 and 2—

'Like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Left not a rack behind.'

He raised eyes, swimming with all his native goodness, towards the wise man, and dropped them gratefully on the face of the infant peace-

maker. Then he turned away his head and fairly wept. "The Parson was right: 'O ye poor, have charity for the rich; O ye rich, respect the poor!'"

After this Violante and Leonard become firm friends, and Mr. Sprott's influence is proportionably diminished. Lenny's genius now turns principally towards mechanical science, and the Tinker's pestilential tracts are passed by as of little or no value. And here we must give a specimen, not of the story, but of the author. We spoke at the outset, of the high moral tone which pervades "*My Novel*." Let our readers carefully peruse the following remarks upon the influence for good and evil, of the diffusion of cheap literature:—

"Noble and generous spirits are ye, who, with small care for fame, and little reward from self, have opened to the intellects of the poor the portals of wisdom! I honour and revere ye; only do not think ye have done all that is needful. Consider, I pray ye, whether so good a choice from the Tinker's bag would have been made by a boy whom religion had not scared from the Pestilent, and genius had not led to the Self-improving. And Lenny did not wholly escape from the mephitic portions of the motley elements from which his awakening mind drew its nurture. Think not it was all pure oxygen that the panting lip drew in. No; there were still those inflammatory tracts. Political I do not like to call them, for politics means the art of government, and the tracts I speak of assailed all government which mankind has hitherto recognized. Sad rubbish, perhaps, were such tracts to you, O sound thinker, in your easy-chair! Or to you, practised statesman, at your post on the Treasury Bench—to you, calm dignitary of a learned Church—or to you, my lord judge, who may often have sent from your bar to the dire Orcus of Norfolk's Isle the ghosts of men whom that rubbish, falling simultaneously on the bumps of acquisitiveness and combativeness, hath untimely slain. Sad rubbish to you! But seems it such rubbish to the poor man, to whom it promises a paradise on the easy terms of upsetting a world? For ye see, these '*Appeals to Operatives*' represent that same world-upsetting as the simplest thing imaginable—a sort of two-and-two-make-four proposition. The poor have only got to set their strong hands to the axle, and heave-a-hoy! and hurrah for the topsy-turvy! Then, just to put a little wholesome rage into the heave-a-hoy! it is so facile to accompany the eloquence of '*Appeals*' with a kind of stir-the-bile-up statistics—'*Abuses of the Aristocracy*'—'*Jobs of the Priesthood*'—'*Expenses of Army kept up for Peers' younger sons*'—'*Wars contracted for the villanous purpose of raising the rents of the landowners*'—all arithmetically dished up, and seasoned with tales of every gentleman who has committed a misdeed, every clergyman who has dishonoured his cloth; as if such instances were fair specimens of average gentlemen and

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I. pp. 292, 293.



ministers of religion ! All this, passionately advanced, (and observe, never answered, for that literature admits no controversialists, and the writer has it all his own way,) may be rubbish ; but it is out of such rubbish that operatives build barricades for attack, and legislators prisons for defence.

" Our poor friend Lenny drew plenty of this stuff from the Tinker's bag. He thought it very clever and very eloquent : and he supposed the statistics were as true as mathematical demonstrations.

" A famous knowledge-diffuser is looking over my shoulder, and tells me, ' Increase education, and cheapen good books, and all this rubbish will disappear ! ' Sir, I don't believe a word of it. If you printed Ricardo and Adam Smith at a farthing a volume, I still believe that they would be as little read by the operatives as they are now-a-days by a very large proportion of highly cultivated men. I still believe that, while the press works, attacks on the rich, and propositions for heave-a-boys, will always form a popular portion of the Literature of Labour. There's Lenny Fairfield reading a treatise on hydraulics, and constructing a model for a fountain into the bargain ; but that does not prevent his acquiescence in any proposition for getting rid of a National Debt, which he certainly never agreed to pay, and which he is told makes sugar and tea so shamefully dear. No. I tell you what does a little counteract those eloquent incentives to break his own head against the strong walls of the Social System—it is, that he has two eyes in that head, which are not always employed in reading. And, having been told in print that masters are tyrants, parsons hypocrites or drones in the hive, and landowners vampires and bloodsuckers, he looks out into the little world around him, and, first, he is compelled to acknowledge that his master is not a tyrant (perhaps because he is a foreigner and a philosopher, and, for what I and Lenny know, a republican). But then Parson Dale, though High Church to the marrow, is neither hypocrite nor drone. He has a very good living, it is true—much better than he ought to have, according to the ' political ' opinions of those tracts ; but Lenny is obliged to confess that, if Parson Dale were a penny the poorer, he would do a penny-worth's less good ; and, comparing one parish with another, such as Rood Hall and Hazeldean, he is dimly aware that there is no greater CIVILIZER than a parson tolerably well off. Then, too, Squire Hazeldean, though as arrant a Tory as ever stood upon shoe-leather, is certainly not a vampire nor bloodsucker. He does not feed on the public ; a great many of the public feed upon him : and, therefore, his practical experience a little staggers and perplexes Lenny Fairfield as to the gospel accuracy of his theoretical dogmas. Masters, parsons, and landowners ! having, at the risk of all popularity, just given a *coup de patte* to certain sages extremely the fashion at present, I am not going to let you off without an admonitory flea in the ear. Don't suppose that any mere scribbling and typework will suffice to answer the scribbling and typework set at work to demolish you—*write* down that rubbish you can't—*live* it down you may. If you are rich, like Squire Hazeldean, do good with your

money ; if you are poor, like Signor Riccabocca, do good with your kindness.

" See ! there is Lenny now receiving his week's wages ; and though Lenny knows that he can get higher wages in the very next parish, his blue eyes are sparkling with gratitude, not at the chink of the money, but at the poor exile's friendly talk on things apart from all service ; while Violante is descending the steps from the terrace, charged by her mother-in-law with a little basket of sago, and suchlike delicacies, for Mrs. Fairfield, who has been ailing the last few days.

" Lenny will see the Tinker as he goes home, and he will buy a most Demosthenean 'Appeal'—a tract of tracts, upon the 'Propriety of Strikes,' and the Avarice of Masters. But, somehow or other, I think a few words from Signor Riccabocca, that did not cost the Signor a farthing, and the sight of his mother's smile at the contents of the basket, which cost very little, will serve to neutralize the effects of that 'Appeal,' much more efficaciously than the best article a Brougham or a Mill could write on the subject<sup>2</sup>."

Long as was this extract, we here give another, for the purpose of showing how Dr. Riccabocca effectually counteracted the influence of Mr. Sprott. Lenny had been admiring a translation of Condorcet's *Progress of Man*, and another of Rousseau's *Social Contract*. Riccabocca thus discourses on the subject of these productions.

" Leonard bit his lip.

" ' My dear boy,' cried Riccabocca kindly, ' the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you, lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one.'

" Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect, and great curiosity.

" ' Yes,' added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. ' Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner ! I have shared in such an attempt. And,' continued the Italian mournfully, ' recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released.'

"The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued—

" 'Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lycurgus is proved to be a myth who never existed. They are the suggestions of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life, than one would look upon Virgil's *Eclogues* as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape the world according to the poetry—and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realization of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis. Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his *Utopia*. Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostris, the dreamers of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason, and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a day; to the man of talent and action and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state, in which talent and action and industry are a certain capital;—why, Messrs. Coutts the great bankers had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the market of labour, and thence affects prejudicially every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested; literature is neglected; people are too busy to read any thing save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great crisis of your life; it

is the struggle between the new desires knowledge excites, and that sense of poverty, which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pick-axe, it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. *Cospetto!*' quoth the Doctor, 'it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!'

"Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and, stalking thoughtfully away, he left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke<sup>3</sup>."

But we must hasten on, or we shall never get our readers to the end of "*My Novel*," seeing we are not yet out of the first volume. We must pass rapidly over the discovery by Lenny of some manuscript poetry, written in a beautiful female hand, found among some papers of his deceased father Mark Fairfield, a village poet. These verses are signed "L.," and written, according to his mother's account, by her sister Leonora, or, as she calls her, Nora, who had been adopted by her godmother Lady Lansmere, and highly educated, but had died many years before. The subject of her death is mysteriously painful to Lenny's mother, and she will not answer Lenny's inquiries. But the discovery of this poetry brings out Lenny's latent poetical genius, and determines the future course of his life. By the influence of Mr. Dale, Mrs. Avenel of Lansmere, Lenny's grandmother, agrees to receive him, though, for some unexplained reason, very reluctantly; and subsequently Lenny is adopted by his uncle, Richard, or rather Dick, Avenel, who, having made an immense fortune in America, has settled down as a manufacturer, with the determination to go very rapidly "a-head" in the borough of Screws-town. Dick Avenel's character, with his vulgar insolence,—his undaunted energy,—his hatred of the aristocracy, till he finds a place among them,—his ardour for "competition," till it leads to the destruction of his monopoly at Screws-town, is most admirably described. He takes a great fancy to Leonard, and offers to pay half his college expenses, as that is the life Mr. Dale desires for him. Before Lenny goes to Mrs. Avenel's, we must give one more scene between him, Mr. Dale, and Riccabocca. Lenny has written a prize essay for a Mechanics' Institute, on the thesis

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. pp. 301—303.

"Knowledge is power." Mr. Dale eloquently strikes at the very root of the assumption on which Lenny's essay is based. But let us give the portrait of the village genius.

"The young peasant remained standing modestly, and in his air and mien there was something that touched the heart while it pleased the eye. He was no longer the timid boy who had shrunk from the frown of Mr. Stirn, nor that rude personation of simple physical strength, roused to undisciplined bravery, which had received its downfall on the village-green of Hazeldean. The power of thought was on his brow—somewhat unquiet still, but mild and earnest. The features had attained that refinement which is often attributed to race, but comes, in truth, from elegance of idea, whether caught from our parents or learned from books. In his rich brown hair, thrown carelessly from his temples, and curling almost to the shoulders—in his large blue eye, which was deepened to the hue of the violet by the long dark lash—in that firmness of lip, which comes from the grapple with difficulties, there was considerable beauty, but no longer the beauty of the mere peasant. And yet there was still about the whole countenance that expression of goodness and purity which a painter would give to his ideal of the peasant lover—such as Tasso would have placed in the *Aminta*, or Fletcher have admitted to the side of the Faithful Shepherdess."

We can only quote the conclusion of the very admirably written dialogue which ensues. The Parson is arguing against the acquisition of knowledge merely for the sake of the real or fancied power it brings with it, and then shows the true object towards the attainment of which knowledge should direct its efforts.

"RICCABOCCA—"And that which Plato and Zeno, Pythagoras and Socrates, could not do, was done by men whose ignorance would have been a by-word in the schools of the Greek. The gods of the vulgar were dethroned; the face of the world was changed! This thought may make us allow, indeed, that there are agencies more powerful than mere knowledge, and ask, after all, what is the mission which knowledge should achieve?"

"PARSON—"The Sacred Book tells us even that; for after establishing the truth that, for the multitude, knowledge is not essential to happiness and good, it accords still to knowledge its sublime part in the revelation prepared and announced. When an instrument of more than ordinary intelligence was required for a purpose divine—when the Gospel, recorded by the simple, was to be explained by the acute, enforced by the energetic, carried home to the doubts of the Gentile—the Supreme Will joined to the zeal of the earlier apostles the learning and genius of St. Paul—not holier than the others—calling himself the least, yet labouring more abundantly than them all—making himself

all things unto all men, so that some might be saved. The ignorant may be saved no less surely than the wise; but here comes the wise man who *helps* to save! And how the fulness and animation of this grand Presence, of this indomitable Energy, seem to vivify the toil, and to speed the work!—"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils amongst false brethren." Behold, my son! does not Heaven here seem to reveal the true type of Knowledge—a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith?—a power—a power indeed—a power apart from the aggrandizement of self—a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it but 'weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness'—but a power distinct from the mere circumstance of the man, rushing from him as rays from a sun;—borne through the air, and clothing it with light—piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest! Worship not knowledge—worship not the sun, O my child! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator; let the knowledge but illumine the worship!

"The good man, overcome by his own earnestness, paused; his head drooped on the young student's breast, and all three were long silent<sup>5</sup>."

And so Lenny goes to seek his fortune. One extract we must give, that we may exercise the reader's sagacity as to the cause of Mrs. Avenel's evident perturbation at the sight of her grandson, and yet evident fondness for him.

"Mrs. Avenel spoke little, but she eyed Leonard askant, as it were, from time to time; and after each glance the nerves of the poor severe face twitched again.

"A little after nine o'clock, Mrs. Avenel lighted a candle, and placing it in Leonard's hand, said, 'You must be tired—you know your own room now. Good night.'

"Leonard took the light, and, as was his wont with his mother, kissed Mrs. Avenel on the cheek. Then he took John's hand and kissed him too. The old man was half asleep, and murmured dreamily, 'That's Nora.'

"Leonard had retired to his room about half an hour, when Richard Avenel entered the house softly, and joined his parents.

"'Well, mother?' said he.

"'Well, Richard—you have seen him?'

"'And like him. Do you know he has a great look of poor Nora?—more like her than Jane.'

"'Yes; he is handsomer than Jane ever was, but more like your father than any one. John was so comely. You take to the boy, then?'

"'Ay, that I do. Just tell him in the morning that he is to go with

a gentleman, who will be his friend, and don't say more. The chaise shall be at the door after breakfast. Let him get into it: I shall wait for him out of the town. What's the room you give him ?

"The room you would not take."

"The room in which Nora slept? Oh no! I could not have slept a wink there. What a charm there was in that girl—how we all loved her! But she was too beautiful and good for us—too good to live!"

"None of us are too good," said Mrs. Avenel with great austerity, "and I beg you will not talk in that way. Good night—I must get your poor father to bed."

"When Leonard opened his eyes the next morning, they rested on the face of Mrs. Avenel, which was bending over his pillow. But it was long before he could recognize that countenance, so changed was its expression—so tender, so motherlike. Nay, the face of his own mother had never seemed to him so soft with a mother's passion.

"Ah!" he murmured, half rising and flinging his young arms round her neck. Mrs. Avenel, this time taken by surprise, warmly returned the embrace: she clasped him to her breast, she kissed him again and again. At length with a quick start she escaped, and walked up and down the room, pressing her hands tightly together. When she halted, her face had recovered its usual severity and cold precision<sup>6</sup>."

Leonard and his uncle Richard do not at first get on very well together, but subsequently the nephew becomes so useful, that Dick Avenel determines to place him in his own office instead of sending him to college, a proposition sufficiently distasteful to Lenny, but which gratitude towards his uncle will not allow him to decline. However, he is rescued from a life so unsuited to him by a very summary procedure, of which we must give a brief account. Dick Avenel, as we said before, though pretending to despise the aristocracy, is really one of the most thorough "tuft-hunters." He exacts from Lenny a promise that he will not, till he gives him permission, acquaint his mother with his good fortune, the real truth being that Master Dick has a great horror of "poor relations." Being desirous of acquiring "a stake in the country," Richard Avenel decides upon giving a grand *déjeûné dansant*, with the especial object of securing the favour of a certain Hon. Mrs. M'Catchley, who, as Mrs. Richard Avenel, may procure him that *entrée* of the fashionable world, for which he so eagerly longs. Accordingly all the world are invited to the *déjeûné dansant*. But, by an unlucky stroke of fortune, just as the merriment is at its height, who should appear on the scene but good Mrs. Fairfield. Having heard from the malicious Mr. Sprott, the before-named travelling tinker, of Lenny's abode, and fearing that he was to be entirely taken from her, she

<sup>6</sup> Vol. i. pp. 372, 373.

at once set off for Richard's house. But the scene which ensues must be given in the author's own words :—

"And then! Ah then! moment so meet for the sweet question of questions, place so appropriate for the delicate, bashful, murmured popping thereof!—suddenly from the sward before, from the groups beyond, there floated to the ears of Richard Avenel an indescribable mingled ominous sound—a sound as of a general titter—a horrid, malignant, but low cacchination. And Mrs. M'Catchley, stretching forth her parasol, exclaimed, 'Dear me, Mr. Avenel, what can they be all crowding there for?'

"There are certain sounds and certain sights—the one indistinct, the other vaguely conjecturable—which, nevertheless, we know, by an instinct, bode some diabolical agency at work in our affairs. And if any man gives an entertainment, and hears afar a general ill-suppressed derisive titter, and sees all his guests hurrying towards one spot, I defy him to remain unmoved and uninquisitive. I defy him still more to take that precise occasion (however much he may have before designed it) to drop gracefully on his right knee before the handsomest Mrs. M'Catchley in the universe, and—pop the question! Richard Avenel blurted out something very like an oath; and, half guessing that something must have happened that it would not be pleasing to bring immediately under the notice of Mrs. M'Catchley, he said hastily—'Excuse me. I'll just go and see what is the matter—pray, stay till I come back.' With that he sprang forward; in a minute he was in the midst of the group, that parted aside with the most obliging complacency to make way for him.

"'But what's the matter?' he asked impatiently, yet fearfully. Not a voice answered. He strode on, and beheld his nephew in the arms of a woman!

"'God bless my soul!' said Richard Avenel.

"And such a woman!

"She had on a cotton gown—very neat, I dare say—for an under housemaid: and *such* thick shoes! She had on a little black straw bonnet; and a kerchief, that might have cost tenpence, pinned across her waist instead of a shawl; and she looked altogether—respectable, no doubt, but exceedingly dusty! And she was hanging upon Leonard's neck, and scolding, and caressing, and crying very loud. 'God bless my soul!' said Mr. Richard Avenel.

"And as he uttered that innocent self-benediction, the woman hastily turned round, and, darting from Leonard, threw herself right upon Richard Avenel—burying under her embrace blue coat, moss-rose, white waistcoat and all—with a vehement sob and a loud exclamation!

"'Oh! brother Dick!—dear, dear brother Dick! and I lives to see thee agin!' And then came two such kisses—you might have heard them a mile off! The situation of brother Dick was appalling; and the crowd, that had before only tittered politely, could not now resist



the effect of this sudden embrace. There was a general explosion!—It was a roar! That roar would have killed a weak man; but it sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe, and it plucked forth in an instant from all conventional let and barrier the native spirit of the Anglo-Saxon.

"He lifted abruptly his handsome masculine head, and looked round the ring of his ill-bred visitors with a haughty stare of rebuke and surprise.

"*'Ladies and gentlemen,'* then said he very coolly, *'I don't see what there is to laugh at! A brother and sister meet after many years' separation, and the sister cries, poor thing. For my part, I think it very natural that she should cry; but not that you should laugh!'* In an instant the whole shame was removed from Richard Avenel, and rested in full weight upon the bystanders. It is impossible to say how foolish and sheepish they all looked, nor how slinkingly each tried to creep off.

"Richard Avenel seized his advantage with the promptitude of a man who had got on in America, and was therefore accustomed to make the best of things. He drew Mrs. Fairfield's arm in his, and led her into the house; but when he had got her safe into his parlour—Leonard following all the time—and the door was closed upon those three, *then* Richard Avenel's ire burst forth.

"*'You impudent, ungrateful, audacious—drab!'*

"Yes, drab was the word. I am shocked to say it, but the duties of a historian are stern: and the word *was* drab."

Of course a violent quarrel ensues. Dick, half frantic, locks Lenny and his mother into a room on the ground-floor, and hastens back to his guests. By an audacious manœuvre, assisted by Mrs. M'Catchley, he turns the tide, gains credit for an eminent amount of brotherly affection! and secures the promise of the lady's hand. But on his return to his house, he finds that the prisoners have escaped through the window, and are fairly gone. Disgusted with his uncle's treatment of his poor mother, Lenny determines to break off the connexion, and seek his fortune in the great City as a literary adventurer. Here is the parting of Lenny and his mother:—

"*'Listen to me, my dear mother,'* said Leonard the next morning, as, with his knapsack on his shoulder and Mrs. Fairfield on his arm, he walked along the high-road; *'I do assure you, from my heart, that I do not regret the loss of favours which I see plainly would have crushed out of me the very sense of independence. But do not fear for me; I have education and energy—I shall do well for myself, trust me. No, I cannot, it is true, go back to our cottage—I cannot be a gardener again. Don't ask me—I should be discontented, miserable. But I*

will go up to London! That's the place to make a fortune and a name: I will make both. O yes, trust me, I will. You shall soon be proud of your Leonard; and then we will always live together—always! Don't cry.' . . .

"Thus talking, they gained the inn where the three roads met, and from which a coach went direct to the Casino. And here, without entering the inn, they sat on the green sward by the hedgerow, waiting the arrival of the coach. Mrs. Fairfield was much subdued in spirits, and there was evidently on her mind something uneasy—some struggle with her conscience. She not only upbraided herself for her rash visit, but she kept talking of her dead Mark. And what would he say of her, if he could see her in heaven?

" 'It was so selfish in me, Lenny.'

" 'Pooh, pooh! Has not a mother a right to her child?'

" 'Ay, ay, ay!' cried Mrs. Fairfield. 'I do love you as a child—my own child. But if I was not your mother, after all, Lenny, and cost you all this—oh, what would you say of me then?'

" 'Not my own mother!' said Leonard, laughing, as he kissed her. 'Well, I don't know what I should say then differently from what I say now—that you, who brought me up, and nursed and cherished me, had a right to my home and my heart, wherever I was.'

" 'Bless thee!' cried Mrs. Fairfield, as she pressed him to her heart. 'But it weighs here—it weighs,' she said, starting up.

"At that instant the coach appeared, and Leonard ran forward to inquire if there was an outside place. Then there was a short bustle while the horses were being changed; and Mrs. Fairfield was lifted up to the roof of the vehicle. So all farther private conversation between her and Leonard ceased. But as the coach whirled away, and she waved her hand to the boy, who stood on the road-side gazing after her, she still murmured—'It weighs here—it weighs!'

And so "genius" sets out on its travels in search of fame and independence! On the road Leonard meets with an adventure as he is passing a village churchyard.

"There, by a grave evidently quite recent, with no wooden tomb nor tombstone like the rest, the little girl had thrown herself, and she was sobbing loud and passionately. Leonard opened the gate, and approached her with a soft step. Mingled with her sobs, he heard broken sentences, wild and vain, as all human sorrowings over graves must be.

" 'Father!—oh, father! do you not really hear me? I am so lone—so lone! Take me to you—take me!' And she buried her face in the deep grass.

" 'Poor child!' said Leonard, in a half whisper—'he is not there. Look above!'

"The girl did not heed him—he put his arm round her waist gently

—she made a gesture of impatience and anger, but she would not turn her face—and she clung to the grave with her hands.

"After clear sunny days the dews fall more heavily; and now, as the sun set, the herbage was bathed in a vaporous haze—a dim mist rose around. The young man seated himself beside her, and tried to draw the child to his breast. Then she turned eagerly, indignantly, and pushed him aside with jealous arms. He profaned the grave! He understood her with his deep poet-heart, and rose. There was a pause.

"Leonard was the first to break it.

"Come to your home with me, my child, and we will talk of *him* by the way.'

"Him! Who are you? You did not know him!' said the girl, still with anger. 'Go away—why do you disturb me? I do no one harm. Go—go!'

"You do yourself harm, and that will grieve him if he sees you yonder! Come!'

"The child looked at him through her blinding tears, and his face softened and soothed her.

"Go!' she said very plaintively, and in subdued accents. 'I will but stay a minute more. I—I have so much to say yet.'

"Leonard left the churchyard, and waited without; and in a short time the child came forth, waved him aside as he approached her, and hurried away. He followed her at a distance, and saw her disappear within the inn<sup>9</sup>."

The little girl is Helen Digby, whose father, a broken-down Peninsular officer, on his way to find a refuge for his little daughter, had died at the village inn and been buried in the churchyard, leaving Helen destitute and friendless. The result is, that Leonard resolves that the child shall go with him to London, and share the independence his genius will certainly procure!

"Seeing that the child had grown calm, Leonard was then going to leave the room, in order to confer with the hostess; when she rose suddenly, though noiselessly, and put her little hand in his, as if to detain him. She did not say a word—the action said all—said, 'Do not desert me.' And Leonard's heart rushed to his lips, and he answered to the action, as he bent down and kissed her cheek, 'Orphan, will you go with me? We have one Father yet to both of us, and He will guide us on earth. I am fatherless like you.' She raised her eyes to his—looked at him long—and then leant her head confidently on his strong young shoulder<sup>1</sup>."

And so the two young travellers set forth into the wide world to seek their fortunes. Their journey to London is very charm-

<sup>9</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 105, 106.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 114, 115.

ingly described. Helen is in hopes of finding out Dr. Morgan, a Homœopathist, one of the best drawn characters in the book, who had assisted her father in the early stage of his illness, and also a nobleman, whose name Captain Digby had half declared to her with his last breath, and who is really Lord L'Estrange, son of Lord Lansmere, who subsequently plays a very important part in this history. The young wanderers arrive at the Great City; and here, in seeking shelter from a passing storm, Randal Leslie, Frank Hazeldean, and Leonard are for a moment brought together. Frank Hazeldean is in the Guards, and is rapidly becoming a fine gentleman, with the usual amount of debts and difficulties; while Randal, having kept several terms at Oxford, has now taken up his abode with Audley Egerton, with a view to embarking in political life. But the storm is past, and the trio separate.

"Frank swung himself into his saddle, and rewarded the slim youth with half-a-crown—a largess four times more ample than his father would have deemed sufficient. A jerk of the reins and a touch of the heel—off bounded the fiery horse and the gay young rider. Randal mused; and as the rain had now ceased, the passengers under shelter dispersed and went their way. Only Randal, Leonard, and Helen remained behind. Then, as Randal, still musing, lifted his eyes, they fell full upon Leonard's face. He started, passed his hand quickly over his brow—looked again, hard and piercingly: and the change in his pale cheek to a shade still paler—a quick compression and nervous gnawing of his lip—showed that he too recognized an old foe. Then his glance ran over Leonard's dress, which was somewhat dust-stained, but far above the class amongst which the peasant was born. Randal raised his brows in surprise, and with a smile slightly supercilious—the smile stung Leonard; and with a slow step Randal left the passage, and took his way towards Grosvenor-square. The Entrance of Ambition was clear to *him*.

"Then the little girl once more took Leonard by the hand, and led him through rows of humble, obscure, dreary streets. It seemed almost like an allegory personified, as the sad, silent child led on the penniless and low-born adventurer of genius by the squalid shops, and through the winding lanes, which grew meaner and meaner, till both their forms vanished from the view."

And here, leaving Leonard to seek his independence, we must say a few words about Harley Lord L'Estrange. Harley and Audley Egerton are bosom friends, but the one has steadily applied himself to the world of politics; the other, from some unexplained and mysterious reason, appears determined to pass through life without any object or purpose whatever. Of the

highest rank—endowed with remarkable talent and an ample fortune—with every possible advantage of person and position, having in early life gained a distinguished reputation in the Peninsular war—Harley L'Estrange, to the intense disappointment of his family and his friend Egerton, seems to be rapidly degenerating into a *misanthrope*. The following scene will give a good idea of Harley's apparent character:—

"'But do come; change your dress, return and dine with me; you will have just time, Harley. You will meet the most eminent men of our party; surely they are worth your study, philosopher that you affect to be.'

"Thus said Audley Egerton to Lord L'Estrange, with whom he had been riding (after the toils of his office). The two gentlemen were in Audley's library. Mr. Egerton, as usual, buttoned up, seated in his chair, in the erect posture of a man who scorns 'inglorious ease.' Harley, as usual, thrown at length on the sofa, his long hair in careless curls, his neckcloth loose, his habiliments flowing—*simplex munditiis*, indeed—his grace all his own; seemingly negligent, never slovenly; at ease every where, and with every one, even with Mr. Audley Egerton, who chilled or awed the ease out of most people.

"'Nay, my dear Audley, forgive me. But your eminent men are all men of one idea, and that not a diverting one—politics! politics! politics! The storm in the saucer.'

"'But what is your life, Harley?—the saucer without the storm?'

"'Do you know, that's very well said, Audley? I did not think you had so much liveliness of repartee. Life—life! it is insipid, it is shallow. No launching Argosies in the saucer. Audley, I have the oddest fancy—'

"'That, of course,' said Audley drily; 'you never have any other. What is the new one?'

"HARLEY (with great gravity)—'Do you believe in Mesmerism?'

"AUDLEY—'Certainly not.'

"HARLEY—'If it were in the power of an animal magnetizer to get me out of my own skin into somebody else's! *That's* my fancy! I am so tired of myself—so tired! I have run through all my ideas—know every one of them by heart. When some pretentious impostor of an idea perks itself up, and says, 'Look at me—I'm a new acquaintance,' I just give it a nod, and say, 'Not at all—you have only got a new coat on; you are the same old wretch that has bored me these last twenty years; get away.' But if one could be in a new skin! if I could be for half an hour your tall porter, or one of your eminent matter-of-fact men, I should then really travel into a new world. Every man's brain must be a world in itself, eh? If I could but make a parochial settlement even in yours, Audley—run over all your thoughts and sensations. Upon my life, I'll go and talk to that French mesmerizer about it.'

"AUDLEY (who does not seem to like the notion of having his thoughts and sensations rummaged, even by his friend, and even in fancy)—'Pooh, pooh, pooh! Do talk like a man of sense.'

"HARLEY—'Man of sense! Where shall I find a model? I don't know a man of sense!—never met such a creature. Don't believe it ever existed.' At one time I thought Socrates must have been a man of sense;—a delusion; he would stand gazing into the air, and talking to his Genius from sunrise to sunset. Is that like a man of sense? Poor Audley; how puzzled he looks! Well, I'll try and talk sense to oblige you!'"

During his residence abroad, Harley had done great service to the Italian exile, Riccabocca, whose firm friend he still continues; and he is now very desirous of warding off from the Italian the snares which his kinsman, the Count di Peschiera, assisted by his sister, Madame di Negra, is trying to throw around him. Peschiera, a most consummate Italian villain—about, we suppose, the climax of villany—is desirous of discovering Riccabocca's retreat. Having been endowed by the Austrian government with half his kinsman's fortune, which he has run through, Peschiera has ascertained the probability of Riccabocca's recall, through the influence of Harley. He therefore resolves to find out the exile's retreat, in the hope of bringing about, by some means or other, a marriage between himself and Violante, Riccabocca's daughter. This scheme Harley bends all his efforts to counteract. And now, with this brief sketch of the position of parties, we return to the efforts of genius to procure fame and independence!

On their settling in London, Leonard at once finds out Dr. Morgan, who warmly interests himself for poor Helen, and procures for her a situation as companion to a lady, a Miss Starke. Leonard, meantime, goes through the usual ordeal of unfriended genius, cannot find a publisher for his manuscripts, and finds that fame and independence are harder to gain than he imagined. At last he is glad to engage himself to a dealer in old books, to whom he is introduced by Dr. Morgan. Here he falls in with Chatterton's life, the perusal of which, morbid as his mind has become by disappointment, exercises upon this poor lad a very disastrous influence. But he makes a discovery, which still more embitters his life. Calling at Dr. Morgan's, he accidentally reads a letter from Mrs. Avenel to the Doctor, in which he is spoken of as Nora's child, "the child of shame!" Here is the result:—

"Leonard laid down this letter very calmly, and, except by a slight

heaving at his breast, and a deathlike whiteness of his lips, the emotions he felt were undetected. And it is a proof how much exquisite goodness there was in his heart that the first words he spoke were, 'Thank Heaven!'

"The Doctor did not expect that thanksgiving, and he was so startled that he exclaimed, 'For what?'

"'I have nothing to pity or excuse in the woman I knew and honoured as a mother. I am not her son—her—'

"He stopped short.

"'No; but don't be hard on your true mother—poor Nora!'

"Leonard staggered, and then burst into a sudden paroxysm of tears.

"'Oh, my own mother!—my dead mother! Thou for whom I felt so mysterious a love—thou, from whom I took this poet soul—pardon me, pardon me! Hard on thee! Would that thou wert living yet, that I might comfort thee! What thou must have suffered!'

"These words were sobbed forth in broken gasps from the depth of his heart. Then he caught up the letter again, and his thoughts were changed as his eyes fell upon the writer's shame and fear, as it were, of his very existence. All his native haughtiness returned to him. His crest rose, his tears dried. 'Tell her,' he said, with a stern unfaltering voice—'tell Mrs. Avenel that she is obeyed—that I will never seek her roof, never cross her path, never disgrace her wealthy son. But tell her, also, that I will choose my own way in life—that I will not take from her a bribe for concealment. Tell her that I am nameless, and will yet make a name.'

"A name! Was this but an idle boast, or was it one of those flashes of conviction which are never belied, lighting up our future for one lurid instant, and then fading into darkness.

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"'And she came to London—London is strong and cruel,' muttered Leonard. 'She was friendless and deceived. I see all—I desire to know no more. This father, he must indeed have been like those whom I have read of in books. To love, to wrong her—that I can conceive; but then to leave, to abandon; no visit to her grave—no remorse—no search for his own child. Well, well; Mrs. Avenel was right. Let us think of *him* no more.'

"The man-servant knocked at the door, and then put in his head. 'Sir, the ladies are getting very impatient, and say they'll go.'

"'Sir,' said Leonard, with a strange calm return to the things about him, 'I ask your pardon for taking up your time so long. I am now. I will never mention to my moth—I mean to Mrs. Fairfield—what I have learned, nor to any one. I will work my way somehow. If Mr. Prickett will keep me, I will stay with him at present; but I repeat, I cannot take Mrs. Avenel's money, and be bound apprentice. Sir, you have been good and patient with me—Heaven reward you.'

"The Doctor was too moved to answer. He wrung Leonard's hand, and in another minute the door closed upon the nameless boy. He stood alone in the streets of London; and the sun flashed on him, red and menacing, like the eye of a foe!"

And so the poor lad goes back to the old bookseller's. Here he gets into the hands of John Burley, a man of gigantic intellect, but of little or no principle, from whose dangerous influence he is only just saved, partly by his own natural goodness of heart, but still more by the influence of Helen Digby, who leaves the house of Miss Starke, and insists on staying with Leonard. John Burley's character is most powerfully described, and well deserves attentive study for the moral it conveys. But Mr. Prickett dies suddenly, and Leonard is again thrown on the world:—

"Leonard went home, shocked and saddened at the sudden death of his kind employer. He did not think much of himself that night; but, when he rose the next day, he suddenly felt that the world of London lay before him, without a friend, without a calling, without an occupation for bread.

"This time it was no fancied sorrow, no poetic dream disappointed. Before him, gaunt and palpable, stood Famine.

"Escape!—yes. Back to the village; his mother's cottage; the exile's garden; the radishes and the fount. Why could he not escape? Ask why civilization cannot escape its ills, and fly back to the wild and the wigwam?

"Leonard could not have returned to the cottage, even if the Famine that faced had already seized him with her skeleton hand. London releases not so readily her fated stepsons."

And now the shadows darken around the poor children. They take a mean lodging in Lambeth, and Leonard ekes out a scanty subsistence by writing for a third-rate magazine. But even this at length fails, and they are reduced to absolute want. The following scene is very touching:—

"He approached her gently, laid his hand on her shoulder—'Helen, put on your shawl and bonnet, and walk out; I have much to say.'

"In a few moments she was ready, and they took their way to their favourite haunt upon the bridge. Pausing in one of the recesses or nooks, Leonard then began,—'Helen, we must part.'

"'Part?—Oh, brother!'

"'Listen. All work that depends on mind is over for me—nothing remains but the labour of thews and sinews. I cannot go back to my village and say to all, 'My hopes were self-conceit, and my intellect a delusion! I cannot. Neither in this sordid city can I turn menial or

<sup>4</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 166—169.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. ii. p. 205.



porter. I might be born to that drudgery ; but my mind has, it may be unhappily, raised me above my birth. What, then, shall I do ? I know not yet—serve as a soldier, or push my way to some wilderness afar, as an emigrant, perhaps. But whatever my choice, I must henceforth be alone ; I have a home no more. But there is a home for you, Helen, a very humble one (for you, too, so well born), but very safe—the roof of—of—my peasant mother. She will love you for my sake, and—and —'

"Helen clung to him trembling, and sobbed out, 'Any thing, any thing you will. But I can work ; I can make money, Leonard. I do, indeed, make money—you do not know how much—but enough for us both till better times come to you. Do not let us part.'

"'And I—a man, and born to labour, to be maintained by the work of an infant ! No, Helen, do not so degrade me.'

"She drew back as she looked on his flushed brow, bowed her head submissively, and murmured, 'Pardon.'

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"Both were silent long ; the crowd passed them by unheedingly. Night deepened over the river, but the reflection of the lamp-lights on its waves was more visible than that of the stars. The beams showed the darkness of the strong current, and the craft that lay eastward on the tide, with sailless spectral masts and black dismal hulks, looked deathlike in their stillness.

"Leonard looked down, and the thought of Chatterton's grim suicide came back to his soul ; and a pale scornful face, with luminous haunting eyes, seemed to look up from the stream, and murmur from livid lips,—'Struggle no more against the tides on the surface ; all is calm and rest within the deep.'

"Starting in terror from the gloom of his reverie, the boy began to talk fast to Helen, and tried to soothe her with descriptions of the lowly home which he had offered."

But Helen falls ill, and, driven to despair, Leonard subdues his mingled feelings of pride and shame, and writes to Mr. Dale. He walks out to Westminster Bridge, intending to post his letter on the morrow. On the bridge he encounters Audley Egerton, and makes an appeal for assistance. Audley, mistaking the application, offers pecuniary relief, which the boy indignantly spurns from him. He sinks down on the bridge in sheer despair, and there is discovered by Harley L'Estrange. Here is the discovery, and Leonard's reflections thereupon :—

"Harley remained motionless for some seconds, in deep and quiet reverie ; then he called to his dog, and turned back towards Westminster.

"He passed the nook in which had sate the still figure of Despon-

dency. But the figure had now risen, and was leaning against the balustrade. The dog, who preceded his master, paused by the solitary form, and sniffed it suspiciously.

"'Nero, sir, come here,' said Harley.

"'Nero,' that was the name by which Helen had said that her father's friend had called his dog. And the sound startled Leonard as he leant, sick at heart, against the stone. He lifted his head and looked wistfully, eagerly, into Harley's face. Those eyes, bright, clear, yet so strangely deep and absent, which Helen had described, met his own, and chained them. For L'Estrange halted also; the boy's countenance was not unfamiliar to him. He returned the inquiring look fixed on his own, and recognized the student by the book-stall.

"'The dog is quite harmless, sir,' said L'Estrange, with a smile.

"'And you call him 'Nero?'" said Leonard, still gazing on the stranger.

"Harley mistook the drift of the question.

"'Nero, sir; but he is free from the sanguinary propensities of his Roman namesake.' Harley was about to pass on, when Leonard said falteringly,—

"'Pardon me; but can it be possible that you are one whom I have sought in vain, on behalf of the child of Captain Digby?'

"Harley stopped short. 'Digby!' he exclaimed, 'where is he? He should have found me easily. I gave him an address.'

"'Ah, Heaven be thanked!' cried Leonard. 'Helen is saved—she will not die;' and he burst into tears.

"A very few moments, and a very few words, sufficed to explain to Harley the state of his old fellow-soldier's orphan. And Harley himself soon stood in the young sufferer's room, supporting her burning temples on his breast, and whispering into ears that heard him as in a happy dream, 'Comfort, comfort; your father yet lives in me.'

"And then Helen, raising her eyes, said, 'But Leonard is my brother—more than brother—and he needs a father's care more than I do.'

"'Hush, hush, Helen. I need no one—nothing now!' cried Leonard, and his tears gushed over the little hand that clasped his own.

"Leonard stole softly towards the grimy window; and looking up towards the stars that shone pale over the roof-tops, he murmured, 'O Thou, the All-seeing and All-merciful—how it comforts me now to think that though my dreams of knowledge may have sometimes obscured the Heaven, I never doubted that Thou wert there!—as luminous and everlasting, though behind the cloud!' So, for a few minutes, he prayed silently; then passed into Helen's room, and sate beside her motionless, for she slept. She woke just as Harley returned with a physician; and then Leonard, returning to his own room, saw amongst his papers the letter he had written to Mr. Dale, and muttering, 'I need not disgrace my calling—I need not be the mendicant now'—held the letter to the flame of the candle. And while he said this, and as the

burning tinder dropped on the floor, the sharp hunger, unfelt during his late anxious emotions, gnawed at his entrails. Still, even hunger could not reach that noble pride which had yielded to a sentiment nobler than itself; and he smiled as he repeated, 'No mendicant!—the life that I was sworn to guard is saved. I can raise against Fate the front of Man once more!'

The result is, that Harley places Leonard with a literary man, for the purpose of instruction and improvement, and resolves himself, in pursuance of a day-dream long indulged, to adopt Helen and take her with him abroad. But Harley shall declare his own plans:—

"'But can you seriously mean to take this child with you abroad?'

"'Seriously, I do.'

"'And lodge her in your own house?'

"'For a year or so while she is yet a child. Then, as she approaches youth, I shall place her elsewhere.'

"'You may grow to love her. Is it clear that she will love you?—not mistake gratitude for love? It is a very hazardous experiment.'

"'So was William the Norman's—still he was William the Conqueror. Thou biddest me move on from the Past, and be consoled, yet thou wouldst make me as inapt to progress as the mule in Slawkenbergius's tale, with thy cursed interlocutions, 'Stumbling, by St. Nicholas, every step. Why, at this rate, we shall be all night in getting into—' *Happiness!* Listen,' continued Harley, setting off, full pelt, into one of his wild whimsical humours. 'One of the sons of the prophets in Israel, felling wood near the River Jordan his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river; so he prayed to have it again (it was but a small request, mark you); and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, but the helve after the hatchet. Presently two great miracles were seen. Up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance, the helve. Now, had he wished to coach it to Heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, be as rich as Job, strong as Samson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained the wish, do you think? In truth, my friend, I question it very much.'

"'I cannot comprehend what you mean. Sad stuff you are talking.'

"'I can't help that; Rabelais is to be blamed for it. I am quoting him, and it is to be found in his Prologue to the Chapters on the Moderation of Wishes. And apropos of 'moderate wishes in point of hatchet,' I want you to understand that I ask but little from Heaven. I fling but the helve after the hatchet that has sunk into the silent stream. I want the other half of the weapon that is buried fathom deep, and for want of which the thick woods darken round me by the Sacred River, and I can catch not a glimpse of the stars.'

"'In plain English,' said Audley Egerton, 'you want'—he stopped short, puzzled.

"'I want my purpose and my will, and my old character, and the nature God gave me. I want the half of my soul which has fallen from me. I want such love as may replace to me the vanished affections. Reason not—I throw the helve after the hatchet<sup>a</sup>.'"

And so, to their own great grief, Leonard and his little companion are separated: the one to seek for fame and independence—not, this time, by the mere wayward struggles of genius, but by the steady efforts of industry; the other to follow, in a foreign land, the fortunes of Harley L'Estrange. And we must suppose that several years elapse before we renew our acquaintance with the two.

And now turn we to the career of Randal Leslie. Randal has two great objects in life: the one to supplant Frank Hazeldean, and gain possession of the unentailed property which the Squire may leave behind him; the other to be able to win back the property of his ancestors. To secure the first object, he artfully causes a breach between Frank and the Squire, by preventing a candid acknowledgment of the real difficulties of the former; does all he can to bring about the marriage of Frank with Madame di Negra, Peschiera's sister, knowing that such an act would ruin him with his father, the lady's character being by no means spotless; and at last, by a most artfully contrived scheme, entraps Frank into executing a post-obit on the Casino property, causes the Squire to discover the transaction, and thus makes a breach, seemingly of an irremediable nature, between the thoughtless, good-natured, simple-minded young guardsman and his parents—taking care, of course, to secure for himself a reasonable probability of his occupying Frank's place in the Squire's will. Beatrice di Negra's character is very finely drawn. Of faultless beauty, with a genuine Italian temperament, painfully conscious of her position and earnestly desirous of retrieving it, she wins insensibly upon our regard; though so completely is she in the power of Peschiera, as to be perforce driven to assist him in his machinations against his noble kinsman. Now the first thing to be done is to find out Riccabocca's retreat; and here Beatrice is again compelled by her brother to make Randal Leslie her instrument. By the assistance of a certain Baron Levy, a fashionable usurer, and Audley Egerton's man of business, whom, however, he hates with a deadly hatred, Randal is brought into the conspiracy against the poor exile. Randal is bribed by a promise from Levy that, whenever the Count shall

<sup>a</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 276, 277.

marry Violante, a sum, sufficient to redeem a large portion of his ancestral property, shall be placed in his hands. Randal, it should be observed, had previously discovered that Riccabocca and the Duke di Serrano are one and the same person. By a series of artful representations of danger to Violante, he persuades the exiled noble to leave the Casino and go to the suburbs of London. Here is a beautiful scene between Riccabocca and his wife on the eve of their departure :—

" '*Anima mia*,' said the pupil of Machiavel, disguising in the tenderest words the cruellest intentions—for one of his most cherished Italian proverbs was to the effect, that there is no getting on with a mule or a woman unless you coax them—'*Anima mia*, soul of my being—you have already seen that Violante mopes herself to death here.'

" 'She, poor child ! Oh no !'

" 'She does, core of my heart—she does, and is as ignorant of music as I am of tent-stitch.'

" 'She sings beautifully.'

" 'Just as birds do, against all the rules, and in defiance of gamut. Therefore, to come to the point, O treasure of my soul ! I am going to take her with me for a short time, perhaps to Cheltenham, or Brighton—we shall see.'

" 'All places with you are the same to me, Alphonso. When shall we go ?'

" 'We shall go to-night ; but, terrible as it is to part from you—you—'

" 'Ah !' interrupted the wife, and covered her face with her hands.

" Riccabocca, the wildest and most relentless of men in his maxims, melted into absolute uxorial imbecility at the sight of that mute distress. He put his arm round his wife's waist, with genuine affection, and without a single proverb at his heart—'*Carissima*, do not grieve so ; we shall be back soon, and travelling is expensive ; rolling stones gather no moss, and there is so much to see to at home.'

" Mrs. Riccabocca gently escaped from her husband's arm. She withdrew her hands from her face, and brushed away the tears that stood in her eyes.

" 'Alphonso,' she said, touchingly, 'hear me ! What you think good, that shall ever be good to me. But do not think that I grieve solely because of our parting. No ; I grieve to think that, despite all these years in which I have been the partner of your hearth and slept on your breast—all these years in which I have had no thought but, however humbly, to do my duty to you and yours, and could have wished that you had read my heart, and seen there but yourself and your child—I grieve to think that you still deem me as unworthy your trust as when you stood by my side at the altar.'

" 'Trust !' repeated Riccabocca, startled and conscience-stricken ; 'why do you say 'trust ?' In what have I distrusted you ? I am sure,' he continued, with the artful volubility of guilt, 'that I never

doubted your fidelity—hook-nosed, long-visaged foreigner though I be ; never pryed into your letters ; never inquired into your solitary walks ; never heeded your flirtations with that good-looking Parson Dale ; never kept the money ; and never looked into the account-books !' Mrs. Riccabocca refused even a smile of contempt at these revolting evasions ; nay, she seemed scarcely to hear them.

" 'Can you think,' she resumed, pressing her hand on her heart to still its struggles for relief in sobs—'can you think that I could have watched, and thought, and taxed my poor mind so constantly, to conjecture what might best soothe or please you, and not seen, long since, that you have secrets known to your daughter—your servant—not to me ? Fear not—the secrets cannot be evil, or you would not tell them to your innocent child. Besides, do I not know your nature ? and do I not love you because I know it ?—it is for something connected with those secrets that you leave your home. You think that I should be incautious—imprudent. You will not take me with you. Be it so. I go to prepare for your departure. Forgive me if I have displeased you, husband.'

" Mrs. Riccabocca turned away ; but a soft hand touched the Italian's arm. 'O father, can you resist this ? Trust her !—trust her ! I am a woman like her ! I answer for her woman's faith. Be yourself—ever nobler than all others, my own father.'

" '*Diavolo !* Never one door shuts but another opens,' groaned Riccabocca. 'Are you a fool, child ? Don't you see that it was for your sake only I feared—and would be cautious ?'

" 'For mine ! O then, do not make me deem myself mean, and the cause of meanness. For mine ! Am I not your daughter—the descendant of men who never feared ?'

" Violante looked sublime while she spoke ; and as she ended she led her father gently on towards the door, which his wife had now gained.

" 'Jemima—wife mine !—pardon, pardon,' cried the Italian, whose heart had been yearning to repay such tenderness and devotion,—'come back to my breast—it has been long closed—it shall be open to you now and for ever.'

" In another moment the wife was in her right place—on her husband's bosom ; and Violante, beautiful peacemaker, stood smiling awhile at both, and then lifted her eyes gratefully to heaven, and stole away<sup>9</sup>."

And so the exile and his family go to Norwood, living in the strictest seclusion. We ought, however, to have mentioned that, before falling into Peschiera's conspiracy against Riccabocca, Randal had formed a plan of his own, which is to secure Violante and her fortune for himself, and in fact actually entraps Riccabocca into a promise of her hand, much to Violante's disgust. Subsequently, although really the accepted suitor of the young

lady, he thinks it will be more to his interest to betray her to Peschiera, especially as he discovers that Violante will soon, in all likelihood, not be the *sole* child of the exiled noble. But, meantime, two events have happened. Harley L'Estrange has returned from abroad, bringing with him Helen Digby, while Audley Egerton is on the point of losing his position in the government through the defeat of ministers in the House of Commons. Audley, by the way, is really a man of ruined fortunes, and afflicted with organic disease of the heart. Harley has sent Helen to England to Lady Lansmere's care, as his future wife. Egerton is requested by the Countess to see her, and here is the result of the interview :—

"He spoke first of Harley L'Estrange—spoke with tact and delicacy. Helen at first answered by monosyllables, and then, by degrees, with grateful and open affection. Audley's brow grew shaded. He then spoke of Italy; and though no man had less of the poet in his nature, yet, with the dexterity of one long versed in the world, and who has been accustomed to extract evidences from characters most opposed to his own, he suggested such topics as might serve to arouse poetry in others. Helen's replies betrayed a cultivated taste, and a charming womanly mind; but they betrayed also one accustomed to take its colourings from another's—to appreciate, admire, revere the Lofty and the Beautiful, but humbly and meekly. There was no vivid enthusiasm, no remark of striking originality, no flash of the self-kindling, creative faculty. Lastly, Egerton turned to England—to the critical nature of the times—to the claims which the country possessed upon all who had the ability to serve and guide its troubled destinies. He enlarged warmly on Harley's natural talents, and rejoiced that he had returned to England, perhaps to commence some great career. Helen looked surprised, but her face caught no correspondent glow from Audley's eloquence. He rose, and an expression of disappointment passed over his grave, handsome features, and as quickly vanished.

"'Adieu! my dear Miss Digby; I fear I have wearied you, especially with my politics. Adieu, Lady Lansmere; no doubt I shall see Harley as soon as he returns.'

"Then he hastened from the room, gained his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Downing-street. He drew down the blinds, and leant back. A certain languor became visible in his face, and once or twice he mechanically put his hand to his heart.

"'She is good, amiable, docile—will make an excellent wife, no doubt,' said he murmuringly. 'But does she love Harley as he has dreamed of love? No! Has she the power and energy to arouse his faculties, and restore to the world the Harley of old? No! Meant by heaven to be the shadow of another's sun—not herself the sun—

this child is not the one who can atone for the Past and illumine the Future'.<sup>1</sup>”

And while Harley L'Estrange has been seeking in foreign climes to throw off that load of care which rests upon him ; while Randal Leslie has been scheming and plotting, and raising up, as he thinks, a substantial edifice, based on his favourite maxim, “ Knowledge is Power ;” what meantime has our old friend Leonard been doing ? Leonard has been acquiring independence by the exertions of unwearied industry ; he has been acquiring fame by the matured effusions of a cultivated genius. He has written an anonymous work—not his first work, it should be said—which has at once given the author a very high standing in the literary world, and moreover he has invented an improvement in some department of the machinery of the steam-engine, which will very shortly ensure him a competence ; and he is now residing with Mrs. Fairfield in a cottage at Norwood, close to the residence of Riccabocca. Harley is most gladly welcomed by the poor exile, who, what with fear for Violante, and anxiety for his wife, is getting, in spite of Machiavelli, very considerably bewildered. Harley brings a succinct account of Peschiera's plot, and also certain information tending to throw a doubt upon the assumed infidelity of Riccabocca's late wife. We insert an extract here which will make us better acquainted with the situation of various parties.

“ I leave the reader to imagine the delight of Leonard at seeing once more Riccabocca unchanged, and Violante so improved ; and the kind Jemima too. And their wonder at him and his history, his books and his fame. He narrated his struggles and adventures with a simplicity that removed from a story so personal the character of egotism. But when he came to speak of Helen, he was brief and reserved.

“ Violante would have questioned more closely ; but, to Leonard's relief, Harley interposed.

“ ‘ You shall see her whom he speaks of before long, and question her yourself.’

“ With these words, Harley turned the young man's narrative into new directions ; and Leonard's words again flowed freely. Thus the evening passed away happily to all save Riccabocca. For the thought of his dead wife rose ever and anon before the exile ; but when it did, and became too painful, he crept nearer to Jemima, and looked in her simple face, and pressed her cordial hand. And yet the monster had implied to Harley that his comforter was a fool—so she was, to love so contemptible a slanderer of herself, and her sex.

“ Violante was in a state of blissful excitement ; she could not analyze her own joy. But her conversation was chiefly with Leonard ;

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. pp. 35, 36.



and the most silent of all was Harley. He sat listening to Leonard's warm, yet unpretending eloquence—that eloquence which flows so naturally from genius, when thoroughly at its ease, and not chilled back on itself by hard unsympathizing hearers—listened, yet more charmed, to the sentiments less profound, yet no less earnest—sentiments so feminine, yet so noble, with which Violante's fresh virgin heart responded to the poet's kindling soul. Those sentiments of hers were so unlike all he heard in the common world—so akin to himself in his gone youth! Occasionally—at some high thought of her own, or some lofty line from Italian song, that she cited with lighted eyes, and in melodious accents—occasionally he reared his knightly head, and his lip quivered, as if he had heard the sound of a trumpet. The inertness of long years was shaken. The Heroic, that lay deep beneath all the humours of his temperament, was reached, appealed to; and stirred within him, rousing up all the bright associations connected with it, and long dormant. When he arose to take leave, surprised at the lateness of the hour, Harley said, in a tone that bespoke the sincerity of the compliment, 'I thank you for the happiest hours I have known for years.' His eye dwelt on Violante as he spoke. But timidity returned to her with his words—at his look; and it was no longer the inspired muse, but the bashful girl that stood before him.

"And when shall I see you again?" asked Riccabocca disconsolately, following his guest to the door.

"When? Why, of course, to-morrow. Adieu! my friend. No wonder you have borne your exile so patiently,—with such a child!"

"He took Leonard's arm, and walked with him to the inn where he had left his horse. Leonard spoke of Violante with enthusiasm. Harley was silent<sup>2</sup>."

Our readers will see at once that Harley has at last met with a woman, in Violante, exactly suited to his peculiar character, which Helen Digby is not, and that poor Leonard has never forgotten his little housekeeper of former days. The way in which Violante, insensibly to himself, wins upon Harley's regard—the meek despair of poor Leonard—and the patient gentleness of Helen—are very beautifully described. We say, "insensibly to himself," because Harley, the very soul of honour, looks on Violante rather as a daughter, and is perfectly unconscious, till he has bound himself to Helen, of the real state of his affections.

Harley persuades Riccabocca to put Violante under the care of Lady Lansmere, as a better security against the designs of Peschiera—Violante's hand, be it remembered, being pledged by her father to Randal Leslie—and thus the two unconscious rivals are brought together under the same roof. But we must find room here for the description of Helen's first meeting with

Leonard. Few of our readers, we trust, will be insensible to the touching beauty of Helen's character.

"Meanwhile Leonard and Helen walked side by side a few paces in the rear. He had not offered her his arm. They had been silent hitherto since they left Riccabocca's house.

"Helen now spoke first. In similar cases it is generally the woman, be she ever so timid, who does speak first. And here Helen was the bolder; for Leonard did not disguise from himself the nature of his feelings, and Helen was engaged to another; and her pure heart was fortified by the trust reposed in it.

"'And have you ever heard more of the good Dr. Morgan, who had powders against sorrow, and who meant to be so kind to us—though,' she added, colouring, 'we did not think so then?'

"'He took my child-angel from me,' said Leonard, with visible emotion; 'and if she had not returned, where and what should I be now? But I have forgiven him. No, I have never met him since.'

"'And that terrible Mr. Burley?'

"'Poor, poor Burley! He, too, is vanished out of my present life. I have made many inquiries after him; all I can hear is that he went abroad, supposed as a correspondent to some journal. I should like so much to see him again, now that perhaps I could help him as he helped me.'

"'Helped you—ah!'

"Leonard smiled with a beating heart, as he saw again the dear, prudent, warning look, and involuntarily drew closer to Helen. She seemed more restored to him and to her former self.

"'Helped me much by his instructions; more, perhaps, by his very faults. You cannot guess, Helen—I beg pardon, Miss Digby—but I forgot that we are no longer children: you cannot guess how much we men, and more than all perhaps, we writers, whose task it is to unravel the web of human actions, owe even to our own past errors; and if we learned nothing by the errors of others, we should be dull indeed. We must know where the roads divide, and have marked where they lead to, before we can erect our sign-posts; and books are the sign-posts in human life.'

"'Books!—And I have not yet read yours. And Lord L'Estrange tells me you are famous now. Yet you remember me still—the poor orphan child, whom you first saw weeping at her father's grave, and with whom you burdened your own young life, over-burdened already. No, still call me Helen—you must always be to me—a brother! Lord L'Estrange feels *that*; he said so to me when he told me that we were to meet again. He is so generous, so noble. Brother!' cried Helen, suddenly, and extending her hand, with a sweet but sublime look in her gentle face—'brother, we will never forfeit his esteem; we will both do our best to repay him! Will we not?—say so!'

"Leonard felt overpowered by contending and unanalyzed emotions. Touched almost to tears by the affectionate address—thrilled by the

hand that 'pressed his own—and yet with a vague fear, a consciousness that something more than the words themselves was implied—something that checked all hope. And this word 'brother,' once so precious and so dear, why did he shrink from it now?—why could he not too say the sweet word 'sister?'

" 'She is above me now and evermore!' he thought, mournfully; and the tones of his voice, when he spoke again, were changed. The appeal to renewed intimacy but made him more distant; and to that appeal itself he made no direct answer; for Mrs. Riccabocca, now turning round, and pointing to the cottage which came in view, with its picturesque gable ends, cried out—

" 'But is that your house, Leonard? I never saw any thing so pretty.'

" 'You do not remember it, then,' said Leonard to Helen, in accents of melancholy reproach—'there where I saw you last! I doubted whether to keep it exactly as it was, and I said, 'No! the association is not changed because we try to surround it with whatever beauty we can create; the dearer the association, the more the Beautiful becomes to it natural.' Perhaps you don't understand this—perhaps it is only we poor poets who do.'

" 'I understand it,' said Helen, gently. She looked wistfully at the cottage.

" 'So changed—I have so often pictured it to myself—never, never like this; yet I loved it, commonplace as it was to my recollection; and the garret, and the tree in the carpenter's yard.'

" She did not give these thoughts utterance. And they now entered the garden<sup>3</sup>."

And now we must hasten on, or we shall far exceed our limits. Harley sets himself, heart and soul, to counteract the designs of Peschiera. He introduces Leonard to Beatrice di Negra, that he may extract information of her brother's plans. But the freshness and innocence of the young poet are fatal to the peace of Beatrice, who, finding Leonard's heart irrevocably given to another, and imagining that other to be Violante, at once—with the frantic rage of Italian jealousy—agrees to assist in the abduction of her supposed rival. We must pass rapidly over Peschiera's scheme for entrapping Violante on board a yacht, in which he proposes to take her abroad, after which he is sure of his prey, and content ourselves with showing how that scheme is defeated. To comprehend the following scene, the reader must understand that Beatrice has persuaded Violante to enter her carriage, and has taken her to a house by the water-side, where Peschiera arrives at midnight, to convey his victim on board the yacht:—

" Violante eluded the clasp that would have profaned her, and

darting across the room, opened the door, and closed it hastily behind her. Beatrice clung firmly to the Count to detain him from pursuit. But just without the door, close, as if listening to what passed within, stood a man wrapped from head to foot in a large boat cloak. The ray of the lamp that beamed on the man, glittered on the barrel of a pistol which he held in his right hand.

"'Hist!' whispered the man in English; and passing his arm round her—'in this house you are in that ruffian's power; out of it, safe. Ah! I am by your side—I, Violante!'

"The voice thrilled to Violante's heart. She started—looked up, but nothing was seen of the man's face, what with the hat and cloak, save a mass of raven curls, and a beard of the same hue.

"The Count now threw open the door, dragging after him his sister, who still clung round him.

"'Ha—that is well!' he cried to the man in Italian. 'Bear the lady after me, gently; but if she attempt to cry out—why, force enough to silence her, not more. As for you, Beatrice, traitress that you are, I could strike you to the earth—but—No, this suffices.' He caught his sister in his arms as he spoke, and, regardless of her cries and struggles, sprang down the stairs.

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"Meanwhile, as Peschiera leapt upon deck, a flood of light poured upon him from lifted torches. That light streamed full on the face and form of a man of commanding stature, whose arm was around Violante, and whose dark eyes flashed upon the Count more luminously than the torches. On one side this man stood the Austrian Prince; on the other side (a cloak, and a profusion of false dark locks, at his feet) stood Lord L'Estrange, his arms folded, and his lips curved by a smile in which the ironical humour native to the man was tempered with a calm and supreme disdain. The Count strove to speak, but his voice faltered. All around him looked ominous and hostile. He saw many Italian faces, but they scowled at him with vindictive hate; in the rear were English mariners, peering curiously over the shoulders of the foreigners, and with a broad grin on their open countenances. Suddenly, as the Count thus stood perplexed, cowering, stupified, there burst from all the Italians present a hoot of unutterable scorn—'*Il traditore! il traditore!*'—(the traitor! the traitor!)

"The Count was brave, and as the cry he lifted his head with a certain majesty.

"At that moment Harley, raising his hand as if to silence the hoot, came forth from the group, by which he had been hitherto standing, and towards him the Count advanced with a bold stride.

"'What trick is this?' he said in French, fiercely. 'I divine that it is you whom I can single out for explanation and atonement.'

"'Pardieu, Monsieur le Comte,' answered Harley, in the same language, which lends itself so well to polished sarcasm, and high-

bred enmity,—‘let us distinguish. Explanation should come from me, I allow; but atonement I have the honour to resign to yourself. This vessel—’

“‘Is mine!’ cried the Count. ‘Those men, who insult me, should be in my pay.’

“‘The men in your pay, *Monsieur le Comte*, are on shore, drinking success to your voyage. But, anxious still to procure you the gratification of being amongst your own countrymen, those whom I have taken into my pay are still better Italians than the pirates whose place they supply; perhaps not such good sailors; but then I have taken the liberty to add to the equipment of a vessel, which has cost me too much to risk lightly, some stout English seamen, who are mariners more practised than even your pirates. Your grand mistake, *Monsieur le Comte*, is in thinking that the ‘Flying Dutchman’ is yours. With many apologies for interfering with your intention to purchase it, I beg to inform you that Lord Spendquick has kindly sold it to me. Nevertheless, *Monsieur le Comte*, for the next few weeks I place it—men and all—at your service.’

“Peschiera smiled scornfully.

“‘I thank your lordship; but since I presume that I shall no longer have the travelling companion who alone could make the voyage attractive, I shall return to shore, and will simply request you to inform me at what hour you can receive the friend whom I shall depute to discuss that part of the question yet untouched, and to arrange that the atonement, whether it be due from me or yourself, may be rendered as satisfactory as you have condescended to make the explanation.’

“‘Let not that vex you, *Monsieur le Comte*—the atonement is, in much, made already; so anxious have I been to forestall all that your nice sense of honour would induce so complete a gentleman to desire. You have ensnared a young heiress, it is true; but you see that it was only to restore her to the arms of her father. You have juggled an illustrious kinsman out of his heritage; but you have voluntarily come on board this vessel, first, to enable his highness the Prince Von —, of whose rank at the Austrian Court you are fully aware, to state to your Emperor that he himself has been witness of the manner in which you interpreted his Imperial Majesty’s assent to your nuptials with a child of one of the first subjects in his Italian realm; and, next, to commence by an excursion to the seas of the Baltic, the sentence of banishment which I have no doubt will accompany the same act that restores to the chief of your house his lands and his honours.’

“The Count started.

“‘That restoration,’ said the Austrian Prince, who had advanced to Harley’s side, ‘I already guarantee. Disgrace that you are, Giulio Franzini, to the nobles of the Empire, I will not leave my royal master till his hand strike your name from the roll. I have here your own letters, to prove that your kinsman was duped by yourself into

the revolt which you would have headed as a Catiline, if it had not better suited your nature to betray it as a Judas. In ten days from this time, these letters will be laid before the Emperor and his Council.'

" 'Are you satisfied, *Monsieur le Comte*,' said Harley, 'with your atonement so far? if not, I have procured you the occasion to render it yet more complete. Before you stands the kinsman you have wronged. He knows now, that though, for a while, you ruined his fortunes, you failed to sully his hearth. His heart can grant you pardon, and hereafter his hand may give you alms. Kneel, then, Giulio Franzini—kneel at the feet of Alphonso, Duke of Serrano.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"From the moment the Austrian Prince had addressed him, the Count had preserved a profound silence, showing neither repentance nor shame. Gathering himself up, he had stood firm, glaring round him like one at bay. But as the Duke now approached, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, 'Back, pedant, back; you have not triumphed yet. And you, prating German, tell your tales to our Emperor. I shall be by his throne to answer—if, indeed, you escape from the meeting to which I will force you by the way.' He spoke, and made a rush towards the side of the vessel. But Harley's quick wit had foreseen the Count's intention, and Harley's quick eye had given the signal by which it was frustrated. Seized in the gripe of his own watchful and indignant countrymen, just as he was about to plunge into the stream, Peschiera was dragged back—pinioned down. Then the expression of his whole countenance changed; the desperate violence of the inborn gladiator broke forth. His great strength enabled him to break loose more than once, to dash more than one man to the floor of the deck; but at length, overpowered by numbers, though still struggling—all dignity, all attempt at presence of mind gone, uttering curses the most plebeian, gnashing his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, nothing seem left of the brilliant Lothario but the coarse fury of the fierce natural man.

"Then, still preserving that air and tone of exquisite imperturbable irony which the highest comedian might have sighed to imitate in vain, Harley bowed low to the storming Count.

" 'Adieu, *Monsieur le Comte—adieu!* The vessel which you have honoured me by entering is bound to Norway. The Italians who accompany you were sent by yourself into exile, and, in return, they now kindly promise to enliven you with their society, whenever you feel somewhat tired of your own. Conduct the Count to his cabin. Gently there, gently. *Adieu, Monsieur le Comte, adieu! et bon voyage.*'

"Harley turned lightly on his heel, as Peschiera, in spite of his struggles, was now fairly carried down to the cabin '."

And so Peschiera, and Beatrice, who clings to her brother, are shipped off in the yacht, leaving poor Frank Hazelden disconsolate at discovering that Madame di Negra had all along been only an instrument in her brother's hands, and had never entertained any affection for him. Randal had so cunningly played his cards, that his complicity in Peschiera's conspiracy remains undiscovered, and is only surmised by Harley L'Estrange.

But, before the attempted abduction of Violante, Leonard had met his old friend Dr. Morgan, the Welsh homœopathist, who takes him to visit a patient, in whom Morgan feels great interest. This patient is John Burley, who, having been many years abroad, has been brought over to England by Morgan, and is now dying. Burley's death-bed scene is most powerfully described; and here Leonard discovers some papers in the same handwriting as the verses, which years before had exercised over him so powerful an influence; and also a packet, by which the innocence of Riccabocca's wife is fully proved. The papers are in the form of a journal, kept by his mother, Nora Avenel, and containing a narrative of events, which we must very briefly set before our readers.

Nora Avenel had been adopted by her godmother, Lady Lansmere. Beautiful and accomplished in no ordinary degree, the young Nora wins the heart of Harley L'Estrange, for whom, however, she herself feels nothing but friendship. Lady Lansmere, to avoid the *mésalliance*, thinking it impossible for Nora long to resist Harley, places her as companion to a Lady Jane Horton. Here they try to persuade Nora to accept of a young solicitor, named Levy, whom, however, she indignantly rejects, and thereby renders him a most bitter enemy. Harley still persecutes poor Nora with his unwelcome suit, while Lady Lansmere still fears for the young girl's resolution. At length Audley Egerton, several years older than Harley, and the object of his warmest friendship, is solicited by Harley and the Countess to see Nora and reason with her.

" 'I have such confidence in you,' said Lady Lansmere, 'that if you once know the girl, your advice will be sure to have weight with her. You will show her how wicked it would be to let Harley break our hearts and degrade his station.'

" 'I have such confidence in you,' said young Harley, 'that if you once know my Nora, you will no longer side with my mother. You will recognize the nobility which nature only can create—you will own that Nora is worthy a rank more lofty than mine; and my mother so believes in your wisdom, that, if you plead in my cause, you will convince even her.' "

But the results of this interview are widely different to the expectations of any of the parties concerned. Audley is at once fascinated by Nora, who is equally conscious that in Harley's friend she recognizes a spirit kindred to her own. Audley soon discovers that Nora does not love Harley. Still he manfully struggles with the temptation to betray his friend's confidence, until he accidentally discovers Nora's affection for himself. Then friendship yields to the power of love, and Audley Egerton, this proud, high-minded, ambitious man, forgetting his friend,—his trust,—his ambition,—the world, pleads his own cause instead of Harley's, and is betrothed to Nora.

"And now this man, who had hitherto valued himself as the very type of gentleman—whom all his young contemporaries had so regarded and so revered—had to press the hand of a confiding friend, and bid adieu to truth. He had to amuse, to delay, to mislead his boy-rival—to say that he was already subduing Nora's hesitating doubts—and that with a little time, she could be induced to consent to forget Harley's rank, and his parent's pride, and become his wife. And Harley believed in Egerton, without one suspicion on the mirror of his loyal soul<sup>6</sup>."

The lovers are secretly married, by an accident one of the witnesses being Audley's solicitor, Mr. Levy, who, on seeing the bride, vows a deadly revenge against both, and he keeps his word. Audley takes the name of Bertram, not daring, for the sake of Harley, who is frantic at Nora's disappearance, to own his marriage. By a series of manœuvres, Levy contrives to sow mistrust between the husband and wife. He involves Audley in pecuniary difficulties, and thus compels him to visit his ancestral estate, leaving Nora behind. He then works on Nora's mind, so that she believes Egerton intends to conceal, if not to disown, their marriage, Levy, in fact, hinting that it was really fictitious. At last Nora writes to Egerton, indignantly demanding that he will proclaim her as his wife to the world. Audley, piqued at her mistrust, writes, at Levy's suggestion, that Levy will explain every thing to her; and the result is, that Nora, believing herself betrayed, leaves his house, eager only to fly from shame, and engages to accompany an Italian lady of high rank to Italy as companion. This lady is the wife of the Duke of Serrano, then on a visit in England. Egerton is frantic at his wife's flight; but, from a sense of his guilt towards Harley, is compelled to mask his real feelings. Parliament being dissolved, he is forced by Harley to contest the borough of Lansmere, Nora's native place. Meantime Nora finds herself likely to become a mother.

<sup>6</sup> Vol. iii. pp. 323, 324.



On her returning to England, resolved to see Audley, and learn the truth as to her position, she sees a paragraph in a paper, which represents Egerton as on the point of marriage with a Miss Leslie. She hurries down to Lansmere—arrives the day before the election—is found by her parents in the agonies of childbirth—and dies, in her father's house, in giving birth to Leonard, the child, as they believe, of shame, *Mr. Morgan*, the apothecary, and *Mr. Dale*, the curate of Lansmere, being alone privy to the sad event. To save the good name of her family, Mrs. Avenel sends the baby away, under the care of Mrs. Fairfield, who, with a young infant of her own, happened to be visiting the father and mother. This child, a weakly infant, shortly dies, and then Mrs. Fairfield brings Nora's child up as her own, the child being, we need hardly say, our friend Leonard. But meantime Audley Egerton is staying at Lansmere Park at the very time this is happening. We must not abridge the scene in which he discovers Nora's death:—

"And the sleeper imagined that he answered, 'Never part from me again—never, never!' and that he bent down to kiss the chaste lips that so tenderly sought his own. And suddenly he heard a knocking sound, as of a hammer—regular, but soft, low, subdued. Did you ever, O reader, hear the sound of the hammer on the lid of a coffin in a house of woe,—when the undertaker's decorous hireling fears that the living may hear how he parts them from the dead? Such seemed the sound to Audley—the dream vanished abruptly. He woke, and again heard the knock; it was at his door. He sat up wistfully—the moon was gone—it was morning. 'Who is there?' he cried peevishly.

"A low voice from without answered, 'Hush, it is I; dress quick; let me see you.'

"Egerton recognized Lady Lansmere's voice. Alarmed and surprised, he rose, dressed in haste, and went to the door. Lady Lansmere was standing without, extremely pale. She put her finger to her lip, and beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed mechanically. They entered her dressing-room, a few doors from his own chamber, and the Countess closed the door.

"Then laying her slight firm hand on his shoulder, she said in suppressed and passionate excitement:—

"Oh, Mr. Egerton, you must serve me, and at once—Harley—Harley—save my Harley—go to him—prevent his coming back here—stay with him—give up the election—it is but a year or two lost in your life—you will have other opportunities—make that sacrifice to your friend.'

"'Speak—what is the matter? I can make no sacrifice too great for Harley!'

"'Thanks—I was sure of it. Go then, I say, at once to Harley; keep him away from Lansmere on any excuse you can invent, until you

can break the sad news to him—gently, gently. Oh, how will he bear it—how recover the shock? My boy, my boy!’

“ ‘Calm yourself! Explain! Break what news?—recover what shock?’

“ ‘True—you do not know—you have not heard. Nora Avenel lies yonder, in her father’s house—dead—dead!’

“ Audley staggered back, clapping his hand to his heart, and then dropping on his knee as if bowed down by the stroke of heaven.

“ ‘My bride, my wife!’ he muttered. ‘Dead—it cannot be!’

“ Lady Lansmere was so startled at this exclamation, so stunned by a confession wholly unexpected, that she remained unable to soothe—to explain, and utterly unprepared for the fierce agony that burst from the man she had ever seen so dignified and cold—when he sprang to his feet, and all the sense of his eternal loss rushed upon his heart.

“ At length he crushed back his emotions, and listened in apparent calm, and in a silence broken but by quick gasps for breath, to Lady Lansmere’s account.

“ One of the guests in the house, a female relation of Lady Lansmere’s, had been taken suddenly ill about an hour or two before;—the house had been disturbed, the Countess herself aroused, and Mr. Morgan summoned as the family medical practitioner. From him she had learned that Nora Avenel had returned to her father’s house late on the previous evening; had been seized with brain fever, and died in a few hours.

“ Audley listened, and turned to the door, still in silence.

“ Lady Lansmere caught him by the arm—‘Where are you going? Ah, can I now ask you to save my son from the awful news, you yourself the sufferer? And yet—yet—you know his haste, his vehemence, if he learn that you were his rival—her husband; you whom he so trusted! What, what would be the result?—I tremble!’

“ ‘Tremble not—I do not tremble! Let me go—I will be back soon—and then—(his lips writhed)—*then* we will talk of Harley.’

“ Egerton went forth, stunned and dizzy. Mechanically he took his way across the park to John Avenel’s house. He had been forced to enter that house, formally, a day or two before, in the course of his canvass; and his worldly pride had received a shock when the home, the birth, and the manners of his bride’s parents had been brought before him. He had even said to himself, ‘And is it the child of these persons that I, Audley Egerton, must announce to the world as wife!’ Now, if she had been the child of a beggar—nay, of a felon—*now*, if he could but recall her to life, how small and mean would all that dreaded world appear to him! Too late—too late! The dews were glistening in the sun—the birds were singing over head—life waking all around him—and his own heart felt like a charnel-house. Nothing but death and the dead there—nothing. He arrived at the door; it was open: he called; no one answered: he walked up the narrow stairs, undisturbed, unseen; he came into the chamber of death. At the opposite side of the bed was seated John Avenel; but he seemed in a heavy sleep. In

fact, paralysis had smitten him : but he knew it not ; neither did any one. Who could heed the strong hearty man in such a moment ? Not even the poor anxious wife ! He had been left there to guard the house, and watch the dead—an unconscious man ; numbed, himself, by the invisible icy hand ! Audley stole to the bedside ; he lifted the coverlid thrown over the pale still face. What passed within him, during the minute he stayed there, who shall say ? But when he left the room, and slowly descended the stairs, he left behind him love and youth, all the sweet hopes and joys of the household human life—for ever and ever !

"He returned to Lady Lansmere, who awaited his coming with the most nervous anxiety.

" 'Now,' said he, drily, 'I will go to Harley, and I will prevent his returning hither.'

"You have seen the parents. Good heavens ! do they know of your marriage ?'

" 'No ; to Harley I must own it first. Meanwhile, silence !'

" 'Silence !' echoed Lady Lansmere ; and her burning hand rested in Audley's, and Audley's hand was as ice.

"In another hour Egerton had left the house, and before noon he was with Harley'."

But he dares not break to Harley the whole truth. Such is the effect on the young lover of the news of Nora's death, that Egerton is forced to conceal his own shame in that sad event ; and, to save Harley's life, "Audley gave up the idea of righting himself in his own eyes, and submitted still to be the living lie,—he, the haughty gentleman !" He endeavours to trace Nora's child, but, finding an infant's grave, concludes it is that of his own little one, and then—to drown thought, plunges headlong into politics—after a time, to please Lady Lansmere and Harley, and retrieve his own ruined fortune, marries Miss Leslie—and on her death adopts, as we have already seen, her kinsman, the young Randal. Mr. Dale had, immediately on Nora's death, sought an interview with Egerton, with the view of inducing him to persuade Harley L'Estrange, whom Mr. Dale believes to be Nora's seducer, to provide for Nora's child ! Egerton thus hears that he is a father, and, as we said before, is only prevented, by the discovery of the grave of Mark Fairfield's infant, from finding his own son. But henceforth Egerton is in Levy's power : our readers have already recognized Baron Levy :—

"The usurer continued to possess a determined hold over the imperious great man. He knew Audley's secret ; he could reveal that secret to Harley. And the one soft and tender side of the statesman's nature—the sole part of him not dipped in the ninefold Styx of prac-

tical prosaic life, which renders man so invulnerable to affection—was his remorseful love for the school friend whom he still deceived.

"Here then you have the key to the locked chambers of Audley Egerton's character, the fortified castle of his mind. The envied minister—the joyless man;—the oracle on the economies of an empire—the prodigal in a usurer's hands;—the august, high-crested gentleman, to whom princes would refer for the casuistry of honour—the culprit trembling lest the friend he best loved on earth should detect his lie! Wrap thyself in the decent veil that the Arts or the Graces weave for thee, O Human Nature! It is only the statue of marble whose nakedness the eye can behold without shame and offence!"

And now those of our readers who have followed us thus far—and we trust there are very few who are yet tired of "*My Novel*"—have a key to the mystery of Leonard's birth, of Harley L'Estrange's misanthropy, and of Audley Egerton's earnest desire to restore Harley to his proper position. They may also judge in some sort of the feelings with which Leonard would learn that he was not at all events the child of shame, though possibly of an unholy fraud. He does not however discern from Nora's narrative the name of his father, though he seems to see in Harley the boy-lover. He resolves at once to place the manuscript in Harley's hands. On his way he encounters Dick Avenel, now a fashionable manufacturer, who is just at this time in a "regular fix," partly for want of capital, partly because a rival manufacturer of Screwestown is "just in treaty for some patent infernal invention that will make his engines do twice as much work with half as many hands!" This invention is of course Leonard's, and of course Leonard makes it over to his uncle:—

"A very brief inspection of Leonard's invention sufficed to show Richard Avenel how invaluable it would be to him. Armed with a patent, of which the certain effects in the increase of power and diminution of labour were obvious to any practical man, Avenel felt that he should have no difficulty in obtaining such advances of money as he required, whether to alter his engines, meet the bills discounted by Levy, or carry on the war with the monster capitalist. It might be necessary to admit into partnership some other monster capitalist—What then? Any partner better than Levy. A bright idea struck him.

"'If I can just terrify and whop that infernal intruder on my own ground, for a few months, he may offer, himself, to enter into partnership—make the two concerns a joint-stock friendly combination, and then we shall flog the world.'

"His gratitude to Leonard became so lively, that Dick offered to bring his nephew in for Lonsmere instead of himself; and when Leonard de-

clined the offer, exclaimed, 'Well, then, any friend of yours; I'm all for Reform against those high and mighty right honourable borough-mongers; and what with loans and mortgages on the small householders, and a long course of 'Free and Easies,' with the independent Freemen, I carry one seat certain, perhaps both seats of the town of Lansmere, in my breeches pocket.' Dick then, appointing an interview with Leonard at his lawyer's, to settle the transfer of the invention, upon terms which he declared 'should be honourable to both parties,' hurried off, to search amongst his friends in the City for some monster capitalist, who might be induced to extricate him from the jaws of Levy, and the engines of his rival at Screwtown. 'Mullins is the man, if I can but catch him,' said Dick. 'You have heard of Mullins?—A wonderful great man; you should see his nails; he never cuts them! Three millions, at least, he has scraped together with those nails of his, sir. And in this rotten old country, a man must have nails a yard long to fight with a devil like Levy!—Good bye—good *bye*,—good bye, my DEAR nephew<sup>9</sup>!'

Leonard then goes to Harley and gives him the packet; but before he can have time to read more than the papers which disclose the villany of Peschiera and the innocence of Riccabocca's late wife, Lady Lansmere and Giacomo rush in with the news of Violante's abduction, the issue of which has been already described.

After the rescue of Violante, Harley peruses Nora's journal, and the perusal at once changes his whole being. It is not the mere discovery that Nora, for whose sake life had been one continued sorrow, had never loved him; but he finds out also that the friend whom he had loved as his own soul had betrayed his confidence, had basely entrapped Nora into what appeared from her journal to be a false marriage, had then left her to die friendless and unpitied, and, lastly, had continued to live on, professing the tenderest esteem and affection for the unhappy victim of his own duplicity—had been, through the long series of past years, a living lie! Harley at once burns with a passionate desire of revenge against Audley Egerton:—

"He had read that fragment of a memoir, in which, out of all the chasms of his barren and melancholy past, there rose two malignant truths which seemed literally to glare upon him with mocking and demon eyes. The woman whose remembrance had darkened all the sunshine of his life had loved another. The friend in whom he had confided his whole affectionate loyal soul had been his perfidious rival. He had read from the first word to the last, as if under a spell that held him breathless; and when he closed the manuscript, it was without groan or sigh; but over his pale lips there passed that withering smile

which is as sure an index of a heart overcharged with dire and fearful passions as the arrowy flash of the lightning is of the tempests that are gathered within the cloud.

"He then thrust the papers into his bosom, and, keeping his hand over them, firmly clenched, he left the room, and walked slowly on towards his father's house. With every step by the way, his nature, in the war of its elements, seemed to change and harden into forms of granite. Love, humanity, trust, vanished away. Hate, revenge, misanthropy, suspicion, and scorn of all that could wear the eyes of affection, or speak with the voice of honour, came fast through the gloom of his thoughts, settling down in the wilderness, grim and menacing as the harpies of ancient song—

"— *Uncreque manus, et pallida semper Ora* <sup>1</sup>."—

Leonard also is soon included in Harley's hatred. Leonard has been induced, by the advice of Mr. Dale, who thinks him Harley's son, to seek an interview with Helen, and declare his love for her, which, in a very beautiful scene, he at once retracts on finding Helen engaged to his benefactor. Mr. Dale seeks Harley and pleads Leonard's cause, and then Harley discovers Leonard's identity with Audley's child. In his morbid frame of mind, Leonard's love for Helen aggravates his desire for revenge. He subsequently discovers that Helen cannot love him, as he hoped at one time, and releases her from her troth to him, but exacts a promise that she will not pledge her faith to another without his consent. Here is a powerful description of Harley's frame of mind:—

"'I will obey you, my lord,' answered the parson meekly, startled to find that he who had come to arrogate authority was now submitting to commands; and all at fault what judgment he could venture to pass upon the man whom he had regarded as a criminal, who had not even denied the crime imputed to him, yet who now impressed the accusing priest with something of that respect which Mr. Dale had never before conceded but to Virtue. Could he have then but looked into the dark and stormy heart which he *twice* misread!

"'It is well—very well,' muttered Harley, when the door had closed upon the parson. 'The viper and the viper's brood! So it was this man's son that I led from the dire slough of Despond; and the son unconsciously imitates the father's gratitude and honour—Ha—ha!' Suddenly the bitter laugh was arrested: a flash of almost celestial joy darted through the warring elements of storm and darkness. If Helen returned Leonard's affection, Harley L'Estrange was free! And through that flash the face of Violante shone upon him as an angel's. But the heavenly light and the angel face vanished abruptly, swallowed up in the black abyss of the rent and tortured soul.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iv. p. 91.

" 'Fool!' said the unhappy man, aloud, in his anguish—'fool! what then? Were I free, would it be to trust my fate again to falsehood? If, in all the bloom and glory of my youth, I failed to win the heart of a village girl—if, once more deluding myself, it is in vain that I have tended, reared, cherished, some germ of woman's human affection in the orphan I saved from penury—how look for love in the brilliant Princess, whom all the sleek Lotharios of our gaudy world will surround with their homage when once she alights on their sphere! If perfidy be my fate—what hell of hells in the thought!—that a wife might lay her head in my bosom—and—oh, horror! horror!—No!—I would not accept her hand were it offered, nor believe in her love were it pledged to me. Stern soul of mine—wise at last, love never more—never more believe in truth!'"

And now Harley seeks for revenge, and he easily finds material. A general election coming on, he had previously urged Egerton, rejected by his own constituents, to stand again for Lansmere, once the family borough, but now very much under the influence of Dick Avenel, who resolves that he himself and Leonard shall be the Radical candidates, having, however, previously half promised Randal Leslie that, if he will stand with Egerton, he will secure his election. Avenel hates Audley from a political slight the other had put on him years before, and is only anxious, that, at all events, Egerton shall be defeated. Now Harley knows that Egerton's defeat would be certain ruin, from his involved circumstances, and therefore leagues with Levy to throw Egerton out, and bring in Avenel and Leonard, thus wounding the father through the son. The whole party thus meet at Lansmere Park, and we have a most graphic description of a country election, Harley, of course, pretending to work heart and soul for Egerton and Randal Leslie. Randal Leslie, it should be said, still continues his suit to Violante, who cannot induce her father to break his plighted word.

On the day of nomination Harley makes a speech, in which he very plainly reveals the secret workings of his heart, both to Audley and Leonard, the one knowing himself guilty as to Nora, the other thinking that Harley has discovered his love for Helen. Leonard cannot endure Harley's coolness, and Mr. Dale again seeks to plead Leonard's cause, with, as he thinks, his father. He succeeds in exonerating Leonard, but is utterly unable to shake Harley's desire for revenge. And then Violante, hearing from Mr. Dale of Harley's state of mind, resolves to rescue him from himself. We wish we had space for the whole scene between Violante and Harley, but we can only give the conclusion :—

" 'Violante!' murmured Harley, his whole frame heaving with emotion, 'bear with me. Do not ask of me the sacrifice of what seems to me the cause of manhood itself—to sit down, meek and patient, under a wrong that debases me, with the consciousness that all my life I have been the miserable dupe to affections I deemed so honest—to regrets that I believed so holy. Ah! I should feel more mean in my pardon than you can think me in revenge! Were it an acknowledged enemy, I could open my arms to him at your bidding! but the perfidious friend!—ask it not. My cheek burns at the thought, as at the stain of a blow. Give me but to-morrow—one day—I demand no more—wholly to myself and to the past, and mould me for the future as you will. Pardon, pardon the ungenerous thoughts that extended distrust to *you*. I retract them; they are gone—dispelled before those touching words, those ingenuous eyes. At your feet, Violante, I repent and I implore! Your father himself shall banish your sordid suitor. Before this hour to-morrow you will be free. Oh, then, then! will you not give me this hand to guide me again into the paradise of my youth? Violante, it is in vain, to wrestle with myself—to doubt—to reason—to be wisely fearful—I love, I love you. I trust again in virtue and faith. I place my fate in your keeping.'

" If at times Violante may appear to have ventured beyond the limit of strict maiden bashfulness, much may be ascribed to her habitual candour, her solitary rearing, and remoteness from the world—the very innocence of her soul, and the warmth of heart which Italy gives its daughters. But now that sublimity of thought and purpose which pervaded her nature, and required only circumstances to develop, made her superior to all the promptings of love itself. Dreams realized which she had scarcely dared to own—Harley free—Harley at her feet;—all the woman struggling at her heart, mantling in her blushes,—still stronger than love—stronger than the joy of being loved again—was the heroic will—will to save him—who in all else ruled her existence—from the eternal degradation to which passion had blinded his own confused and warring spirit.

" Leaving one hand in his impassioned clasp, as he still knelt before her, she raised on high the other, 'Ah!' she said, scarce audibly—'ah! if Heaven vouchsafe me the proud and blissful privilege to be allied to your fate, to minister to your happiness, never should I know one fear of your distrust. No time, no change, no sorrow—not even the loss of your affection—could make me forfeit the right to remember that you had once confided to me a heart so noble. But'—Here her voice rose in its tone, and the glow fled from her cheek—'But, O Thou the Ever Present, hear and receive the solemn vow. If to me he refuse to sacrifice the sin that would debase him, that sin be the barrier between us evermore. And may my life, devoted to Thy service, atone for the hour in which he belied the nature he received from Thee. Harley, release me! I have spoken: firm as yourself, I leave the choice to you.'

" 'You judge me harshly,' said Harley, rising, with sullen anger.



'But at least I have not the meanness to sell what I hold as justice, though the bribe may include my last hope of happiness.'

"'Meanness! Oh unhappy, beloved Harley!' exclaimed Violante, with such a gush of exquisite reproachful tenderness, that it thrilled him as the voice of the parting guardian angel. 'Meanness! But it is that from which I implore you to save yourself. You cannot judge, you cannot see. You are dark, dark. Lost Christian that you are, what worse than heathen darkness to feign the friendship the better to betray—to punish falsehood by becoming yourself so false—to accept the confidence even of your bitterest foe, and then to sink below his own level in deceit? And oh—worse, worse than all—to threaten that a son—son of the woman you professed to love—should swell your vengeance against a father. No! it was not you that said this—it was the Fiend!'

"'Enough!' exclaimed Harley, startled, conscience-stricken, and rushing into resentment, in order to escape the sense of shame. 'Enough! you insult the man you professed to honour.'

"'I honoured the prototype of gentleness and valour. I honoured one who seemed to me to clothe with life every grand and generous image that is born from the souls of poets. Destroy that ideal, and you destroy the Harley whom I honoured. He is dead to me for ever. I will mourn for him as his widow—faithful to his memory—weeping over the thought of what he was.' Sobs choked her voice; but as Harley, once more melted, sprang forward to regain her side, she escaped with a yet quicker movement, gained the door, and, darting down the corridor, vanished from his sight<sup>3</sup>."

But turn we for a moment to Audley Egerton. Audley has been suffering a perfect martyrdom during the whole of his visit to Lansmere. Old recollections, Harley's speech, the visit of Mr. Dale, the doubt of his own success, have all contributed to Audley's misery. At last he resolves to see Harley, and learn the worst, but is anticipated by Harley, who, shaken though not subdued by Violante's entreaties, goes, immediately on her leaving him, to Egerton's apartment. Very beautiful and touching is the interview between Harley, with his burning sense of cruel injustice, and Egerton, only too glad to bear any reproach as a slight expiation of his treachery towards one he yet loved with so deep an affection. But when Harley speaks to Egerton of the false marriage, then the latter can no longer restrain himself:—

"'It is false—false!' exclaimed Egerton, all his stateliness and all his energy restored to him. 'I forbid you to speak thus to me. I forbid you by one word to sully the memory of my lawful wife.'

"'Ah!' said Harley, startled, 'Ah! false! prove *that*, and revenge is over! Thank Heaven!'

" 'Prove it! What so easy? And wherefore have I delayed the proof?—wherefore concealed, but from tenderness to you—dread, too—a selfish but human dread—to lose in you the sole esteem that I covet,—the only mourner who would have shed one tear over the stone inscribed with some lying epitaph, in which it will suit a party purpose to proclaim the gratitude of a nation. Vain hope. I resign it! But you spoke of a son. Alas, alas! you are again deceived. I heard that I had a son—years, long years ago. I sought him, and found a grave. But bless you, Harley, if you succoured one whom you even erringly suspect to be Leonora's child!' He stretched forth his hands as he spoke.

" 'Of your son we will speak later,' said Harley, strangely softened. 'But before I say more of him, let me ask you to explain—let me hope that you can extenuate what—'

" 'You are right,' interrupted Egerton, with eager quickness. 'You would know from my own lips at last the plain tale of my own offence against you. It is due to both. Patiently hear me out.'

\* \* \* \* \*

" 'Amidst all that Audley said—amidst all that admitted of no excuse—two predominant sentiments stood clear, in unmistakeable and touching pathos: remorseful regret for the lost Nora; and self-accusing, earnest, almost feminine tenderness for the friend he had deceived. Thus, as he continued to speak, Harley more and more forgot even the remembrance of his own guilty and terrible interval of hate; the gulf that had so darkly yawned between the two closed up, leaving them still standing, as it were, side by side, as in their schoolboy days. But he remained silent, listening—shading his face from Audley, and as if under some soft but enthralling spell, till Egerton thus closed—

" 'And now, Harley, all is told. You spoke of revenge?'

" 'Revenge!' muttered Harley, starting.

" 'And believe me,' continued Egerton, 'were revenge in your power, I should rejoice at it as an atonement. To receive an injury in return for that which, first from youthful passion, and afterwards from the infirmity of purpose that concealed the wrong, I have inflicted upon you—why, that would soothe my conscience, and raise my lost self-esteem. The sole revenge you can bestow takes the form which most humiliates me: to revenge, is to pardon.'

" Harley groaned; and, still hiding his face with one hand, stretched forth the other, but rather with the air of one who entreats than who accords forgiveness. Audley took and pressed the hand thus extended.

" 'And now, Harley, farewell. With the dawn I leave this house. I cannot now accept your aid in this election. Levy shall announce my resignation. Randal Leslie, if you so please it, may be returned in my stead. He has abilities which, under safe guidance, may serve his country; and I have no right to reject, from vain pride, whatever will promote the career of one whom I undertook, and have failed, to serve.'

" 'Ay, ay,' muttered Harley; 'think not of Randal Leslie; think but of your son.'

" 'My son! But are you sure that he still lives? You smile; you—you—oh, Harley, I took from you the mother—give to me the son; break my heart with gratitude. Your revenge is found!'

"Lord L'Estrange rose with a sudden start—gazed on Audley for a moment—irresolute, not from resentment, but from shame. At that moment he was the man humbled; he was the man who feared reproach, and who needed pardon. Audley, not divining what was thus passing in Harley's breast, turned away.

" 'You think that I ask too much; and yet all that I can give to the child of my love and the heir of my name, is the worthless blessing of a ruined man. Harley, I say no more. I dare not add, 'You too loved his mother! and with a deeper and a nobler love than mine.' He stopped short, and Harley flung himself on his breast.

" 'Me—me—pardon me, Audley! Your offence has been slight to mine. You have told me your offence; never can I name to you my own. Rejoice that we have both to exchange forgiveness, and in that exchange we are equal still, Audley—brothers still. Look up—look up; think that we are boys now as we were once—boys who have had their wild quarrel, and who, the moment it is over, feel dearer to each other than before.'

" 'Oh, Harley, this is revenge! It strikes home,' murmured Egerton, and tears gushed fast from eyes that could have gazed unwinking on the rack. The clock struck; Harley sprang forward.

" 'I have time yet,' he cried. 'Much to do and to undo. You are saved from the grasp of Levy—your election will be won—your fortunes in much may be restored—you have before you honours not yet achieved—your career as yet is scarce begun—your son you will embrace to-morrow. Let me go—your hand again! Ah, Audley, we shall be so happy yet!'

After this interview, of course, all things are soon restored to their proper position. Egerton and Avenel are triumphantly returned, through the resignation of Leonard. Randal Leslie's villany is exposed; while Violante is saved from his persecution to become the happy bride of Harley L'Estrange.

We will give one more extract. It is the first and last meeting of Audley Egerton and Leonard:—

" 'Friend,' said Harley, 'I give to you a son proved in adversity, and who has fought his own way to fame. Leonard, in the man to whom I prayed you to sacrifice your own ambition—of whom you have spoken with such worthy praise—whose career of honour you have promoted—and whose life, unsatisfied by those honours, you will

soothe with your filial love—behold the husband of Nora Avenel! Kneel to your father! O Audley, embrace your son!’

“‘Here—here,’ exclaimed Egerton, as Leonard bent his knee—‘here to my heart! Look at me with those eyes!—kindly, forgivingly: they are your mother’s!’ His proud head sunk on his son’s shoulder.

“‘But this is not enough,’ said Harley, leading Helen, and placing her by Leonard’s side. ‘You must open your heart for more. Take into its folds my sweet ward and daughter. What is a home without the smile of woman? They have loved each other from children. Audley, yours be the hand to join—yours be the lips to bless.’

“Leonard started anxiously. ‘Oh, sir!—oh, my father!—this generous sacrifice may not be; for he—he who has saved me for this surpassing joy—he too loves her!’

“‘Nay, Leonard,’ said Harley, smiling, ‘I am not so neglectful of myself. Another home woos you, Audley. He whom you long so vainly sought to reconcile to life, exchanging mournful dreams for happy duties—he, too, presents you to his bride. Love her for my sake—for your own. She it is, not I, who presides over this hallowed re-union. But for her, I should have been a blinded, vindictive, guilty, repentant man; and—’ Violante’s soft hand was on his lips.

“‘Thus,’ said the Parson, with mild solemnity, ‘Man finds that the Saviour’s precepts, ‘Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath,’ and ‘Love one another,’ are clues that conduct us through the labyrinth of human life, when the schemes of fraud and hate snap asunder, and leave us lost amidst the maze.’

“Egerton reared his head, as if to answer; and all present were struck and appalled by the sudden change that had come over his countenance. There was a film upon the eye—a shadow on the aspect; the words failed his lips—he sunk on the seat beside him. The left hand rested droopingly upon the piles of public papers and official documents, and the fingers played with them, as the bed-ridden dying sufferer plays with the coverlid he will soon exchange for the winding-sheet. But his right hand seemed to feel, as through the dark, for the recovered son; and having touched what it sought, feebly drew Leonard nearer and nearer. Alas! that blissful PRIVATE LIFE—that close centre round the core of being in the individual man—so long missed and pined for—slipped from him, as it were, the moment it reappeared; hurried away, as the circle on the ocean, which is scarce seen, ere it vanishes amidst infinity. Suddenly both hands were still; the head fell back. Joy had burst asunder the last ligaments so fretted away in unrevealing sorrow. Afar, their sound borne into that room, the joy-bells were pealing triumph; mobs roaring out huzzas; the weak cry of John Avenel might be blent in those shouts, as the drunken zealots reeled by his cottage door, and startled the screaming ravens that wheeled round the hollow oak. The boom which is sent

from the waves on the surface of life, while the deeps are so noiseless in their march, was wafted on the wintry air into the chamber of the statesman it honoured, and over the grass sighing low upon Nora's grave. But there was one in the chamber, as in the grave, for whom the boom on the wave had no sound, and the march of the deep had no tide. Amidst promises of home, and union, and peace, and fame Death strode into the household ring, and, seating itself, calm and still, looked life-like; warm hearts throbbing round it; lofty hopes fluttering upward; Love kneeling at its feet; Religion, with lifted finger, standing by its side<sup>5</sup>."

And now, if we could think that any of our readers, having followed us thus far, would not be desirous of gaining a more extended acquaintance with "*My Novel*," we should certainly feel a considerable degree of surprise and disappointment. For ourselves, we can award no higher praise, as far as our own judgment is concerned, than this—that we have gone through the work three times,—once in "*Blackwood*," in which it originally appeared—again while preparing for this paper—and a third time while actually engaged in our review—and each time, we will not say with renewed interest, but certainly with a renewed appreciation of the great and singular merits which are apparent in every page. We say deliberately, and with a full consciousness of the responsibility we incur by giving such an opinion in these pages, that, in our judgment, for the literary ability displayed in it—for the masterly construction of the story—above all, for the high moral, we might safely say religious, purpose the author keeps in view from the beginning to the end—for all these qualities "*My Novel*" stands unrivalled in the whole range of fictitious literature. We tender our hearty thanks to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton for the high gratification he has afforded us, and trust that we shall soon renew our acquaintance with him on a similar field.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. iv. pp. 268, 269.

ART. II.—*The Annals of Roger de Hoveden. Translated from the Latin by HENRY T. RILEY, Esq., B.A. Edited by the Rev. Dr. GILES. In Two Vols. Vol. 1. (A.D. 732 to A.D. 1180.)* H. G. Bohn. 1853.

THE recent appearance of this new edition of one of our Chroniclers of early English history affords us the opportunity of entering at some length upon the consideration of one of the most important subjects treated of in its pages, the Life of Thomas à Becket.

"*Creon.* 'Tis just I die, indeed, for I confess  
I am troublesome to life now, and the state  
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,  
Either in force or counsel ; I've o' late  
Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he  
That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully,  
Can never serve a worldly prince well after ;  
'Tis clear another way.

*Ant.* Oh, give not confidence  
To all he speaks, my lord, to his own injury.  
His preparation only for the next world  
Makes him talk wildly to his wrong of this ;  
He is not lost in judgment."

*Massinger, The Old Law.*

HENRY II. was the greatest sovereign of his day, and Thomas à Becket the greatest ecclesiastic. Rome had her popes and cardinals, Bologna and Paris their schools, but amongst all their men of renown, none was so great a man as the sometime bosom-friend and the wary chancellor of Henry.

Thomas à Becket—the name established by use, which is the criterion of language, though Thomas Becket were, perhaps, more critically correct—was born in London, December 21, 1117<sup>1</sup>. His father was a citizen, named Gilbert. His mother was said to be a Saracen lady, "whose adventures," says Sharon Turner, "might be classed with the tales of romance, but that, after the Crusades commenced, human life became a romance ; and society was full of wild enterprise and improbable incident ;" as Othello tells,

"Of moving accidents by flood and field ;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery."

Whether or not the story is to be relied on is more than can, at this time of day, be asserted ; but there seems no reason to

<sup>1</sup> Or, as others say, 1118.

throw aside all traditional stories, and if this be not true, one might even wish it were so. The authority for it is the chronicler John of Brompton<sup>2</sup>, who relates of Gilbert, that having made a pilgrimage to Palestine, he was taken by the Saracens, thrown into prison, "and sold to slavery" to an Emir. It appears that his manners and mien were such as to attract the notice of his Saracen lord and master, insomuch so that he was treated kindly, and—a most unusual thing, if report be true—was admitted to his table. This Emir had an only daughter. How, when, or where, Gilbert contrived to converse with her is not easily ascertained, especially when we consider the secluded estate of Oriental females<sup>3</sup>. Converse with her, however, he did, and as he told of Christian faith, and Christian climes, she learned to love. For his voluble discourse, and perhaps, like Desdemona, "for the dangers he had passed," she loved the Christian captive! Gilbert, it would seem, though she promised to aid in his escape, would not assent if she was to be the companion of his flight and, then, of the marriage-bed. After a year and a half's captivity he regained his liberty, but whether or not by the maiden's help is unrecorded. It appears that Gilbert had mentioned London as his home, and henceforward no name had such charms for the Emir's lovely daughter's ear as London. She knew but two English words, and that was one of them. She was not long in coming to a determination. She would leave her father's house—the land of the sun and of the palm—and would seek the Christian stranger who had borne away her heart! She contrived to escape from the chamber of the women, and made her way to the coast, where she embarked on board a vessel sailing for England. Her constant repetition of the word "*London*" brought her to the metropolis; and then the repetition of the only other English word she knew—"Gilbert"—brought her under the notice of Richard, the faithful servant of Gilbert, and the sharer of his captivity. Gilbert was soon informed that the Saracen damsel had followed him, and such affection was not to be withstood. He consulted with the Bishop of London, mentioned to him her desire to become a Christian, and told the tale of their loves. The result was that she was christened by the name of Malilta and married to her Gilbert!

<sup>2</sup> A Monkish Historian of Brompton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. His *Chronicle* extends from 588 to 1198. Mr. Berington affixes to his name the epithet of "fabling," and says that he is a transcriber of Hoveden in all that is important. He is said to have lived twenty years in the Benedictine Abbey of Whitby, during the abbacy of John of Skelton, which commenced in 1413.

<sup>3</sup> Sir James Mackintosh's observation on Gilbert's permission to see the Mussulman Emir's daughter, is "a permission which loses much of its improbability, if we suppose that he was employed in procuring European ornaments for her, and was allowed to see a lady so exalted above him from a mixture of convenience and contempt."—Vol. i. p. 153.

Let the story be taken for as much as it is worth and no more. Once escaped from her father the Emir her jewels would further her progress. No Eastern damsel of her rank was destitute of "Barbaric pearl and gold." The ancient ballad of the "Spanish Lady's Love" is an illustration in point. The first lines are the gallant Captain's, the two last the lady's.

" ' I have neither gold nor silver  
To maintain thee in this case,  
And to travel is great charges  
As you know in every place.'

" ' My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own  
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown '."

Whoever his mother may have been, Becket says in one of his letters that his ancestors were of the city of London—citizens of no mean degree, contented and quiet. Born on St. Thomas' Day, he was called after his name. Of his early education we are told only that his mother brought him up in the fear of God, and taught him, next to his Saviour, to reverence the Virgin Mary. It is hardly to be doubted but that he, like so many others, imbibed his strong devotional feelings from his mother; for strong they were, though the world wrestled hard for the mastery, and many a time obtained it, as we shall see in the sequel of his life.

The next we hear of him is that his father sent him to school at Merton Abbey—abbeys and cathedrals in that day being the great schools in the land, and the families of abbots and bishops the great seminaries of religious and useful learning. Little remains now to attest what Merton on the Wandle once was. The angler, as he throws his fly, reckes little of those ancient walls, which once, like St. Alban's, were the resort of clerks and future dignitaries in Church and State. When Becket was sent there it was in its infancy. It was in 1115 that Gilbert Norman, Sheriff of Surrey, founded a convent there for the canons regular of the Order of St. Augustine. Its after connexion with Merton College, in Oxford, has no place here<sup>4</sup>. That took place in the reign of Henry III. It was the first prior of Merton that had the honour of educating this clever, but turbulent ecclesiastic. Having learned what was to be learnt here, his father, on his mother's death, sent him next to Paris, and on his return got him employed in the Portgreve's office in London. From this it

<sup>4</sup> Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 237.

<sup>5</sup> There is evidently a mistake in the Article "Becket," in the new Biographical Dictionary, which states that "his master dying, he was committed by his father to the care of the Canons of Merton, in Oxford."



is evident that he was not at that time decided as to the Church, for the Portgreve then was the chief magistrate of London, filling the place that the mayor does now<sup>6</sup>. Neither does it by any means appear that his present studies were theological. We read that he was given to hunting and falconry, and that on one occasion he was nearly drowned, having jumped into the Thames to save a favourite hawk.

Theobald at this time was Archbishop of Canterbury, a favourite with the king, to whom he was devotedly attached. "He was a man," however, says Lyttelton<sup>7</sup>, "whom experience and knowledge of business had made a minister of state, rather than genius; having parts good enough to be esteemed, but not great enough to be feared by his master." This, possibly, may be true; but withal he was a man of penetration, and the parts of the young Becket attracted his notice. At this time the future prelate is described to us as beautiful in person, graceful in manner, brave, lovely, and accomplished<sup>8</sup>. How he got introduced to Theobald is not known for certain, but, once introduced, his fortunes were made, though envy molested him. Twice we read that Roger of Bishopsbridge, successively Archdeacon of Canterbury and Archbishop of York, was the means of dispossessing him of the primate's favour, and getting him banished from the palace. Next to his own uncommon parts he owed his restoration to Walter, the then Archdeacon of Canterbury, and brother to Theobald.

It does not clearly appear when Becket entered into deacon's orders, but he was probably ordained previous to his intimacy with Theobald. There is reason to suppose that he found himself inferior in information to the clergy he met at the archbishop's table; but that at the same time he was aware that his own intellectual powers were undeveloped. But he was not the person to let them long lie dormant. Foxe, in his "Acts and Monuments," tells us, that his "first preferment was to the church of Branfield, which he had by the gift of St. Alban," which is not very intelligible. Theobald, however, favourably impressed towards him, presented him to the livings of St. Mary le Strand and Otteford in Kent, besides obtaining for him prebends in the cathedrals of London and Lincoln. Being only in deacon's

<sup>6</sup> See Cowel's Law Dictionary in V. The Portgreve retained that name from the time of the Conqueror to that of Richard I., who ordained two bailiffs to take his place. The yearly magistrate, called the Mayor, was granted by King John.

<sup>7</sup> History of Henry II., vol. ii. p. 19, 4to.

<sup>8</sup> John of Salisbury's lines prefixed to his "De nugis Curialium," are sufficient authority:

"Utque virum virtus animi, sic gratia formæ.  
Undique mirandum gentibus esse facit."

orders, he must have held his preferments by a dispensation from the Pope.

Collision with others now fired his mind, and he determined to improve his great natural talents by severe study. With this view he obtained Theobald's permission to proceed to Bologna, the most celebrated university of the day, and the great school for the study of the civil and canon law. It was about this time that Gratian commenced his lectures there, and shortly after published his celebrated "*Decretum*," or, "*Concordia discordantium Canonum*." There is some little difficulty with respect to the date of this remarkable work, but as Trithemius<sup>9</sup> speaks of the *Decretum* as "ab Eugenio Papâ tertio approbatum," the limit here given may tend to reconcile the different statements in various histories. Be the date what it may, the Canon Law had now attained the rank of a science, and was studied in the schools accordingly. Whoever would rise in Church or State must be canonist and civilian. Becket was ambitious, and on his preferment made himself thoroughly master of the subject, and there can be little doubt but that the whole of his after life was imbued with that project of Rome which would erect, as it has been said, a spiritual monarchy, superior to all others, even in worldly power.

At "Bonony," as Foxe calls Bologna, he studied for a year, and then removed to Auxerre in Burgundy, where lectures were also read in the canon and civil law. At both places he was a severe student, and returned to England, not only well stored with learning, but, what would in the present day be called, a perfect diplomatist<sup>1</sup>. The study of these laws had drawn out his wonderful capacity for negotiation, and it was this, till that time, latent talent, added to his courteous demeanour and natural quickness, which was the cause of his future rise and preferment.

It so happened that on his return to England, his talent for negotiation was just what Theobald wanted. William de Corboyl, the more to humble his rival Thurstan, Archbishop of York, had been prevailed upon to enslave himself and his successors in accepting the legateship of the Pope in England. On his death the primacy, contrary to the solemn promise of Stephen, continued vacant for two full years; after which, says Henry, King Stephen "was so mean and imprudent as to solicit the Pope to

<sup>9</sup> See "Johannes Trithemius de Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis," p. 95, in the "Bibliotheca Ecclesiastica" of Fabricius. Hamburgi, 1718, folio. The usual date ascribed to the publication of the *Decretum* is 1151.

<sup>1</sup> What Aubrey says of Cardinal Wolsey affords a remarkable parallel. "His rise was, his quick and prudent dispatch of a message to Paris for Henry VIII." Letters from the Bodleian, vol. ii. p. 588. Cavendish speaks more than once of his "fired tongue and excellent eloquence." See pp. 16. 19. of the beautiful edition by Rivingtons, 1852.

grant a legantine commission to his brother Henry, Bishop of Winchester<sup>2</sup>." This he obtained, and had bitterly to repent of.

It was to recover the legantine power for Canterbury, that Becket's talents were now called in requisition, for up to this time that power was looked upon, though a chain of gold, as the greatest and most honourable post. So well did Becket acquit himself on this mission, that he was immediately entrusted with another of the greatest importance. In this matter likewise he was eminently successful, and it was by his means that the prohibitory letters were obtained which defeated the crowning of Prince Eustace. The result is clearly recorded by Lord Lyttelton, in his valuable history of Henry II. "At his return into England the archbishop conferred upon him several new favours, making him Provost of Beverley and Dean of Hastings, which benefices he held together with the former; and just before the death of Stephen, the Archdeaconry of Canterbury was likewise given to him by the same prelate. But these were only the beginnings of his advancement. For immediately after Henry's accession to the throne, he was made the king's chancellor, at the request of his patron, who thought no dignity or trust above his merit. Nor, in doing this, did Henry please the archbishop alone. Becket's promotion must have been extremely agreeable to the English; as he was the first of that nation, since the latter years of the reign of William the Conqueror, on whom any great office, either in the Church or State, had been conferred by the kings of the Norman race; the exclusion of them from all dignities being a maxim of policy, delivered down by that monarch to his sons, and founded (as we are told by William of Malmesbury) on the alarming example of what had befallen the Danes in England, after the decease of Canute the Great. For the English having been suffered, by the indulgence of Canute, to retain under him a large space of honour and power, the consequence was, that they soon recovered the government, and drove out the foreigners. Whether the expulsion of the latter were really owing to the cause here assigned, or to their own provoking insolence, may well be disputed: but this opinion, unquestionably, prevailed too much in the minds of the Normans, and continued too long. Even Henry I., who courted the affection of the English, as the chief strength of his government, and in other respects was kind to them, adhered to this maxim, more perhaps from an apprehension of offending the Normans, than any jealousy in himself. Stephen and Matilda seem to have acted on the same principle; so that this dishonourable mark of humiliation and inequality remained fixed on that people,

<sup>2</sup> See Henry's History of Great Britain, vol. iii. p. 228. ed. 8vo.

till the auspicious reign of Henry Plantagenet. He was the first who took it off<sup>3</sup>."

Becket was made chancellor at the age of thirty-seven. Whether or not Theobald and the Bishop of Winchester had any thought that he would be a curb on the king, and, by his moral influence, hinder the not uncommon spoliation of church-property at that time, is a question not easily answered. Be that as it may, he became indispensable to Henry, and none now was so much in repute as the archdeacon of Canterbury and the courteous chancellor. It was by his advice that the Flemings and other mercenaries, which had committed such depredations in Stephen's reign, were expelled the land. The same wise advice led also to the demolishing of those castles which had been erected during the civil wars, and which now were little better than the strongholds of bandits. Every effort seems to have been made to restore peace and quietness to the hitherto disturbed country, so that what Ranulph de Glanville says in his Preface, "*de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*," may with little allowance be looked upon as true. The poor man, no less than the rich, had justice in his cause, and might no more made right. Becket, in fact, appears to have given his sovereign the best advice, and what is more, to have seen that good advice was followed up by the executive.

The result of this was an attachment drawn closer day by day. The open manners of the prelate won the heart of the king. Their pursuits were such as to bring them often together in their hours of relaxation. The one as well as the other loved the chase, and the hound and the hawk led them both to the field. And it was now that the character of Becket became more developed, and his ambition was not difficult to be discerned. The same man that was even overkind and affable to those beneath him, was observed to be proud and ceremonious in the presence of his equals and superiors. He was probably above covetousness, in the more common acceptation of the word, but at the same time the monarch's favours were heaped upon him and received. The preferments which he held at this time were more numerous than might well be imagined. The ecclesiastic and the warrior seem to be combined in one person. Royal castles and forts, we read, were committed to his custody, together with the temporalities of vacant prelacies, and the escheats of great baronies be-

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 22, ut supra. M. Thierry accounts for the hold Becket had on the lower orders in the same way. The supposition is, to say the least, ingenious; but it is not so novel as the writer in the *British Magaz.* imagines. See vol. iii. p. 144. After all it is not certain that Becket was a Saxon. The name has more of Norman sound in it.

longing to the crown. The incomes of all these he made use of as though they were his own; and his sumptuous expenditure and gorgeous magnificence was unrivalled. His house was a sort of *contubernium*. The magnates of the kingdom sent their sons to his table; and all were ready to do him reverence. Wherever Becket was, there the nobles of the land were sure to be also. But with all this, and greatly to his credit, it is observed that he led a life of unsullied purity in the midst of excess, and was himself a noble instance of constant temperance and invincible chastity, when the one and the other were rarely to be found around him. It is likely enough that he participated in the pleasures of the king, influencing him all the while to the side of goodness, when another, in his place, might only have been a lord of misrule and a pander to licentiousness. Whatever the overruling cause, his enemies at this time have ever acknowledged his superiority<sup>4</sup>. But withal he was ambitious!

Under these circumstances we shall not be surprised to find him again engaged in negotiation and diplomacy. And the present was a matter of the utmost delicacy; nothing more or less than a political marriage between Prince Henry (now but three years of age) and Margaret, daughter of Lewis le Jeune, by his second wife, Constance, princess of Castile,—an infant. In this, as in his other negotiations, he was successful, and nothing, in the history of a subject, surpasses the costly magnificence he displayed in his train. The chronicles of the time are full of it, and it is from this that we are compelled, as one says, “to infer, that ostentatious vanity, meditating extravagant ambition, was the leading feature of his mind<sup>5</sup>.” It was on this occasion that Becket got consigned to the care of three Knights’ Templars, Gisors, and the castles of Neufle and Neuschâtel, as the marriage portion of Margaret. A master-stroke of policy! as they commanded Henry’s frontier in France, and were thus ready to serve his purpose in case of a war with Louis.

Becket is next to be viewed in the character of a warrior, little compatible, according to modern views, with the archdeacon and the chancellor. But such was not the case then, neither were the helm and the cowl so much estranged. The cause of his going to the wars was the claim that Henry had made, in right of his wife Eleanor, to the city of Toulouse; and it was for this war that Becket, (whether with sufficient evidence or not,) was

<sup>4</sup> This is excellently put in “His Character when Chancellor,” in some papers of the British Magazine, to which I shall have to make sundry references. They are contained in vol. ii. pp. 233. 453; vol. iii. pp. 31. 140. 309. 525. The writer states, “If his habits were secular for an archbishop, they were ascetic for a chancellor.”

<sup>5</sup> Sharon Turner, vol. i. p. 229.

said to have advised the payment of *scutage*<sup>6</sup>. This is a question of some importance as regards Becket; but I think the letter of Foliot, Bishop of London, cannot be well authenticated. Be that as it may, it was in this war that we find the future prelate performing feats of valour. In the train of his master he had helped to take Cahors; and when Louis was won over to assist Raymond, and had thrown himself rashly into Toulouse, with but a few soldiers, the fire of Becket's character at once burst forth, who, perceiving the error of the French king, advised Henry to attack the city, and seize on the person of his sovereign lord. This, however, Henry would not do; and possibly, in this instance, showed more wisdom than his chancellor. It was of consequence to keep up the feudal character; and it was to Louis that he had sworn fealty, and from whom he held his continental dominions. The breaking of this bond might at the time have been ominous. The end of the matter was, that Henry declared he would not besiege Toulouse, out of respect to the King of France; but he held himself at liberty to ravage all the territories of Earl Raymond, which he did. Towards the end of the year he left Becket at Cahors; and it was upon this occasion that he showed himself the soldier, taking three castles heretofore considered impregnable. "It was during this part of his warfare," we read, that "he engaged in single combat Engelran de Trie, a French knight, very famous for his valour, dismounted him with his lance, and gained his horse, which he led off in great triumph<sup>7</sup>." This took place in 1159; and here we must part with the warrior, and look upon Becket only in the light of an ecclesiastic, as bold in action as ripe in judgment. Now seemed the time, if ever, for the popedom to withstand the encroachments of Henry of England,—and that mighty hierarchy, seldom unwise in the choice of means or agents, quick and keen in observing, had not failed to note in Becket, during his several negotiations in Rome, that acuteness which characterized him, as well as his enthusiastic devotion to the right, and determined and dogged opposition to what he considered wrong. Perhaps the secret instructions of Rome might have run somewhat like to the lines of Pandulph, as addressed to Philip:—

"All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms, be champion of our Church!

<sup>6</sup> There seems to be evidence that the *Scutage* was imposed on the clergy by Becket's advice besides this. It is drawn from a letter of John of Salisbury, written to Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, in the summer of 1166. See *Brit. Mag.*, ii. 456.

<sup>7</sup> Lyttelton, ut supra, vol. ii. p. 101.

Or, let the Church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son \* !”

Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, died April 18th, 1161 ; and in him Henry lost an affectionate friend, and faithful servant. There is reason to think that this prelate was opposed to the encroachments made on the Church ; but his object seems to have been mediation ; and he was not unsuccessful. From his attachment to Becket, he no doubt foresaw his advancement, and rejoiced in it.

Henry, on the death of Theobald, was in Normandy. Immediately on hearing of it, he determined, in his own mind, that his favourite should succeed. It is clear that he looked for no opposition to his projects from Becket ; on the contrary, he expected his help. As certain of his biographers tell us, he raised him to the see of Canterbury, *because he hoped, that by this means, he should manage ecclesiastical, as well as secular affairs, to his own satisfaction* <sup>8</sup>. Were the letter of Foliot, Bishop of London, unquestionably genuine, there would be no doubt but that Henry was justified in these sentiments. The conduct of Becket, with respect to Battle Abbey <sup>1</sup>, together with his imposing on the clergy the tax of scutage, would at once have shown that the king might rely upon his assistance. But, notwithstanding what Sharon Turner says, and the reasoning of Lyttelton, the letter alluded to is scarcely admissible as evidence. The strongest evidence for it is the king's determination, resisted for nearly a year by the Empress Maud, and the combined opposition of the clergy and bishops in England.

But did Becket wish his exaltation ? This is a question never likely to be solved. The letter of Foliot, of course, declares that he did. It is related, however, that when Henry apprised Becket of his intention to promote him to the archbishopric, the latter told him, with a smile,—*Olli subridens*,—“ That it would certainly be the cause of a breach between them, as he never could give his assent to many things which the king would require,—nay, to what he had already done in matters ecclesiastical.” One can hardly imagine that so wise a prince as Henry was likely to persist in his choice after such a declaration on Becket's part. The

<sup>8</sup> King John, Act iii. sc. i.

<sup>9</sup> These words are from the *Hist. Quadripart.* literally translated by Lyttelton. It will be observed, that although I quote them, I agree rather with the writer in the *British Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 237. Below, likewise, I have omitted the account of the vermin in the hair-shirt, as it does not seem a fact sufficiently authenticated. His reputed abstinence is also unrecorded, but it did not seem equally necessary to question his moderation and temperance. Certainly he was not abstemious, in an ascetic sense.

<sup>1</sup> But see the matter discussed in the *Brit. Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 455, 456.

obvious conclusion seems to be, supposing the story true, that what was said with a smile, was not intended to be taken in earnest. Henry well knew his chancellor, and was not likely to be deceived. And on this, in a great measure, turns the honesty of Becket. Was he, or was he not, over imbued with the subtleties of Bologna, the craft of Rome, the insidious lore of the Decretals, and the ambition of the hierarchy? Let the rest of his life declare. All opposition in England was borne down by the determination of Henry. He was elected Archbishop of Westminster on the 3rd of June, 1162, and consecrated at Canterbury on the 6th, having taken priests' orders only on the day before. It was on this that Foliot, afterwards Bishop of London<sup>2</sup>, ventured to say, *that the king had worked a miracle, in having that day turned a layman and a soldier into an archbishop.*

If Henry was deceived in his chancellor, the clergy and bishops were not less so. His thorough change of life and habits will remind the classical reader of Polemon's change<sup>3</sup>, as Xenocrates reasoned on temperance and modesty, whilst the thoughtful Christian will call to mind the working of God's Spirit in His chosen ones. Wonderful are His operations! And the character of Becket may have been so wrought upon! At all events the transformation, to outward appearance, was complete. The man was not the same. In the place of the studied and pliant courtier was to be found the austere and devoted penitent<sup>4</sup>! The vivacity of the soldier was turned into the solemnity of the monk! He seemed wholly absorbed in spiritual concerns. He prayed often, and was much in reading the Holy Scriptures. Under the archbishop's dress he was known to wear the frock of his order, and under that the penitential hair cloth. He doubled the charitable doles of his predecessor Theobald, who had himself done the same, and distributed in constant alms the tenth part of the revenue of the sec. It is said that in outward appearance he no ways lowered the dignity of his station, and that he was still, what Scripture teaches those of his position to be,—*given*, that is, to *hospitality*. But, as above stated, all this was with a difference! If the haughty spirit yet burned within, as his

<sup>2</sup> Consecrated Bishop of London, April 28th, 1163. See his character drawn in the British Magazine, vol. iii. p. 35. The letter above alluded to seems to have been rather a "*published pamphlet*, to vindicate his conduct in the eyes of his own generation and posterity."

<sup>3</sup> See Hor. ii. Sat. iii. v. 254, &c.

<sup>4</sup> There is room for doubt on this point, as is shown from John of Salisbury's Letter, written in the beginning of 1165, but I am rather inclined to the statement I have given. What was here, it may be, put on, became afterwards a part and parcel of the inward man, at all events.



actions seemed to declare it did, the abbot of the monks of Canterbury fulfilled his office. He submitted to the stripes of a penitent,—the position of his warfare was now on his knees,—his retirements were frequent, and he was daily known to wash the feet of thirteen poor persons, distributing at the same time to their necessities. So diligent was he likewise in all the duties of his office, so fully given to the service of the altar, that the monks who had opposed his elevation to the see, confessed their mistake, and declared that a miracle of Divine grace stood before them ! As recorded in the histories of the time,—*In ordinatione suâ, unctione misericordiæ Dei visibili perfusus, exiit secularem hominem !*

The above is certainly a most extraordinary change : and the world, and the world's experience, teach us to receive such changes warily. But still, as it is well remarked<sup>5</sup>, though "moderation be the best pledge of sincerity, excess is no positive proof of hypocrisy." Indeed, the whole tenor of Becket's life was far removed from that. It was his ambition rather, which was more than a match for his religious feelings, which induced men to brand him with the foul name of hypocrite. What was the favour of a prince, though mighty as Henry, compared to that empire which he proposed to himself to usurp over the hearts of men ?

Becket was not long in finding out that the two offices of Chancellor<sup>6</sup> and Archbishop of Canterbury were incompatible. Once come to a decision, he acted upon it forthwith, and sent the seals to the king in Normandy, with this short message : "That he desired him to provide himself with another chancellor ; for he could hardly suffice to the duties of one office, much less of two." Henry, doubtless, must have been taken by surprise ; and hopes of Becket's co-operation were at an end. Besides, the way in which he had resigned the seals was little like his ancient courtesy,—little in accordance with that Scripture, which teaches all, much more the Churchman, to "be courteous." It was a severing, as with a blunt sword, all ties of friendship ; and there seemed, too, something of ingratitude towards a kind and indulgent master. Henry also would not fail to recollect that at this time one of the imperial chancellors was Archbishop of

<sup>5</sup> By Sir James Mackintosh. See Hist. of England, vol. i. 154.

<sup>6</sup> The only instance in which Becket seems to have acted on the same principle as chancellor and archbishop, was in resisting the withdrawal of Mary, Stephen's daughter, from her convent. She was a nun, and Abbess of Rumsey in Hampshire.

"Anno D. 1161. Maria Abbatissa de Rumesey, filia regis Stephani, Matthæo comiti Bononiæ nupsit, quibus nuptiis Thomas Bekket cancellar. Angl. obstitit." Leland's Collectan.—vol. i. Part ii. p. 419.

Mentz, and the other of Cologne. Whence, then, this hasty scruple and precipitate resignation on Becket's part?

Henry returned to England in January, 1163. Previous to this he had no doubt received many accounts of Becket, both from friends and enemies. The former would represent him as the conscientious ecclesiastic; the other, as a monster of ingratitude; and it is not to be doubted whether of the two reports would be most acceptable to the wounded feelings of the monarch. When the king landed at Southampton Becket met him, with the young Henry, his pupil. But the meeting was a cool one. Common formalities and civilities were gone through; but the members of the court were quick enough to observe that there was no cordiality. Neither was this confined to surmises; for the king at once required him to resign the archdeaconry of Canterbury<sup>7</sup>, as it appeared quite as incompatible with the primacy as did the office of chancellor. For a time Becket would not give it up, knowing it was about to be presented to Geoffrey de Riddel, whom he disliked. From this, or whatever other motive, he held the preferment till it was wrested from him. Southey remarks pointedly, "he must have acted undoubtedly on some imagined right; covetousness could have no place in a mind like his<sup>8</sup>."

April 16, 1163, Pope Alexander, acknowledged by the French and English kings, instead of his rival Victor, held the Synod of Tours. At this—forgetting that Alexander had a hand in compiling the Decretals, which bolstered up the claims of Rome—the archbishops and bishops of England were permitted to be present, unless hindered by sickness. Probably Becket was the only prelate whose presence was really required, and the invitation of the others only served as a mask. He was received by Pope and cardinals with marked attention; of the latter, all but two, who attended on the Pope, went out to meet him. He was stationed with his suffragans on his right hand; and nothing was wanting to flatter either his vanity or his ambition. They knew the man, and what Milton calls, "That last infirmity of noble minds<sup>9</sup>;" and the business of the council proceeded, in which *the*

<sup>7</sup> The preferments<sup>\*</sup> and appointments held by Becket at one time are not a little remarkable; i. The living of St. Mary le Strand; ii. Otteford in Kent; iii. and iv. Two Prebends in the Cathedrals of Lincoln and London; v. Provostship of Beverley; vi. Deanery of Hastings; vii. Archdeaconry of Canterbury; viii. The Chancellorship, together with "royal castles and forts committed to his custody, and the escheats of the great baronies belonging to the crown." Lyttelton, ii. p. 30; ix. The Tutorship of the Young Prince Henry; x. The Archbishopric of Canterbury.

<sup>8</sup> See Life of Becket. Book of the Church, vol. i. 148.

<sup>9</sup> Lycidas, v. 70.

*care of the liberties of the Clergy* was a predominant feature. It is little to be doubted but that Becket was now confirmed in his resolutions. The question of Anselm's canonization (deferred till Henry the Seventh's reign) was possibly used as a *façon de parler*. What Becket returned impressed with, was the determination to enforce the third Canon, enacted there against those who usurped the goods of the Church.

And by this determination he abided. Of the king he demanded the castle and town of Rochester; of Roger de Clare, Earl of Hertford, the castle of Tunbridge. The latter he alleged had formerly belonged to the see of Canterbury; and no length of time was good against the claims of the Church, according to the Canon Law. This, it appears, was the first practical application of Becket's studies at Bologna. The next strong case mentioned, is the collation of a priest, named Lawrence, to the rectory of Eynesford, in Kent, (still, by a curious coincidence, in the gift of the Archbishops of Canterbury,) against the right of patronage vested in the lord of the manor. The collation was resisted, and the consequence was that Becket excommunicated his adversary,—thus trenching on the prerogative of the Crown. This sentence, however, Becket was presently obliged to withdraw, and, as will readily be supposed, Henry was not the more inclined to his old associate, from a message he had sent him, worded thus: "It was not for the king to command either absolution or excommunication!" As to the question of presentation it no doubt contains great difficulties; and there is as little doubt that the Church has been robbed of her rights, century after century, up to the present day<sup>1</sup>. Becket must have had good ground to stand upon, or he would not have acted with the decision he did; but the probability is that he acted with over great precipitateness. He was aware how great was the injustice with which the Church had been treated, and did not in his zeal consider the profligate lives many Churchmen were then leading. The two questions, it is true, are quite distinct; but when the *preaching and living* of ecclesiastics was taken into consideration, the unworthiness of their lives led the age to conclude they were unworthy of their preferments.

Henry seems to have been sincere in his conviction, that the state of the clergy at this time was not what it should be;—at the same time he passed an easy and a willing fallacy on himself, and was not scrupulous in retaining in his own hands the revenues

<sup>1</sup> See the case stated in the British Magazine, vol. iii. p. 145, 146. It would appear that the Archbishop of York would have compromised the point in question by buying off lay claimants to Church patronage. But it was not conceded.

of the Church. Benefices, and even bishoprics, were left vacant for years that the exchequer might be enriched.

Impressed with the undue immunities of the priesthood, Henry determined to alter the existing law. Under the Anglo-Saxon kings, and for awhile during the reign of William I., the Sheriff and the Bishop sat together to judge causes in the Earl's<sup>2</sup>, or County Court. "It was a court," says the historian, "of great power and dignity, in which the bishop of the diocese sat with the earl, and on which all the abbots, priors, barons, knights, and freeholders of the county were obliged to attend<sup>3</sup>." About the year 1085, William I. (from whatever causes) separated the ecclesiastical from the civil jurisdiction, ordering the causes of the Church to be tried before clerical tribunals. The result was, the establishment of three ecclesiastical courts: the archdeacon's, the bishop's, and the archbishop's. No arrangement, in modern eyes, could have been more injudicious. These courts must necessarily follow the Canon Law, and, by following it, the mitre and the crown were set at variance, and the only appeal lay to the Pope. The clergy became, in fact, *sui juris*. No offence, however heinous, could by the Canon Law be punished with death—but in the place of stripes, severe penance, solitary confinement, degradation, and branding were substituted. It might appear that such punishments were severe enough; but they did not prove so. There is every reason to believe that the faults of the clergy, and, alas! that one must say, their crimes, were exaggerated. To deny, however, the historical fact, would be to run counter to all historic testimony.

And at this time it so happened that three cases of flagrant guilt presented themselves to Henry's notice, proving to him, at least, how unwise a thing it was for the clergy to be exempt from secular judicature. The cases alluded to are those of Philip de Broc, canon of Bedford, who had insulted Simon FitzPeter, one of the king's officers, at Dunstable;—that of a priest at Worcester, who had seduced the daughter, and murdered the father;—and the third, that of a priest who had stolen the chalice from the archbishop's own church in London. Each of these, it is true, had been punished: the first by stripes, suspension, and banishment; the next by the severest penance and solitary con-

<sup>2</sup> Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, reconciles this apparent difficulty in the mention of Earl and Sheriff, "The Sheriffs of counties had the government and custody of them, and not the Earls, (unless they were Palatine,) otherwise than in cases where they had the sheriffwicks joined with their dignities." *Kelham's Domesday Book*, p. 358.

<sup>3</sup> See Henry, vol. iii. p. 339.

finement for life<sup>4</sup>; the third by degradation from all orders, and branding. The second case, however, was one so flagrant, that the king justly thought that nothing less than capital punishment ought to have been inflicted on the delinquent. And here it was that the Canon Law came in collision with Scripture, and the law of the land. How Becket could misunderstand the plain verse in the Book of Genesis is not easily intelligible. The Canon Law he had sworn to observe, and that he should abide by his oath was not remarkable. It would have been, if he had not done so. He accordingly took his stand.

The complaints which were made as to clerical delinquencies, and the escape of that order when other subjects suffered death for crimes no worse,—(it was said that a hundred cases of homicide had been committed by the clergy during this reign,)—determined the king to call a council of the clergy and nobility at Westminster. On their coming together he gave it in, as his opinion, that delinquent ecclesiastics were worthy of double punishment, and that if they were, by virtue of their order, to escape corporal pains, crime would only be increased. He demanded, therefore, that if they stood convicted of grievous crimes they should be degraded and delivered over to the secular authorities for punishment, and that one of his officers should be present to preclude their escape. Becket was well aware, that what the king now said had reference to one of the late flagrant cases, and he saw the effect of the king's speech on the prelates who were present. He requested that they might be allowed to consult together, and return an answer the next morning. This the king denied, but allowed them to retire for awhile. Inclined as the rest of the bishops were to accede to the king's request, Becket contrived to talk them over, and to persuade them that degradation from orders was a sufficient punishment, and that to punish twice for a single crime was unjust. The only concession made was, "That if a clergyman, who had been degraded, should afterwards be guilty of other crimes, the royal judges, in that case, might punish him for them, according to their discretion<sup>5</sup>." The result was, that nothing was acceded to, except "*salvo ordine*", by all the bishops present, save the Bishop of Chichester. Whether he was impressed with the justice of the

<sup>4</sup> See British Magazine, vol. iii. p. 155. The original is there given: "Archipræsul verò consultus mandavit ut omni privatus Ecclesiastico Beneficio exauctoraretur, et in monasterio ad agendam perpetuam vitæ districtissimæ poenitentiam perpetuò recluderetur."

See the remarks of Johnson in his Ecclesiastical Laws, vol. ii. Articles of Clarendon. They are much to the purpose. Possibly what he says of *Philip de Broc* is incorrect. The cases seem to be mistaken.

<sup>5</sup> Lyttelton, vol. ii. p. 350.

demand, and conscious that a stop ought to be put to the immunities of the clergy, is a truth we cannot now arrive at. Becket, however, conceived that he was intimidated, and rebuked him severely. The end of the matter was, that the king rose up in anger without saluting the bishops, and the next day deprived Becket of his post as tutor to the young prince, as well as of such castles as he had not delivered up with the chancellor's seals.

It is very difficult to judge of motives at this distance of time, but there can be little doubt but that Becket acted, as he thought, conscientiously. It should be observed, moreover, that the king had here made a double demand. There was, first, the statute relative to ecclesiastics, and then, as though to make new ground, the question was put, *Whether they would observe the ancient customs and laws of his realm?* To have answered in the affirmative might have entailed consequences not hastily foreseen. There seems little doubt that the question was an insidious one, and that it was parried by the acuteness of Becket. Most will now think that he acted wrongly, but his intention was to maintain the right.

Between the council at Westminster, which was in October, and the council of the realm, (it was in fact a Parliament<sup>6</sup>), which was held at Clarendon in the following January, 1164, much secret influence seems to have been at work. Arnulph, Bishop of Lisieux, had come to England, ostensibly for a reconciliation with Henry. But it is said that he also gave the king advice which little became a prelate of his dignity and station. He advised him, that is, to make a party with the bishops, and to divide them, by which means he would be the better enabled to win over Becket to his purpose. It is said, likewise, that the archbishop was beset on all sides by nobles, courtiers, ecclesiastics. No stone was left unturned, and his friendship with the king in former days was again cast in his teeth, and the sin of ingratitude laid at his door. To the Bishop of Chichester his answer was decided—*If an angel should come from heaven, and advise him to make the acknowledgement desired by the king, without the saving he had thrown in, he would anathematise him.* We may be certain that this was not the person to influence the archbishop. But, extraordinary as it may appear, Rome seems to have been at work—unless we may suppose that Henry's money made the Pope's Almoner speak beyond his instructions. Whether or not, he told Becket that it was Alexander's wish that he should recede some-

<sup>6</sup> See Cowel's Law Dictionary in *V. Parliamentum*, and Raleigh's Prerogative, Works, vol. viii. Ed. Clar. Mr. Churton, in his *Early Hist. of the English Church*, says, "it is incorrect to call this a parliament," p. 344. Lyttelton, however, and Henry (no mean authorities), give it this name, as does also the lamented Southey. Some errors of Mr. Churton are dwelt upon in an Article of the *Church of England Quarterly Review* for April, 1841.

what from the high ground he had so resolutely taken. An abbot, or, as others say, a cardinal, was induced to tell Becket that all which the king required was to be honoured—like Saul of old—before his subjects, and that it was rather a nominal than a real compliance which he exacted. It is likely enough that Becket was well aware how English gold had been at work, and he might not wish to make a discovery so prejudicial to the honour of Rome. Be this as it may, he was induced to yield, and he waited on the king at Woodstock, telling him that he would observe the *royal customs*, without annexing to this promise, as he had done before, the obnoxious words, *salvo ordine*. Henry received him courteously, but there could not be that frankness on their meeting which was of old, when the wishes and inclinations of the one were equally so of the other. He expressed himself willing that matters should be settled, but implied that it should be done in a public manner before the bishops and the nobles of the realm. Becket acceded to the proposal, mortified beyond doubt at the king's want of confidence in his ancient friend. And so they parted.

One who shall travel from the eastern parts of the land to visit that noble monument of our forefathers' piety—the Cathedral of Salisbury<sup>7</sup>—will have to pass, three and a half miles on this side of it, that ancient chase and residence of kings and queens, now, and from the time of the second Charles, bearing the name of Clarendon Park, but anciently called Chloridunum, or Chlorus' hill, from the Roman camp supposed to have been enlarged by Constantinus Chlorus. It was a spot of ancient repute, and the Roman way from Winchester to Old Sarum passes through the liberty. Here Edward the Martyr spent the day previous to his assassination, and in later times than we are now writing of, Richard I., John, and Henry III., made it their residence. When the plague of 1357 was raging in London, it is recorded also that Edward III., with his royal prisoners, the Kings of France and Scotland, passed the summer here. Leland mentions a priory here, called *Ivy Chirch*<sup>8</sup>, and it was from this same place that the great Lord Clarendon derived his title.

On this spot it was that the great council of the realm was held,

<sup>7</sup> It is recorded in Dr. Pope's *Life of Seth Ward, Bp. of S. rum*, that the Cathedral was kept in repair by a royal gentry, during the whole time of the civil war. He wished he knew their names, "that I might, as far as in me lies, consecrate them to posterity."—p. 61. Ed. 1697.

<sup>8</sup> See *Letters from the Bodleian*, vol. ii. p. 552, Part ii. Aubrey tells us in his account of Sir Philip Sydney "that he was much at Wilton with his sister, and at Ivy Church (anciently a pleasant monastery, which adjoynes to the parke pale of Clarendon Parke), situated on a hill that overlooks all the country westwards and north, over Sarum and the plains, and into that delicious park (which was accounted the best of England) eastwards. It was heretofore a monastery (the cloysters remaine still); 'twas called Cœnobium Edrosium." For further information, see *White Kennet's Par. Ant. of Allcheester*, vol. ii. p. 422.

at which the Constitutions of Clarendon were drawn up, and here it was that Becket was called upon to fulfil the promise made to the king at Woodstock, on the festival of St. Hilary, towards the end of January 1164. It appears, however, that the archbishop, on maturely weighing the promise he had made, had reason to conclude that it was a rash one. He, therefore, refused to ratify it according to the terms then proposed, alleging that the promise he had made to the king was not to that intent. The consequence was a burst of wrath<sup>9</sup> on the part of Henry, and the most violent behaviour, combined with threats, on the part of his barons. The scene was little befitting such a council. If it was unbecoming the nobility of the land, it was dishonourable to the king. For three days the most violent debates continued, and eventually, by the entreaties of the bishops who nevertheless still held with him, and by the advice of the Prior of the Temple in London, and another Knight Templar, his friend, the feelings of Becket, rather than his judgment, were worked upon, and, without the "*salvo ordinè*," he promised to obey the laws and customs which had been established in England in the reign of Henry I., and the rest of the bishops gave their consent likewise. But now there arose a difficulty. It was not decidedly known what the ancient laws and royal customs were, and they could not be committed to writing at the spur of the moment. The chief counsellors present were at a stand, and could not rely on their memories. They did what they could, and were proceeding in their work when Becket, on perhaps being applied to for his assistance, declared that he was not one of the sages of the kingdom—that the matter was one of extreme difficulty—that it should not be slurred over in haste. On these grounds he proposed it should stand over till the next morning.

The next day the sixteen recognitions, or constitutions, were produced, and Henry required the prelates to affix to them their seals. The rest of the bishops did so, but Becket again drew back. They were not what he expected. They went to subvert all ecclesiastical power and discipline; and, on these grounds, he once more refused his assent to them. At all events, he declined to affix his signature for the present. Three transcripts were then made of the articles, one of which was delivered to the primate, another to the Archbishop of York, and a third was received by the king himself, to be laid up among the royal charters. The preamble to the constitutions, it is to be observed, contained the primate's consent to them, so that, in fact, it would serve as a testimony against his tergiversation.

<sup>9</sup> Henry's ungovernable fits of passion are often alluded to.



But does it necessarily follow that his conduct was such as is represented? Certainly not. The constitutions, as drawn out and read the next morning, had been matured in the counsels of the night. Becket had assented, it is true, to obey the ancient laws and customs; but, then, many of them were novel in their expression, and noted down "for the nones." Besides, what is compulsory is not binding, and Becket found himself hedged in by his enemies, and his friends were overcome. But history records that he wrote, in conjunction with the Archbishop of York, requesting the Pope to confirm the ancient customs of the kingdom<sup>1</sup>; and, at the same time, wrote another letter, in private, declaring his repentance and contrition for the assent he had given, adding that he had imposed upon himself the penance of a forty days' absence from the altar. The Pope, it appears, absolved him from his oath, but counselled him to be moderate. How are these contradictions of character to be accounted for! Sharon Turner is the primate's fairest apologist.

"In justice to Becket it must be admitted that these famous articles completely changed the legal and civil state of the clergy, and were an actual subversion, as far as they went, of the papal policy and system of hierarchy, so boldly introduced by Gregory VII. These new constitutions abolished that independence on the legal tribunals of the country, which William had unwarily permitted; and they again subjected the clergy, as in the Anglo-Saxon times, to the common law of the land. The eighth article vested the ultimate judgment, in ecclesiastical causes, in the king; by the fourth, no clergyman was to depart from the kingdom without the royal licence, and if required, was to give security that he would do nothing abroad to the prejudice of the king or the kingdom; by the twelfth, the revenues of all prelaties, abbeys, and priories, were to be paid into the exchequer during their vacancy, and when the successor should be appointed, he was to do homage to the king as his liege lord, before his consecration. These and other points in these celebrated constitutions, though wise and just, and now substantially the law of the land, were yet so hostile to the great papal system of making the Church independent of the secular power, if not superior to it, that an ecclesiastic of that day, according to the prevailing feelings of his order, might have fairly resisted them. The fault of Becket lay in taking the prelacy with a knowledge of the king's intention to have these new laws established, and in provoking the contest, and pursuing

<sup>1</sup> There is here again some difficulty as to the exact date. See *British Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 525. It appears that the Pope had this matter under consideration as late as the 1st of March.

his opposition with all the pride and vehemence of fierce ambition and vindictive hostility<sup>2</sup>."

It is possible that the latter sentence might be partially rebutted, in other respects what is said is just. At any rate Becket was in earnest, and he went to Woodstock to ask an audience of the king, which the latter unhappily refused to grant. He then resolved on flight, under the impression that his person was no longer safe in England. Twice he endeavoured to embark at Rumney, and twice was obliged to return, whether by contrary winds, or the fears of the mariners. As it was, he only just arrived at Canterbury in time to save the spoliation of his goods, where the officers of justice had been sent by the king, on report of his flight, to seize on the temporalities of the see. His departure had been contrary to the Constitutions of Clarendon, but his reappearance put a stop to the execution of the king's order. Becket, aware of his mistake, once more sought the king's presence at Woodstock, and it would appear that the king, on second thoughts, had arrived at the conclusion that the primate might have wrought him harm in France. The consequence was that he was favourably received, but the half-playful, half-earnest question of the king was not lost upon the archbishop: "If the reason of his desire to quit the country was that the same land could not contain them both?" The result of this meeting was unfavourable. Two such practised diplomatists as Becket and the king could not mistake each other. The die was cast, and war to the knife ensued.

Shortly after this matters arose which tended to widen the breach. Becket still determined to protect the clergy, and the king to act up to the Constitutions of Clarendon. The fuller detail must be sought from the historians who have written on the time. A subject of discord arose first relative to one John, the king's mareschal, whom Becket, it is said, refused to right, and for this, when summoned by the king, refused to obey. The archbishop defended himself, and proved the charge to be false. But he was no longer in a situation to meet with even-handed justice. He was accordingly accused of contumacy, and commanded to appear before the great council of the realm at Northampton, in October<sup>3</sup> this same year. Once more the primate sought to appease his sovereign's wrath before the business began, but he was busied with his falcons, and on the morning following when Becket, after mass, arose humbly either to give or receive the kiss of peace, Henry drew back. The sword was unsheathed, and the scabbard thrown away. And it was here, and in the whole course of the

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. p. 246.

<sup>3</sup> The date is variously given. Berington says the 11th, Henry the 17th, others mention the 8th and 7th.

proceedings that the king lost himself, and Becket, in the eyes of posterity, showed how great a man he was. The spiritual accusations and the defence of the clergy were soon dropped, and the council was forced to listen to an unjust tissue of private transactions. For his non-appearance in the first instance he was accused of high treason! and instead of commutation of sentence, as usual, being allowed at forty shillings, he was fined five hundred pounds in place of all his goods and chattels. The next day the king required him to refund three hundred pounds which he had levied on the castles of Ely and Berkhamstead, while in his possession. He replied "That he had expended more than that upon their repair,—but the money should be no cause of offence between him and his sovereign,—he would pay it" The king then demanded five hundred pounds he had lent him as chancellor. The prelate replied that "it was a gift, not a loan,—but that he would refund it," and gave sureties to the amount. If there was little of what was princely in all this, what followed on the Saturday, or third day, was less so. The claim then brought forward was in the most determined spirit of revenge. Nothing less than the primate's utter ruin was uppermost in the king's heart. He demanded no less a sum than 250,000 marks, the amount of monies which Becket had received as chancellor, on account of the crown, from vacant abbeys, bishoprics, and other escheats. His reply was, that on his appointment to the see of Canterbury, (as Henry of Winchester likewise said in his defence,) *he was given to the Church free and discharged from all the bonds of the court.* He asked permission, however, to consult with his brethren, the bishops present. They withdrew and the matter was debated. None but Henry of Winchester stood firm. Finding himself all but deserted, he applied to the Earls of Leicester and Cornwall for a respite till the morrow, when he would return an answer as God should direct him. The morrow was Sunday, so that the answer was deferred till the Monday.

Meanwhile Becket was deserted by most of his friends and retainers, but the spirit of the man rose under pressure, and he called in the poor of the neighbourhood to fill their vacant places at his table. "They would obtain him an easier victory," he said, "than those could have done, who had deserted him in his hour of need." But though the spirit was strong the body was overcome, and that evening he was attacked with colic, and on the Monday morning following was unable to leave his bed. Once more he asked a respite, and said that, if carried on a litter, he would present himself on the Tuesday.

On the Monday evening he was warned that his life was in danger; and early on the Tuesday the bishops came to him and

urged him to submission. He rebuked them sternly for deserting him, and charged them not to presume to sit in judgment on their primate, but that, if need were, they were "to thunder out the proper ecclesiastical censures." Having said this, he performed his devotions in the Church at the altar dedicated to St. Stephen, beginning with the words, *Princes sate and spake against me ;—* and thus strengthened he prepared himself for the battle.

His chaplain should have borne his cross before him, and the Bishop of Hereford requested that he might do so. "No!" said Becket, in whose heart a holy devotion now burned, "By this sign the Prince I fight under will be known!" And so saying he entered the council chamber. The king, hearing how Becket was "armed," had retired into an inner chamber. His rage knew no bounds, and he found himself foiled. The bishops were called in, and threatened. They expressed their alarm to Becket, and bade him fly. But the spirit of the martyr was upon him, as his words to Bartholomew of Exeter, without moving from his seat, declared; "Fly then! for thou knowest not what appertains to God." Henry and the bishops were now at a loss what to do, and the council was confounded. Becket, when required, declined to abide by the judgment of the court. If attainted, the bishops could not be present and join with the temporal barons in their judgment, without subjecting themselves to spiritual censures. They were in a dilemma. At the last they bethought them that it would be best to appeal to the Pope, declining any longer to obey Becket, as a perjured archbishop. Hilary of Chichester was the spokesman. Becket at once saw the trap of their own devising which they had fallen into, and simply answered, on the day of appeal being named, "I hear you!" Presently the Earl of Leicester, as Grand Justiciary, came in to declare to Becket the judgment of the barons, and was about to announce their sentence, should he refuse to give an account of the monies charged against him. "My sentence!" exclaimed the archbishop, "nay, Sir Earl, but hear you first!" He then declared that it was not for them to judge him, as an ecclesiastical superior. His only superior was the Pope, and, taught by him, to the Pope he appealed. "And you, my brethren and fellow bishops, who have preferred the obedience of man to that of God, I cite you to the presence of our Lord the Pope. Thus guarded by the power of the Catholic Church, and the Apostolic See, I retire hence." Spoken like the man, and with the dignity which became him! None had courage or desire to oppose his departure; but voices were heard to declare that he retired like a perjured traitor. It was on this occasion that the warrior spirit, as before Toulouse, burst out afresh, and turning round, and sternly gazing on his revilers, he said, "Did not my

holy orders forbid it, I would by arms defend myself against the charge of treason and perjury!" We must lament the weakness of human nature when he reviled an officer of the household, and Earl Hamelin, in turn; but the burst above mentioned is characteristic of the man. It is added that the people were all on his side and followed him home with loud acclamations. But to remain in England after this, he thought would be only to throw away his life. The Bishops of Worcester, Hereford, and Rochester, therefore, waited at his request on the king, and craved permission for him to depart, "To-morrow," said Henry, "I will lay the request before the council." By the morrow Becket was gone. Hiding himself by day, and travelling only by night, after many difficulties he arrived at Sandwich, and embarked from thence in a small fisher-boat, Tuesday, November 10, and the same evening landed not far from Gravelines. The only companions of his flight were a monk of the Cistercian order, and Herbert de Bosciam, who afterwards wrote his life, and left these particulars on record. His course in the first instance was northwards, to Lincoln, to evade pursuit; thence, forty miles to a hermitage in the fens, where he tarried three days, and matured his plans, adopting the name of Brother Christian. He turned now to the south-east, and thus journeyed till he arrived at Estray in Kent, a manor belonging to the priory of Canterbury, where he is said to have been concealed some days, his hiding place being known only to a single priest. It is likewise recorded that from thence he got to Canterbury<sup>4</sup>, where, through a hole in the wall of his retreat, he heard mass previous to his departure.

Henry did not expect so hasty a retreat, and the moment it was known he issued orders to watch the ports, particularly Dover. By the advice of the council, an embassy to the Pope was determined on to procure, if possible, Becket's deposition, consisting of the Bishops of London, Worcester, Chichester, and Exeter, together with the Archbishop of York, and the Earl of Arundel. Till the result was known, none of the primate's temporalities were to be touched, none of his friends and dependents were to be injured. They presently departed well furnished with money; with letters also to the French King and the Earl of Flanders, requesting them to give no asylum to the fugitive.

It so happened that this embassy sailed from Dover to Calais at the same time that Becket crossed over from Sandwich to Gravelines. He was landed within a league of this place, and had to travel to it, weary in body, and harassed in mind. To add to his difficulties his journey was through a storm of wind and rain.

<sup>4</sup> It is so stated by Turner, but it seems doubtful. It was probably at Estray, as stated by the writer in the *British Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 526.

He sank down in the miry road overcome with fatigue, and would have died but for the help of a horse which carried him to the town. Here his mien and manner were not to be mistaken, and he was recognized by his host<sup>5</sup>, who proved true, and the next day acted as his guide to Clairmarais, a convent near St. Omer, where he learnt that the ambassadors from England had just entered the walls. Here he lay concealed till they departed, and then was received with all respect at the Abbey of St. Bertin, after a concealment of three days and nights. It was here that he dropped the name of Brother Christian.

The ambassadors mean while proceeded to the French King, who was then at Compiègne. Their reception was any thing but flattering, and when Louis read in Henry's letter the words "*late archbishop*," he exclaimed "*late archbishop forsooth!*" demanding by whom he had been deposed. He added, moreover, that "he too was a king as Henry was, but that it was not in his power to depose the meanest clerk." The matter ended by his declaring that he should protect the primate. He made the same answer to the two monks, Becket's companions, who had followed the ambassadors, and, besides this, sent word to the Pope that "he should maintain the cause of the archbishop in all points, as well as his person, against the tyrant of England." These monks arrived at Sens, where Alexander then was, before the ambassadors had had a public audience. They were admitted in private, and declared what persecutions Becket had undergone. The Pope felt the delicacy of his situation, and made them a reply which seemed somewhat equivocal. The next day a public consistory was to be held. But it would appear that in the mean while English gold had been distributed amongst the cardinals. At all events, they do not seem to have declared themselves with their usual arrogance, and, if the "father of all fathers" wept at the primate's misfortunes, it is not said that *they* were moved. The next day,—the day of public audience,—Foliot, Bishop of London, spoke first, and in no favourable terms, of Becket. Amongst other expressions he applied to him the words, *The wicked flee when no man pursueth*. "Brother!" said the Pope, "forbear!" The bishop answered, "I will forbear him." "I bid you forbear," replied Alexander, "not out of regard to his character, but your own." The Bishop was abashed, and sat down. Hilary of Chichester arose next, but

<sup>5</sup> It is likewise recorded that, "Not long after he landed, a boy, who was standing by the roadside with a hawk on his wrist, was attracted by the evident pleasure with which Becket eyed his bird, and cried out, 'There goes the archbishop!'"—Brit. Mag., iii. 517. It should be recollected that Mattoe, Count of Boulogne, whose marriage Becket had opposed with the Abbess of Romsey, had given orders that a strict watch should be kept for him on the coast.

having broken Priscian's head with some false Latinity, he was laughed down. The Archbishop of York spoke discreetly, applying to the Pope for his help; whilst the Bishop of Exeter briefly said that the cause could not be determined in the absence of the primate, and demanded legates to judge between him and the king. The Earl of Arundel spoke last, and in English, for which he apologized. His speech was wise and conciliatory, and his request was that the Pope would mediate, command the archbishop to return, and send a legate to England to terminate all disputes. This was assented to. But when Foliot asked with "what powers were the legates to be sent," Alexander's answer was "with proper powers." The design was that they be empowered to decide without appeal. To this the Pope replied, "*That is my glory, which I will not give to another,*" adding other words, and particularly, that he would not send him to be judged by his enemies. And on this he proposed to the ambassadors to await Becket's arrival. Had they done so, they would have transgressed the orders of Henry. They, therefore, prepared to return, after the Earl of Arundel had dropped certain hints as to his master's being driven to join the anti-pope. On their departure the Pope's benediction was neither received nor asked for. They arrived in England about Christmas, 1164.

Meanwhile Becket had left St. Omer's, and was now at Soissons, where he was visited and comforted by Louis, who granted a liberal maintenance to him and his followers by an order on the royal treasury. After remaining here three days he proceeded to Sens, where the cardinals received him more coolly than the Pope. As before hinted at, they were most likely bought over by English gold. The next day a solemn assembly was called, and the primate was seated on the Pope's right hand. He spoke as Becket knew how to speak, and carried all before him, even the cardinals themselves. It was decided by acclamation, "that in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury the Catholic Church should be succoured." Of the Constitutions of Clarendon, which had been produced and read, six were tolerated, *not as good but less evil*. These were the 2nd, 6th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 16th, and Becket was reprimanded for his weak assent, but the Pope at the same time declared that he had applied for pardon, and that indulgence had been granted. And thus was it at this time that the Pope in conclave sat in judgment on the laws and statutes of England!

The day following Becket, who knew the ground he had gained, determined to make it still more solid, and appearing before the Pope and cardinals in private, he told them that he was ill at ease, and "that as he had ascended into the fold of Christ, not by

the true door, not having been called by a canonical election, but obtruded into it by the terror of the secular power," he begged to resign into their hands his see, and, suiting the action to the word, he took off his ring, and delivered it into the hand of the pontiff. The scene may have been got up, but it is hardly likely, as we find the cardinals—such, at least, as might be supposed in Henry's interest<sup>6</sup>—again wavering. They declared that it seemed a fit opportunity to put an end to the strife, and that Becket might be now provided for elsewhere. But Alexander knew the craft of the Romish Church too well to grant this. It would be the ruin of the hierarchal power, and the Decretum of Gratian would be no more than a dead letter henceforth. The resignation was therefore declined, and Becket's conduct on the occasion extolled in the highest manner possible. At the same time the Pope consigned him to the care of the Abbot of Pontigny, a religious house in Burgundy, there to spend the time of his exile, adding, "that he, who had hitherto lived in affluence and delights, should now be taught by the instructions of poverty, the mother of religion, to be the comforter of the poor when he returned to his see: wherefore he committed him over to one of *the poor of Christ*, from whom he was to receive, not a sumptuous, but simple entertainment, such as became a banished man, and a champion of Christ." The Pope then blessed the habit of a Cistercian monk for him, and he entered into the discipline of the order.

It was now that Henry again forgot and lowered himself, giving way to a cruel and vindictive temper, fostered by feudal, in the stead of being softened by Christian, tenets. He confiscated all the Archbishop's estate; he commanded the bishop of the diocese to seize the revenues of any clergy who had followed him; correspondence with him was criminal; he was forbidden to be prayed for in the churches; the payment of Peter-pence was stopped. And thus far Henry might have acted conscientiously, but in what follows his rage had the mastery of him. For he banished all the primate's relations, friends, kinsfolk, and acquaintance. Old age found no mercy, infancy no exception. Their goods were all seized and their lands sold, and besides this, an oath was required of them that they would proceed to Pontigny to wear out the Archbishop with the sight of misery and woe. But, as is ever the case, none sees a brother made vile

<sup>6</sup> We find that these Cardinals were technically called *the Pharisees*. See the *Hist. Quadripart.*, referred to by Lyttelton, vol. ii. p. 139; Henry, vol. iii. p. 255. The strongest evidence for supposing the present a got-up scene, is derived from Becket's answer to the letter of the English bishops, wherein he declares "that no injury was done to the Church by his election,—that it was lawfully and quietly made, and with the consent of those who had a right to elect him." This, certainly, is blowing hot and cold with the same breath.



without' being touched, and so, savage revenge is defeated. Monasteries and nunneries were opened to the helpless. The Pope absolved them from their oath, and many took refuge in Flanders. Nobles flocked to succour them. Not only the King of France, but the Queen of Sicily, were their friends. To such extent was pity showed towards the exiles, that it is even recorded that they lived more happily abroad, than they could have done at home !

A rupture now seemed inevitable between Henry and Louis, and the Empress Matilda applied to the Pope to endeavour to mediate between them. He persuaded the two kings to meet at Gisors, it being much to his interest to preserve unity in the then distracted state of the court of Rome. But the meeting was of no avail as regarded the reconciliation between Henry and Becket. Henry demanded obedience to the Constitutions of Clarendon. Louis still abided by his determination to protect the primate. They did not, however, come to open hostilities. Shortly after, a conference was proposed between Henry and the Pope, and to this the king assented, provided that Becket were not present. But Becket and Henry well knew the shrewdness of each other, and the consequence was that the primate intimated to the Pope that, unless he had an interpreter quick as himself, Henry would overreach him. The result was that the conference was broken off, with this haughty message from the pontiff: " That no man had a right to exclude any person from his presence, whose prerogative it had always been to succour the exiled and the oppressed of all nations against the violence of the wicked, and even against the rage of princes." ■

The year 1165 found Becket the inmate of Pontigny. It appears that he devoted himself to study and severer occupations. But his old predilection for the lessons he had learned at Bologna, notwithstanding the kind hints he received from John of Salisbury<sup>7</sup>, chiefly occupied his attention. The result was a series of letters to Henry and the clergy, all in the same strain, magnifying, as he imagined, his office. Contained in these were admonition and commination as seemed expedient. Henry was too fully employed with the affairs of Wales to lend to them a very diligent ear, but they seem nevertheless to have galled a temper already irritated, inasmuch so that serious thoughts were entertained of abandoning the party of Alexander, and of embracing that of the rival Pope, Pascal. As much, at least, as this is declared in the letter written by the king to the Archbishop of Cologne<sup>8</sup>, and is announced by the emperor in his letters patent.

<sup>7</sup> See Letter in British Magazine, vol. iii. p. 529.

<sup>8</sup> See Lyttelton, where it is given at length, p. 415, vol. ii.

Lyttelton does not seem to think there was any direct falsehood told, but that the two ambassadors present at Wurzburg (or, Wittenberg) took the oath spoken of "conditionally, in case that Alexander should refuse to give the king satisfaction with relation to Becket." The letter of Foliot, Bishop of London, may imply this. Most readers will, however, conclude, that there was some collusion and duplicity in the matter.

It was towards the end of this year that Alexander left Sens for Rome, where he was received with the warmest congratulations. On his arrival there, and in the hurry of other business, he did not forget the champion of the Church he had left at Pontigny. On the contrary, early in 1166<sup>9</sup>, he appointed him his legate in England, the diocese of York only being exempted from his jurisdiction. He at once sent a notification of it to England, and the packet, with letters to his suffragans, was delivered to Gilbert at the altar, who immediately made Henry acquainted with the contents, advising him, in case of need, to appeal to the Pope, or to legates whom he should appoint<sup>1</sup>. Becket evidently had now determined, as soon as forms would admit, to excommunicate the king. It was preparatory to this that he had suspended the Bishop of Salisbury for admitting John of Oxford to the deanery, during the absence of the canons who were companions of his exile. All this only tended to irritate Henry the more, and it was upon this occasion,—having summoned his friends and retainers to meet him at Chinon, in Touraine,—that he told them how "Becket tore his body and his soul from him," calling them all "traitors, who took no pains to rid him of the primate's annoyance!" Henry evidently dreaded an interdict on his territories as well as excommunication on himself. Near as he was from throwing off the papal yoke, he was not above the superstitious thralldom of the time. He was checked for his intemperance by the Archbishop of Rouen; but the artful advice of the Bishop of Lisieux to him was to interpose an appeal, in his own name, to the Pope, thus agreeing with Foliot, Bishop of London. Little consistent was this with upholding the *ancient customs*,—little befitting the dignity of the crown. But Henry's fears overcame his judgment, as Becket's had done on a former occa-

<sup>9</sup> I am inclined with Berington to give this date to the transaction, but it is very uncertain. Henry puts it Oct. 22, 1166, vol. iii. p. 260. Lyttelton, on the Conversion of St. Paul, 1167, vol. ii. p. 443.

<sup>1</sup> See this point well put in the *British Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 149. Two points would be thus gained; 1st. "A respite from the obligation to immediate obedience, for, by the ecclesiastical law, any time short of a year from the delivery of sentence was allowed to the appellant for collecting his evidence; and, 2dly, a chance of intercepting the second messenger who, after the term of the appeal had elapsed, would have to convey the repetition of the order."

sion,—and in this they both showed that they were subject, like other men, to like infirmities. The advice was taken. Present necessity was yielded to. Two of his bishops were sent to Pontigny to notify his appeal to the primate.

There could be no doubt, from the very remarkable letters of Becket, in reply to the letter of his suffragans, as well as from his letter to Foliot, at whose suggestion he suspected their letter was written, what his intentions were. On the arrival of the bishop at Pontigny they found that he had departed for Soissons. In the spirit of the age, combined with his own, he had gone thither to watch before the shrine of St. Drauscio<sup>2</sup>, who was thought to render his devotees invincible, as he did Robert de Montfort before his duel with Henry of Essex. If Becket were Saracen born by his mother's side we need not wonder at this combination of strange superstition. Be it as it may, there he went. A night he spent in holy vigils at his shrine; a second before that of Gregory the Great; a third before the altar of the Virgin. And thus strengthened he proceeded to Vezelay, there intending to pronounce his anathema against Henry, which he had done, but that intimation reached him from Louis that the king was dangerously ill. This was on Whit-Sunday, or, as some say, on Ascension Day. But although he did not excommunicate the king, he did not spare others. He ascended the pulpit and preached; and then the dreadful ban was pronounced by book, bell, and candle. The crosses were inverted; the bells tolled; the torches were extinguished. The excommunicated were John of Oxford, the Archdeacon of Poitiers, Hugh de St. Clare, Thomas Fitz Bernard, Ranulf de Broc, and, lastly, the chief justiciary, Richard de Luce, and Joceline de Baliol, *as the favours of the king's tyranny, and the contrivers of those heretical pravities, the Constitutions of Clarendon*. He also named the king, spoke of the letters he had written, and the messengers he had sent to him, called on him to repent and to make satisfaction for the injustice he had offered to the Church,—or else the like sentence would fall on his own head.

Excommunication and interdict now stared Henry in the face; the latter, as regarded his territorial possessions in France, more dreadful even than the former. Superstitious 'as, perhaps, he was, indignation vexed him, and he sent orders to England to have the sea-coasts guarded with the strictest care, threatening the direst vengeance on clergyman or layman who should be the bearer of so fearful a sentence. And, besides this, he threatened

<sup>2</sup> See the Letter of John of Salisbury, to Bartholomew, Bp. of Exeter, in the *British Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 609, and the notice of the Church at Vezelay, p. 610, *note*. It is now just what it was at the time Becket visited it.

the monks of the Cistercian rule, that the whole of them should be expelled from his dominions, if they harboured Becket any longer. But revenge of this sort rarely answers, and here it altogether failed. The French king sent a nobleman to escort him with three hundred men, saying, "Let him come and experience the benevolence of my people." He bade him also choose his own residence. The spot he fixed on was St. Columba, a convent without the walls of Sens. And thus the archbishop departed from Pontigny, about Martinmas, 1166, having resided there for nearly two years.

Meanwhile a change seems to have come over the court at Rome, and Becket's legantine power was crippled. The circumstances are not clearly known, but the chief agent would appear to be the Marquis of Montferrat, who promised Henry that, if he would give him one of his daughters in marriage, he would procure from the Pope the deposition of Becket. English gold, it is likely, was circulated. Whether or not, amongst other ministers, the excommunicated John of Oxford was sent to, and received by, the Pope, and his ban taken off. He seems also to have taken a leaf out of Becket's book, but he resigned the deanery of Salisbury only to receive it again with absolution. But the great point gained was, that two cardinals, William of Pavia, and Otto, friends to Henry, should be sent legates *à latere* over all his French territories, and with full authority to hear and determine the cause of Becket. Stranger still! John Cumin and Radulf de Tamworth contrived to possess themselves of Becket's private letters. These, no doubt, were procured by dishonest means, and perhaps corroborate the boast of Henry, "that he had the Pope and the cardinals in his power." Whether or not, Becket was disconcerted, and is reported to have said, that Rome *was prostituted, like a harlot, for hire*. And shortly after, on writing to Rome, he expressed himself thus to one of his clergy, "That if these things were true, the Pope had undoubtedly strangled and suffocated, not him alone, but the whole English and Gallican Church." The real cause of Alexander's vacillation was that the Emperor Frederic was now in Lombardy and threatened Rome. The consequences to Becket and his exiled friends showed the worldly spirit of many who had thus far supported them<sup>3</sup>. They were deserted in their present

<sup>3</sup> "An instance," says Lyttelton, "of inhumanity and baseness of mind, that would hardly be credible if we were not assured of it by the testimony of Becket himself, in the above-cited letter to his agent at Rome, whom he ordered to acquaint the Pope with it, that means might be found to prevent these unhappy persons from perishing soon with cold and hunger, as some of them, he said, had already perished."—Vol. ii. p. 445.

distress, and had it not been for the King of France's hostility to England, and his personal antipathy to Henry, the contest would, in all likelihood, have been concluded. He declared, however, that the legates should not enter his kingdom; adding, that if "the Pope had sent them to take the crown from his head, he should not have been more troubled."

But here temporal affairs again wrought a change on the counsels of Rome. Alexander, in a pilgrim's habit, together with his cardinals, had been obliged to take refuge in Beneventum, and Pascal had been received within the walls. The malaria, however, attacked the troops of the emperor with such violence, in the month of August, that he was obliged to retire incontinently. Besides this, a feudal quarrel had arisen between Louis and Henry, and the Earls of Boulogne and Flanders were up in arms against him. This turbulent state of affairs induced the Pope,—who had fruitlessly attempted through Becket to win over the Empress Matilda in her sickness<sup>4</sup>,—again to curtail the power of his legates. Becket likewise had been at work, and had recurred once more to his diplomatic craft, in which he was so consummate a master. He persuaded Alexander that Henry was only procrastinating, and that his real intent was, whenever the papacy became vacant, not to acknowledge the power of the hierarchy, unless the constitutions, laws, and customs of the realm were acceded to.

The legates, who had set out from Rome early in January, did not arrive at Montpellier till the end of October, 1167. The war, no doubt, and probably bribery and corruption, had stayed them on the way. The correspondence between them and Becket, at this time, is very remarkable. If it does not show the primate's sincerity, it at least declares his adroitness. But Henry was not to be deluded, and little likely was it that any good should be the result of double dealing. It was in vain that Becket was exhorted by the legates to moderation, and their meeting at Gisors was a mere farce. The fact is, that both parties were beguiled by the conduct of the Pope. In his desire to please them, he had represented the commission "in his letter to the king as a commission to judge and determine, but in his letter to the archbishop as a commission to negotiate a reconciliation. The truth seems to have been that the Pope had given the legates a commission to act as judges, but had given them also secret instructions to act only as mediators<sup>5</sup>." It appears that Henry on this occasion, however disappointed, was

<sup>4</sup> She died about this time.

<sup>5</sup> This is the conclusion of the historian Henry. See vol. iii. p. 262, and it seems liable to the fewest objections.

more willing to have made concessions than Becket. Had any laws been made in his own time inconsistent with the Church, he said, that he was willing they should be abolished. He would abide, he said, by the legates' judgment, "*if they would render to him, what even the lowest of men had a right to demand from them, justice.*" Finding all of no avail, he retired in disgust, declaring publicly, "*That he wished his eyes might never more see the face of a cardinal!*" His wrath, however, seems to have moderated before they came to take leave, for he then requested their assistance and intercession with the Pope to rid him of Becket. It should be remarked, in passing, that however haughty the conduct of Becket on this occasion may appear, he declared to the legates, and, by his letters, to the Pope, certain home truths. All at Rome was venal<sup>6</sup>, and the Church in England met but with little justice. There and in Normandy there were no less than seven bishoprics not filled up, and the proceeds of the sees were *res fisci*. Evenhanded justice must admit the high ground which the primate took and maintained.

Whatever the inclinations of Otto may have been, Henry at this time obtained protection from the Pope against what he knew would be the rage of Becket. Together with the bishops he put his kingdom under the protection of the Holy See till the feast of St. Martin in the following year. The consequence was, that Becket received intimation forbidding him to put the kingdom under an interdict, or to excommunicate any one, till the Pope's pleasure was known. In the Pope's mandate he was also exhorted once more to moderation, and was counselled to bear his persecution patiently. His holiness, it is clear, felt for Becket, and looked on him as the Church's champion; but he felt for himself also, and bethought him of his own insecurity. It is difficult to unravel the complicated statements appertaining to the legate's presence at this time in France, but it seems pretty clear that they were not recalled till the autumn of the year 1168, and that previous to their recall an attempt had been made, in the midsummer of that year, by the Earl of Flanders, to bring Henry and Becket together. This attempt proved fruitless owing to the return of some messengers of Henry from Beneventum, who brought a letter from the Pope, in which Becket's spiritual power over England was superseded *till that prelate had recovered the royal favour.*

The question then arises, was Henry a party to this attempt.

<sup>6</sup> See Jewel's Defence of the Apology, Part vi. vol. vi. 521. Ed. Jelf, where the remarkable words of Baptista Mantuanus are given :—

"Venalia nobis

Templa, sacerdotes, altaria, sacra, coronæ,

Ignis, thura, preces, cœlum est venale, Deusque."

It is thought that he was, and that an attempt had been made by the legates, instructed by the Pope, to get Becket to resign his archbishopric on condition the king would renounce the customs. This, however, he firmly and resolutely declined. The reasons for supposing that Henry was more inclined to reconciliation, previous to the arrival of his ministers from Beneventum, are to be drawn from the following conversation prior to the legates' return. I give it from Lord Lyttelton<sup>7</sup>. "A little before their departure, Cardinal Otto, in taking leave of the king, made use of that occasion to exhort him to a speedy reconciliation with Becket. He replied, 'that from his affection to the Pope and to them, he would consent to let the archbishop return in peace to his see, and *take care of his Church and his own business.*' This (whatever limitation he might mean to annex to it by the concluding words) was certainly a great condescension, and such as it is probable he would not *then* have been brought to, if he had not trusted that Becket would refuse to return without many other conditions. After a long dispute with the cardinal about the royal customs, he said, 'that he and his children would be content with those alone, which it should be proved that his ancestors had enjoyed, by the oaths of a hundred men of England, a hundred men of Normandy, a hundred of Anjou, and of his other dominions. But, if this proposition did not please the archbishop, he was ready to stand to the arbitration of three English bishops, and of three who belonged to his territories on the Continent, namely, Rouen, Baieux, and Mans. Or, in case that even this should not be thought sufficient, he would submit to the judgment of the Pope, with this reserve only, that his act should not prejudice the rights of his heirs.'"

It will be observed that the dates in this statement should be inverted; but, let it be taken for as much as it is worth, and the *animus* of Henry and the Pope will, I think, be evidently in favour of reconciliation at this time. But there was a desire to overreach on both sides, and each severally availed himself of fortunate occasions, as Henry seems to have done, in the present instance, on the arrival of his ministers from Beneventum. Interest was uppermost, and not peace!

Meanwhile Henry and Louis were again all but at war. The truce of the last year was to expire at Easter. A treaty of peace was again proposed by the Earls of Flanders and Champagne. But it was difficult to bring about. Henry's discontented barons had no notion of being ruled, and they were received and fostered by the French king. Matters of uneasiness arose, and continued throughout the year, and it was not until

<sup>7</sup> Vol. ii. p. 481.

January 6, 1169, that the two kings could be brought together, when a peace was concluded at Montmirail on the Maine. It was said that the Earl of Champagne and Henry were contending which should outwit the other. Be this as it may, a peace was concluded. The young princes did homage for their respective fiefs, and Henry himself for Normandy.

But Montmirail was to witness another scene. The priors of Montdieu and St. Peter's Vale, with Bernard de Corillo, monk of Grammont, had brought Becket here, and had schooled him, as Louis had also done, to humble himself before his sovereign. Accordingly the primate threw himself at his feet, saying, "I submit myself to the mercy of God and the king, to the honour of God and the king." At the same time that Henry raised the primate from his knees, he did not allow himself to be outwitted. The both were practised diplomatists, and the king interpreted the phrase, *to the honour of God*, as he knew it was interpreted by a scholar of Gratian and in the Decretals. And it is clear that the king was right, for nothing further could be elicited from Becket in a long conference, during which his arrogance was reproved by his own friends and by the French king, than that he submitted to Henry's judgment, *saving his order*, and that he would do what he could without *prejudice to the honour of God*. The words of Henry to Louis on this occasion are remarkable. "My liege, attend, if you please; whatsoever he dislikes, he says is against *the honour of God*; and thus he would dispossess me of all my rights. But that I may not in any thing seem to desire unreasonably to oppose him, *or the honour of God*, this is my offer. There have been many kings of England before me; some who have had more power than I, and others who had less. There have been before him many archbishops of Canterbury, great and holy men. *What therefore the greatest and holiest of his predecessors did for the least of mine, let him do for me, and I shall be satisfied*." To the question of Louis, "*Would you be greater or wiser than all those holy men?*" Becket's reply was, "*That had they in all things made the stand they ought to have done, he should not now have been passing this fiery ordeal.*" Upon this his friends drew him away, entreating him to drop the obnoxious expression. But Becket was firm. What the world called arrogance insurmountable, and dogged obstinacy, was with him honesty of purpose and devout resolution. It is further related that the King of France did not visit him, or send to him from his table, the night he remained at Montmirail; and that on the next day he returned to Sens, impressed with the idea that those who would faithfully perform their duties must be contented to lose their

\* See Lyttelton, vol. ii. p. 509.



friends. And thus, contemplating the chances of expulsion from France<sup>9</sup>, they went on their way sorrowing. But Louis, on second thoughts, influenced perhaps by no love to Henry of England, came to the conclusion that Becket had maintained his position, and, under this impression, sent for him to his lodgings. He found him dispirited and gloomy, but, after a silence of some time, he threw himself at the primate's feet, declaring "how blind he had been in giving him wrong advice, and that hereafter he would never forsake him." The archbishop blessed him, and they parted.

At the beginning of this year another interview was brought about; but it proved equally unavailing. Henry and Becket well knew each other, and each abided by his purpose—the one to the Constitutions of Clarendon, the other to the doctrine of the Decretals. It was on this occasion that a bull from the Pope was delivered to Henry, declaring that, if he was not reconciled to the archbishop before Lent 1169, he should restore him to his full spiritual authority over him and his kingdom. "For he ought not to imagine, either that the Lord, who now slept, might not be awakened, or that the sword of St. Peter was so consumed with rust, as that it could not be drawn, and exercise a proper vengeance." Little pleased was Henry likely to be with words of this sort; and the reply of Louis, on Henry's representing to him his change of conduct towards Becket after the interview at Montmirail, only irritated him the more. "Go tell your king, that if he will not relinquish certain ancient customs, which some deem contrary to the law of God, because they appertain to his royal dignity; neither will I surrender the hereditary privilege of my crown, which has ever protected the unfortunate, and those most who suffer in the cause of justice."

And Lent arrived, and once more Becket was Legate of the Apostolical See. Neither was he a man to slacken his hand. On the contrary, while acquainting Alexander with his intention, he excommunicated Foliot, Bishop of London, Joceline, Bishop of Salisbury,—the chief members of the king's household,—Lucy, Great Justiciary, other great men of the kingdom, and the Chaplains of the Court; insomuch that Henry was in the midst of excommunicated persons, and had scarce one, as far as Rome's power went, to wish him God speed! The excommunication of Foliot seems to have weighed more with him than any thing else, for he wrote

<sup>9</sup> Berington relates that on their journey Becket had said to his attendants: "They say that down the Saone, and on the side of Provence, the inhabitants are benevolent and liberal. To them we will go on foot, and when they shall see how wretched we are, perhaps they may pity us, and give us bread, till the Lord shall send us better times."—p. 208. The authority is not quoted.

to the Pope, declaring that he resented the sentence "*no less than if Becket had vomited out his poison on his own person.*" All this time Becket was resolute and unmoved, and ready, with Alexander's help, to place the kingdom under interdict. This, it seems, the Pope drew back from, and Becket's notions of obedience to his ecclesiastical superior on this occasion are very equivocal, for he neither suspended the general sentences at Alexander's request, nor yet the particular one passed on the Pope's old and tried friend, the Bishop of Salisbury. Foliot, on the present emergency, does not appear to have acted with his usual wisdom. The plea that the Archbishop of Canterbury had no jurisdiction over the see of London was frivolous.

Meanwhile the old expedient, proposed by William of Pavia, of translating Becket to a foreign see, was again mooted by Henry's ambassadors at Beneventum. They made great offers in their sovereign's name—promised to procure Alexander peace with the emperor and with the Roman nobility—offered a present of 10,000 marks—assured the Pontiff that he should present to Canterbury and all the other vacant sees. Besides this, he tampered with Lombardy, and secured the interests of the King of Sicily, on whose protection, next to that of Louis, the Pope mainly depended. All, however, was in vain, for Alexander knew the *animus* of Becket, and that he would rather have resigned his life than the primacy. All that Henry's ministers could obtain was, that two nuncios should be sent into Normandy to negotiate, if they might, a peace between the king and the archbishop. These were Vivian and Gratian. They waited on the king at Domfront in Normandy, August 23rd, 1169. But their instructions were so cautiously drawn up, and the circumstantialia of the *peace*<sup>10</sup> to be concluded so invidious, that, during the discussion upon the Pontiff's letters, Henry gave way to one of those bursts of temper not unusual with him, declaring that, if the Pontiff would not listen to his requests, "By God's eyes, I'll do something else!" "Sire," replied Gratian, "do not threaten. We fear no threats; for we come from a court that has been said to give the law to emperors and to kings."

Eight days after this they met at Baieux, and then Henry demanded the absolution of his servants, which not being assented to, he mounted his horse, declaring that no man living should speak to him more of Becket's return to Canterbury. But knowing the impetuous nature of Henry, the nuncios thought it wise to

<sup>10</sup> "I use the word *peace*," says Lyttelton, "because it is used in Alexander's letters, and those written by Becket concerning this affair, as if he and the king, his master, had been two independent potentates at war with each other."—Vol. ii. p. 516.

concede the point, and the negotiation was renewed afresh, only again to be broken off, though his bishops told the king that they must render obedience to the mandates of Rome. Upon this, Henry again burst out, "Let them do their worst, and interdict the kingdom; I who can take a strong castle every day in the year can arrest an ecclesiastic." Again the nuncios relaxed, and promised that Nigel de Sackville, Thomas Fitz Bernard, and the Archdeacon of Canterbury should be absolved the next day, and that one of them would proceed to England, and absolve the excommunicated there, provided the king would receive the archbishop in peace, and restore his see *to the honour of God, and of the Church, and to the honour of the king, and of his children.* The banished friends of the archbishop were also to be restored. It is said that the king made some alteration in the agreement, inserting "*heirs*" in the place of "*children*," and then substituting *saving the dignity of his kingdom* for *to the honour of his heirs*; and that, upon this, the nuncios again left him, and went to Caen. Various discussions succeeded, certain demands were waved on Henry's part, and on Becket's; by the one, the accounts of the chancellorship, by the other, the reparation of damages. But all was in vain. New bones of contention turned up, and thus Michaelmas arrived, when the commission of the nuncios expired. They notified that the absolutions, being only conditional, were void. On this Gratian retired, and Vivian was not long in following him.

But scarcely had the latter departed before Henry heard that the Bishop of Sens had joined Gratian, and that they were on their way to Rome. All his fears were again roused as to personal excommunication, and interdict on his territories. On this he sent a messenger after Vivian, entreating him to renew the negotiation. Vivian consented, much against the will of Becket, who declared, "that the king, for whose sake the negotiation was renewed, might obey the legate as he pleased, but that he would not acknowledge an authority which had now expired." Still Becket did not judge it expedient to refuse Vivian's request, that he should attend an interview of the Kings of France and England at St. Denys, November 15th, 1169<sup>1</sup>. He did not, however, appear in person<sup>2</sup>, but only came so nigh as to Paris, and thence sent his conditions, as warily worded as were the concessions of Henry in reply. The latter induced Vivian to declare that he had

<sup>1</sup> There is a mistake in Lyttelton's Hist. as to this date, but it is evidently on the printer's side: "about the middle of November this year, eleven hundred and sixty-eight."—See vol. ii. p. 522.

<sup>2</sup> Berington says, "the king, passing by Montmartre, was visited by Becket." p. 214. This would seem to be an error; but after all there is some difficulty here, and I would not speak positively.

broken his word, was captious and insincere, and he declined to have any thing further to do in the matter.

Once more a new petition was delivered to the king from Becket at Montmartre, by the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Sens. He requested only that the king would grant to him "what had been taken from him, and that he would then pay to him all that an archbishop owed to his prince." This was begging the whole question at issue:—What was it that an archbishop owed to his prince! Even yet matters were attempted to be brought to a successful termination; but Henry eventually refused to give the *kiss of peace*, because, he said, he had sworn in his anger, that he never would give it to Becket, though he declared that he bore no rancour, neither would retain any rancour against him. They knew each other, and the breach was as wide as ever.

The state of the king's mind, however, was restless, and his fears of an interdict waxed stronger and stronger. Under this impression he was unwise enough once more to send after Vivian, and to offer a bribe. In Northumberland's words, on a different

"Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,  
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:  
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back."

This the nuncio indignantly returned, complaining, "that after he had laboured so much in his service, and had lost for him the favour of many and great persons, Henry should endeavour to render him infamous, as being corrupted with bribes. He, moreover, counselled Henry, for the last time, to give the *kiss of peace*, and to make restoration, adding that if he did not, *repentance would come too late*. Words like these from one who had not shown himself unfriendly, only roused Henry's fears the more, and the consequence was that he sent over to England his royal injunctions, forbidding all intercourse with his subjects, the Pope, or the archbishop. It is not to be denied that they are severe—the 6th and 7th particularly<sup>3</sup>,—but the superstitious dread of the Pontiff is to be borne in mind. By the laity the oath to observe them

<sup>3</sup> 2nd Part, Henry IV. Act ii. sc. iii.

<sup>4</sup> They are as follows: 6th, "If any bishops, clergymen, abbots, or laymen shall obey the sentence of interdict, let them be instantly banished the realm, and all their kindred, and not suffered to carry with them any of their goods and chattels." 7th, "The goods and chattels of all those who favour the Pope or the Archbishop, and all their possessions, and the possessions of all who belong to them, of whatsoever degree, order, sex, or condition they may be, shall be seized and confiscated into the hands of the king."—Lytton, vol. ii. p. 528.

was taken generally ; but as generally refused by the clergy, headed by the Bishops of Winchester, Exeter, Chester, and Norwich. The latter excommunicated the Earl of Chester, according to Becket's instructions, and descending from the rood-loft, laid his pastoral staff on the high altar with these words : " Now let me see who will dare sacrilegiously to stretch out their hands against the lands or goods of the Church." The sacrifices made by these prelates, who severally (Winchester excepted) retired to the cloister, deserves our admiration. At least, they were faithful to their trust, even though the principle maintained were false. As regards the laity they were absolved from their oath by letters which the primate got securely conveyed to England. It does not appear whether many or few availed themselves of the dispensation. Whilst all this was passing, Henry's messengers and agents were still at work at the papal court, and certain general terms were proposed to Becket " that each of them should perform what he owed to the other," but nothing seems to have come of it.

But the great project which Henry had in view at this time he anticipated would be attended with difficulty—the coronation, that is, of his son. This was an act of precaution which belongs to the history of the time. It is evident he had long had it in view ; for on the death of Theobald, fearing as to Becket's election, he had obtained a bull from the Pope to the intent the young prince should be crowned by what bishop he pleased. But this was long ago, and the bull, then granted, was but a dead letter. It seems to have been a master-stroke of policy that at the present time he should have procured another. He did, however, and it empowered the Archbishop of York to perform the ceremony. Yet, odd as it may appear, Becket obtained a counter-bull restricting that privilege to the see of Canterbury. Strange inconsistency in that court so well schooled in worldly wisdom ! The fact, nevertheless, is so. The former letter was received by Henry, on the return of Richard Barre and the Archdeacon of Llandaff, about the latter end of February, and Becket's was dated the 25th of that month, so that the one was written within a few weeks of the other. But it was unavailing, and the prohibition defeated. The coronation took place June 15th, 1170<sup>5</sup>.

To Becket this was the bitterest of disappointments, and his letters at the time to the Pope and cardinals show how indigna-

<sup>5</sup> See Lyttelton's remarks. He concludes by observing : " As this was the first since the union of the Heptarchy, it was also the last coronation of a son during the life of his father, in the kingdom of England. We also find that the practice was omitted in France after Philip Augustus ; a more settled principle of an hereditary right to the crown, in a lineal course of descent, having prevailed from that time in both these nations, which made such a precaution unnecessary to secure the succession."—Vol. ii. p. 537.

tion vexed him. The absolution also of the Bishops of Salisbury and London was gall and wormwood to him, the more so, as the Pope had styled the latter *a religious, learned, prudent, and discreet man*. It is upon this occasion that the primate thus expressed himself in a letter to his friends, Cardinals Albert and Gratian. "Satan," he said, "was let loose again to the destruction of the Church: Barabbas was freed, and Christ was crucified a second time; and that St. Peter himself, if he was upon earth, could not have power to absolve such impenitent sinners!" Thus spake the primate in his wrath; and if the former words be not blasphemous, it is not easy to say what is!

"*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*"—Lucretius.

The Princess Margaret's not being crowned at the same time with the young Henry, gave umbrage to the French king, who took up arms and attacked the Norman frontier. Henry was obliged to hasten back again from England, either to quell the invasion or to pacify Louis. He succeeded in the latter step, and an interview was brought about, and peace renewed, in a meadow near Frettevalle, upon the borders of Touraine, in the district of Chartres.

Meanwhile Becket was still irritated by advice from a secret correspondent about the king—one of those miscreants that dog a court and sow dissension. The information given him was, that all Henry's professions as to reconciliation was but deceit. The moment he became acquainted with this, he wrote letters to England, putting the realm under an interdict. But they were not delivered.

Whilst the primate was thus threatening, Henry held several conferences with the Papal nuncios, it would seem with a real wish for reconciliation, could we conceive it possible after what had passed. The Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Nevers were personally anxious to bring it about, notwithstanding the dissuasive letters of Becket, who spoke of his sovereign as "a monster, changeable as Proteus, whose wiles they should resist, till he resumed his ancient shape;" adding, "if it is not your own fault, you will from that time be a *God to Pharaoh*." But the legates were aware that Henry knew their secret instructions, and in fact they had come to an agreement with him on all points, except the *kiss of peace*, which Henry proposed should be given by the young prince, in consideration of the oath he had taken. To this Becket demurred, saying, "it was a form established among all nations, and in all religions, without which peace was no where confirmed; that if, instead of receiving it from the king, he received it from his son, it might be said in the world that he

was only restored to the prince's favour, not the king's; which if the vulgar should hear, it would give them an occasion to reflect on the peace." This offended Henry grievously. To help matters to a conclusion, the Pope had absolved him of his oath, but like his grandfather, Henry I., who declined to be absolved by Calixtus II., he too disdained to descend to such casuistry. Nevertheless considering what might be the result of an interdict in his foreign territories, even though he might not have to fear for England, he was induced to succumb, and so promised to give the *kiss of peace*, not however in the King of France's dominions, but in his own, for his reply to the legates was, "In my own territories I will kiss him: nay, his very hands and his feet, a thousand times; let him only defer it now, that it may appear to be done out of my grace and good will, and not by constraint." This reads but like special pleading, and is casuistical enough. But so it was; and a reconciliation was brought about, July 22, 1170, at the spot before-mentioned as the meeting-place of the two kings. Some report that it was called the Traitor's Field<sup>6</sup>, and the name was ominous!

*"Male sarta*

*Gratia nequiquam coit, et rescinditur."*—

Hor. i. Epist. iii. 31.

Two days had been taken up in settling the differences of the rival kings, but on the morning of the third the King of England and Becket entered the meadow. It was thronged with the attendants of both. No sooner did the king perceive the archbishop approaching than he set spurs to his horse, and galloped to meet him with head uncovered. The primate intended to have spoken first, but he was prevented. The king entered into familiar conversation with his old friend, and, to outward appearance, there was no lack of cordiality. Presently Henry and Becket withdrew from those around them, and the tenor of their subsequent remarks is altogether drawn from the account he forwarded to the Pope. He declared that the king "had not so much as presumed to mention the royal customs, which he was used to assert so pertinaciously. He exacted no oath, but promised the restoration of all that had been taken from the Church of Canterbury, and not only that, but peace and a safe return to all, and *the kiss* to me, if I should absolutely insist upon it." This, it will be observed, is contrary to the report of the king, and at variance with his after conduct. Besides this, he spoke of "the grievous wrong done to his see by the coronation of the young king at the house of the Archbishop of York," intimating that

<sup>6</sup> The authority for this is Gervase.—See Tindal's Rapin. Vol. i. p. 232. *Note.*

“the king’s consecration, like other sacraments’, drew’ all its validity from the right of the person administering to do the office.” As Becket continued to press the pristine dignity of his Church, he reports that Henry expressed his belief that “it was the most noble of all the Western Churches, that he had no desire to deprive it of its rights, that it should have its redress on this point,” and that he concluded with these remarkable words: “*But to those who have hitherto betrayed both you and me, I will, by the blessing of God, make such an answer, as the deserts of traitors require.*” What Becket understood by these words is not clear, but he at once sprang from his horse, and threw himself at the king’s feet. Henry bid him remount, himself holding the stirrup to assist him. Afterwards, with tears in his eyes, he said: “My lord archbishop, what occasion is there for many words? let us now mutually restore to each other our former affection, and do one another all the good we can, entirely forgetting the late discord between us. But I desire that you would honour me in the presence of those who are looking upon us at a distance.” He then returned to the assembly, and casting his eyes on certain of Becket’s enemies, he said aloud, “If, when I find the archbishop full of all good dispositions to me, I were not reciprocally good to him, I should be the worst of men, and prove the evil that is spoken of me to be true. Nor can I think any counsel more honourable or useful to me, than that I should endeavour to go before him in kindness, and excel him in charity, as well as in benefits.” These, it must be confessed, are remarkable words, and must have been heard by many; but the rest of the conversation, we must bear in mind, was *apart from the company*, and rests only on the authority of the archbishop.

Presently after this Henry sent his bishops to the primate, who was in the distance, desiring him to state his petition in the face of the assembly. They counselled him to submit his case to the king,—some of them, at least,—but he rejected their advice, as that of Scribes and Pharisees. He then took counsel with the Archbishop of Sens and the companions of his exile, and the determination they arrived at was, to make no submission whatever, but to abide by the rights of the see of Canterbury. The petition he did not present in person, neither was it worded as had been settled between the king and the Pope. It was much like to the one that Henry had rejected the year before at Mont-

<sup>7</sup> “Sacramental ordinances” were an expression more to be tolerated. At the same time one would be sorry to join in the sceptical sentence of Hume: “There prevailed in that age an opinion, which was akin to its other superstitions, that the royal unction was essential to the exercise of royal power.”—Vol. i. p. 413. Unblessed are sovereign and people without an unction from above!



martre, and on those grounds he might have rejected it now. But the expressions he had made use of were all of an amicable tendency, and it seems as though he did not wish to break afresh with the friend of his youth. His actions declared thus much. Different as the petition was, he said, "I agree to all, and the primate and his friends I again receive into favour."

After the meeting was over, Becket and the king continued to converse till late in the evening. It was then agreed that the archbishop should visit Henry in Normandy, prior to his going over to England. Meanwhile he was to take leave of Louis and his other benefactors. Just as he was going away, in the presence of Henry and the whole court, the Bishop of Lisieux exhorted him, "as the king had now received his friends into favour, he should in like manner receive all the servants of the king who were present there." To this reasonable proposal the primate returned an artful and evasive answer, and one that showed how secret enmity was rankling in his heart. "The circumstances," he said, "were not the same, some had been excommunicated by this bishop, some by that; others again by the Pope, and for divers offences." He concluded by saying that "he was to consult with the king," but that "if any one of them (which he prayed might not happen) should fail of reconciliation and peace, he must impute it to himself not to him." Henry, fearing lest further altercation should arise, *drew off the archbishop*. He craved his benediction, and sent him home with honour.

It was two months before they met again. In the interval Henry had a severe illness, and was brought to death's door. Thinking his end was nigh, he desired to be buried in the monastery of Grammont, at *the feet of one of their abbots*. Recovering, he fulfilled a vow that he had made, and performed a pilgrimage to the shrine of *St. Mary of Roque-Madour in the Quercy*. In the mean while, it is not to be supposed that Becket was idle. His declining to clear Henry's friends showed that the fire was burning within him. And by this time he had received letters from the Pope, suspending all the prelates who had assisted at the coronation of the young prince. In them his Holiness accused them of "permitting him to leave out the usual oath for the protection of the Church, and of taking one themselves to maintain the Constitutions of Clarendon." In particular, as regards the Bishops of London and Salisbury, "he declared that they had made an ungrateful return for the sentence he had taken off from them, and that he therefore excommunicated them afresh." The Bishop of Rochester he permitted Becket to proceed against as he pleased, "because that prelate, as vicar to the Archbishop of Canterbury, ought to have been particularly careful of supporting

his rights." These letters were dated September, 1170. The charge as to the coronation oath was altogether groundless, as Becket must soon have known on inquiry, nevertheless he said in reply, that the Pope's letters "*were undoubtedly dictated by the Holy Ghost, and corrected the king's enormities with an authority becoming the successor of Peter, and the Vicar of Christ.*"

At the present moment Becket saw that it would be imprudent to use the letters spoken of, and he therefore wrote to the Pope, requesting him to transmit fresh ones, which, omitting other points, should contain the suspension of the Archbishop of York, and the other bishops, for the injury done to the rights of the see of Canterbury. Touching the Bishops of London and Salisbury, he requested a *discretionary* power; but the removal of the sentence from the Archbishop of York was to be vested in the Pope only, inasmuch as he was *the incendiary and the head of all these wicked persons*. Besides this he asked the same power for himself, as had been granted to the Archbishop of Rouen, and the Bishop of Nevers, *or even a greater*, (permission, that is, to excommunicate his sovereign, and to lay his dominion under interdict,) *because the more potent and the more fierce that prince is, the stronger chain and the harder stick will be necessary to bind and keep him in order*. This latter stretch of power does not appear to have been granted.

Previous to this Becket had sent his messengers to England with letters from Henry to his son. The tenor of them is not recorded with sufficient clearness, though it was said that they contained orders "that all their estates and possessions should be restored to the archbishop and the other exiles<sup>8</sup>." Be it as it may, they were coldly received. And it was likely they would be, inasmuch as their return implied the dispossession of intruders; nay, Ranulph de Broc was reported to have said, "*that Becket should not eat a whole loaf in England before he took away his life.*" On these, and other like grounds, his friends dissuaded Becket from returning till he was sure that the king was thoroughly reconciled to him. But here again his undaunted spirit displayed itself, and he was the readier to start and to confront the danger, for he wrote to Henry, saying, "By your grace and permission I will now return to my Church, *perhaps to perish for her*, unless your piety deigns to afford me a further and a speedy consolation. But, *whether I live or die, yours I am, and will be, in the Lord; and whatever becomes of me and mine, may God bless you, and your children!*" He likewise addressed a private letter to the Pope, in which he stated, that whether his journey

<sup>8</sup> See Henry. Vol. iii. p. 273.

to England would be "to peace, or to punishment, he was doubtful;" and, at the same time, strange as the expression may appear, he "commended his soul to the Pontiff."

Before answers arrived to the former letters mentioned, as written to the Pope, Becket waited on the king at Tours, some two months after the reconciliation at Frettevalle. But his reception was a cool one—at least, it was not cordial—neither did Henry, though in his own dominions, give the promised *kiss of peace*. At this time Henry had appointed to meet the Earl of Blois, on the borders of Touraine; and the two set out together. They, however, almost fell out on the way, each reproaching the other. Nevertheless, Becket acted as a sort of mediator between the earl and the king, and there was no open breach. Henry even promised full restitution; but said, "That before he performed it, he would have him return into England, that he might see how he would behave himself in the affairs of the kingdom." This, no doubt, was unlooked for by Becket, and he and the king did not return together. But within a few days they had a second interview at Chaumont, a town near Blois; and, on this occasion, as at Frettevalle, there seemed a heartiness, on Henry's part, which would have touched one of softer mould than Becket. In familiar discourse, such as should be when old friends meet, Henry exclaimed, "Oh! my lord, why will you not return? I then should put every thing into your hands!" But the primate misinterpreted his old master; and, in a letter to one of his correspondents, he said that it reminded him of the devil's speech to our Saviour: "And this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me!" With such thoughts as these uppermost, there could be little chance of concord! About the end of October the primate returned to Sens, purposing to see Henry at Rouen, on his way to England. They met no more!

Answers from the Pope were now received, and in accordance with Becket's request. But, besides this, the Pope, having heard that the agreement of July was not ratified, wrote to his legates, the Archbishops of Rouen and Sens, where Becket now was, ordering them, within twenty days after the receipt of this letter, (dated October 9,) to admonish Henry *in effect to accomplish the peace he had made only in words*. If he refused to do this within thirty days, his foreign dominions were to be put under an interdict. Before, however, the time was expired, the treaty, in its principal points, was executed.

And, looking to matters as they now stood, there is reason to think that if Becket had proceeded temperately, he had proceeded more wisely. The Pope evidently doubted his discretion, for his grants were less than the primate's demand. Himself, too, had

spoken in a letter to the Pontiff of moderation ; but he did not exercise it, nor follow the advice of two of his friends in the College of Cardinals, who counselled him "to exercise mercy, rather than judgment, towards those who had sinned against him ; and to endeavour to instruct the king in the spirit of lenity, and recover his favour." But it was not with such a spirit that he purposed to return to England. Peace was not in his thoughts ; and his heart was bent upon excommunication. He may have thought it a duty to proceed as he did, and to court danger in defence of the hierarchy. With a like impression he told Louis, on taking leave, *that he was going to England to play for his head.*

Before he set out it was his desire again to have an interview with Henry, as agreed upon, at Rouen. But the king wrote him word that he was constrained to depart for Auvergne to resist an attempt which, report said, Louis intended to make on that province. Instead also of the Archbishop of Rouen, John of Oxford, whom he looked upon as his bitterest enemy, was appointed to accompany him to England. By him he signified to the young king, "that he would have Becket enjoy all his possessions peaceably and honourably ; and if, in any particulars relating to him less than ought to have been done had been performed, that prince should cause it to be amended." To add to the primate's humiliation, no money was sent him to defray his expenses, and pay his debts ; but the Archbishop of Rouen lent him 300*l.* in his distress. He then went to Whitsand, in Flanders, and stayed there some days for a favourable wind. It was during this interval that he was warned by the Earl of Boulogne "to take care of himself ; for there were persons waiting for him in those parts of England, where it was thought he would land, with an intention to murder, or at least to arrest him." The answer became the man, whose heart was always enlarged as difficulties increased, and whose spirit rose under pressure. "He would return," he said, "to his flock, if he were certain to be torn limb from limb ; and all that he requested was, that he might be carried dead to his Church, if he were not permitted to reach it alive."

But mark how human nature, at its best estate, has its noblest endeavours and highest aspirations dashed with the meaner intermixture of earth ! Becket, aware that if his life was not attempted, his baggage would be searched, and his letters intercepted, hits upon an expedient to get them conveyed, which has more of Roman craft in it than open honesty. There was one *Idonea*, a nun,—(if that were a real name, and not assumed<sup>9</sup>),—

<sup>9</sup> The term "*Idonea*" leads to this surmise. The superscription of the letter is, "*Thomas Cant. Arch. Dilectæ filiæ suæ Idoneæ.*" Lyttelton gives it at length in the Appendix to his Third Book. Vol. iv. p. 252.

whose former manner of life would appear, from the letter still extant, not to have been so strict as it ought to have been. This poor woman he determined to make use of, and win her over to deliver the letter he had for the Archbishop of York, and which contained his sentence from the Pope ; and this he did by setting before her the examples of Judith, Esther, and those women, who, when the Apostles forsook their Lord, followed Him to the cross, and to His sepulchre. Who can ever forget the lines—

“ Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lachrymosa  
Quà pendebat Filius ! ”

At that time they may not have been written ; but the primate was alive to the purport of such exhortations ; and the child of a Saracen mother knew well what would work upon the feelings of a penitent woman ! His pastoral exhortation, as given by the historian<sup>1</sup>, from the original letter, concludes thus : “ A great reward, my daughter, is proposed to your labour, *the remission of your sins*, the unfading fruit, and crown of glory, which the *blessed sinners*, Mary Magdalene and Mary the Egyptian, at last received from our Lord Jesus Christ ; the stains of all their former lives being wiped out. *The mistress of mercy* will assist you, and ask her Son, God and man, whom she brought forth for the salvation of the world, to be the leader, companion, and protector of your journey. And may He, who, breaking the gates of hell, crushed the power of the devils, and restrained their licentiousness, hold the hands of the wicked, that they may not be able to do you any hurt ! Farewell, *spouse of Christ*, and think that He is always present with you ! ” The Jesuits of a later day were not wiser than Becket in fitting each one to his proper work ! And the nun performed it well. To the archbishop she delivered the letter, as commanded<sup>2</sup> ; and it appears that the Bishops of London and Salisbury received their sentence about the same time. There is, however, a little difficulty in arriving at the exact period.

The ground thus broke, and with a fair wind, Becket crossed the Channel on the 1st of December, and when the ship arrived in Sandwich harbour, the Sheriff of Kent, Reginald de Warenne, and Ranulph de Broc, came down armed to the shore. They were

<sup>1</sup> Lyttelton, vol. ii. p. 584.

<sup>2</sup> The exact order runs thus : “ Venerabili Fratri nostro Rogerio Eboracensi Archiepiscopo tradas, si fieri potest, præsentibus fratribus et Co-episcopis nostris ; aut si eos præsentes habere nequiveris, hoc ipsum facias in præsentiâ eorum quos adesse contigerit. Et, ne originale scriptum possit aliquâ tergiversatione supprimi, transcriptum ejus legendum circumstantibus tradas, et eis, prout plenius te nuncias instruet, mentem aperias literarum.”

withstood in the king's name by John of Oxford. On the present occasion he certainly showed himself a friend to Becket, and neither was violence offered to the person of Becket, nor a search as he anticipated made. But of the Archdeacon of Sens, who had followed in the archbishop's train, they demanded an oath of allegiance to King Henry and his son. This the primate forbade them to take, and for this reason, as he told the Pope "that there was not in the oath any exception expressed in favour of the papal authority or any other." Better was it for the people to be under the archbishop than under the intruder who usurped his rights; and as it has been ever experienced, there are no masters more liberal than the clergy, no landlords more considerate of their tenantry. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, was on this occasion true. The people were all on the primate's side, and no farther opposition was made. The Archdeacon of Sens passed on, and the offended nobles returned to the prelate under sentence, whom they had left at Dover.

The primate then proceeded on his way to Canterbury. The joy of the people was no more to be disguised than their way of expressing it is to be vindicated. As on that holy day, Palm Sunday-tide, the people had welcomed the Lord of Life as He approached Jerusalem, so did these simple folk now welcome Becket. They strawed their clothes in the way, and said, *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord*<sup>3</sup>. And their exultation was neither blasphemous nor profane. Ignorance was the cause of it, intermingled with the grateful expectation that the rod of their oppressors would be lightened, and that they should no longer be ground down by temporal lords, but ruled faithfully with a shepherd's crook. John of Salisbury had written to prepare the monks for his return, and had exhorted them "to meet him with all due honours, as their predecessors had met St. Anselm when he came back from banishment!" And so the parish priests received him with crosses in their hands, and the monks of Canterbury conducted him to their convent, themselves singing praises to God, and the bells chiming gladly in honour of his return.

The day after his arrival at Canterbury, the barons came to him and demanded the absolution of the prelates. The sentence, they said, had been pronounced in defiance of the king, and contrary to the customs of the realm. They added, that it was the young king's order, that, after absolution, the bishops would submit to the Canons of the Church, *saving the honour of the kingdom*. To this Becket replied, "It was not in the power of an inferior judge

<sup>3</sup> The reader should here consult the Article in the Church of England Quarterly Review, before referred to. SOUTHEY, of course, is right, as usual. On Becket's landing, and on his way to Canterbury, the people were of one voice!

to release from the sentence of a superior, and that no man could abrogate what the apostolick see had decreed." This it appears was not true, as he had it in his power to absolve the Bishops of London and Salisbury. However, the officers of the king being urgent, he was induced conditionally, and at the request of the Bishop of Winchester, on his own peril to promise their absolution. But this was objected to by the Archbishop of York as against the dignity and the laws of the realm. Becket replied, that on their previous excommunication by him, they were not absolved without a promise to obey the Pope's injunctions, much less could they be absolved now from a sentence by the Pope himself, "*to which neither his nor any other human authority could be compared.*" Upon this the other prelates would have taken the oath, but the Archbishop of York dissuaded them from it; telling them, "that he had 8000 marks of silver in his chest, which he would willingly expend to repress the stubborn arrogance of that man." He counselled them, moreover, to cross the sea to Henry with him, and to send messengers to the young prince with this warning, that Becket, by his violent proceedings, was endeavouring *to tear the crown from his head.* They came to this determination, and started, first of all having dispatched the Archdeacon of Canterbury to the young king. Becket had misgivings and sent a counter-messenger, excusing what he had done; but an audience was denied him. He then turned the matter over in his mind, and determined in person to start for Woodstock. Accordingly, after about eight days he started, and, with the blood of the Saracen in his veins, thought to appease the young king by a present of three fine barbs. His way was to London, and he purposed to visit his whole province with his full metropolitan and legantine powers, As he drew nigh to the metropolis, men, women, and children flocked to meet him. London was no mean city, and it was his birth-place. Many there were attached to him personally; many to the cause of the Church which he had so manfully defended. Others again, if they thought him wrong-headed, were convinced the heart was sound. Whether from this cause or that, the joy was general, and he was conducted to his lodgings in Southwark with the loudest acclamations of joy undeniable and not to be disguised.

"You would have thought the very windows spake,  
 So many greedy looks of young and old  
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
 With painted imagery had said at once,—  
 Jesu preserve thee! welcome!"

Here, within two days, he had the mortification to receive a message from the young king at Woodstock, forbidding him to proceed further or to enter any of the king's cities or castles. He was furthermore commanded to return to Canterbury, and to confine himself within the precincts of his cathedral. At first he hesitated, thinking it was his duty to visit his province; but as the festival of Christmas was approaching, and as he intended in person to officiate at that glad time, he returned with an escort to protect him from violence. But if, whilst in London, he was visited by the higher clergy and citizens of repute, it is clear from the historians of the time that men of rank—the barons and the nobles—kept aloof. They feared for their unjust possessions, and had no wish to disgorge the patrimony of the Church. It is likewise recorded that prosecutions were commenced against the primate's friends, but, from whatever cause, they were dropped. Meanwhile, at Canterbury, fresh insults were offered to his person, and the attempt was made to weary out his patience. Reports also of fresh and continued depredations of his estates were brought in. But "truth hath a quiet breast," and his courage never forsook him, however much others took alarm. At the same time he was aware of his danger. He wrote to the Pope, desiring his prayers, for that the sword of death was hanging over his head. The clergy he told that disaster was at hand, and that the quarrel would end in blood. And it was under this persuasion that at the end of his sermon on Christmas-day, he told the congregation *that his dissolution was near, and that he should quickly depart from them.* Thus far his address was such as became the Christian prelate, calm, dignified, devout. It spoke to the hearts of the assembled multitude, and tears testified their sorrow. It was then that the spirit of the old man, the lore of the Decretal, the fierce determination of the hierarchy fell upon him afresh; and all at once, changing his looks, he inveighed against the vices of the age, and thundered out anathemas against the chief of Henry's court. The candles were then lighted, and as they were dashed out, he excommunicated by name Ranulph de Broc, and Robert, his brother. The both, no doubt, were desperate marauders, and the vamped-up story that the latter had only cut off the tail of one of his sumpter's horses the day before, shows pretty clearly that there was something worse behind.

Meanwhile the Archbishop of York, together with the Bishops of London and Salisbury, had passed over into Normandy, and reported matters to the king. They told him, in no measured terms, what Becket had done, and they implored him of his justice and clemency, to come to the help of themselves, the clergy, and his kingdom. They added that all who had assisted at his son's coronation were excommunicated. Upon this the king burst out



into one of his fierce passions, exclaiming, "*Then, by God's eyes, he himself should not be excepted!*" The prelates would have allayed the storm they had raised, but Henry was not to be pacified. His rage but waxed the hotter, and he declared "that a fellow whom he had lifted up from the dust, trampled upon the whole kingdom, dishonoured the whole royal family, had driven him and his children from the throne, and triumphed thus unresisted; and that *he was very unfortunate to have maintained so many cowardly and ungrateful men in his court, none of whom would revenge him of the injuries he sustained from one turbulent priest!*" As was usual with him Henry vented his wrath in words. But there were those about him who were too ready, for their own interest, to interpret what he said literally, much as they must have been used to the humours of their sovereign. Such were four gentlemen of the bedchamber, Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracey, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Breto, knights and barons of the kingdom. These determined either to force the archbishop to submission, or, if matters came to the worst, to put him to death. Lest their departure should create suspicion they quitted the court at different hours and by separate routes; "but being conducted by the devil, as some monkish historians tell us, they all arrived at the castle of Ranulph de Broc, about six miles from Canterbury, on the same day, December 28th, and almost at the same hour<sup>5</sup>."

And here they made their arrangements with Ranulph de Broc, the more ready to join hands in their wicked counsels for that he held a considerable portion of the sequestered lands. He had under his command a band of soldiers used for guarding the coast. Of these they determined to take with them to Canterbury sufficient to withstand a rescue, either by the hands of the citizens or the primate's friends. On the morning of the 29th<sup>6</sup> of December, 1170, they entered the city in small bodies, so as not to make alarm or suspicion. They were received, it is said, by Clarombaldus, the then Abbot of St. Augustine's, into his monastery, a person of depraved character, and who had been forced on the monks by Henry.

Meanwhile, it was about eleven o'clock<sup>7</sup>, the primate had dined and was conversing with his monks. A message was then sent

<sup>5</sup> Henry. Vol. iii. p. 276.

<sup>6</sup> In Weever's Funeral Monuments it is "upon Tuesday the 28th of December." The authority quoted is Matthew Paris. See Weever, p. 202. Ed. 1631.

<sup>7</sup> To readers used to the writings of earlier days such an hour is unattended with difficulty. Even so late as Shakespeare it was usual.

"Escalus. What's o'clock, think you?

Justice. Eleven, Sir.

Escalus. I pray you home to dinner with me."

Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. i.

Aubrey says, in his life of T. Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury: "His

to him, stating that certain were present to speak with him on the part of the king. They were admitted, but it was observed that they did not return the archbishop's salutation. After a long silence, which boded no good, Reginald Fitzurse said, "We bring you orders from the king. Will you hear them in public or in private?" "As you like best," replied Becket. Fitzurse requested him to dismiss his company, which he did at once. He had not spoken much before his rough manner induced Becket to recall the monks, stating that whatever they had to say to him, might be repeated in their presence. They commanded him to "release the bishops from their sentence, in the king's name." He said, "it was not in his power to absolve them. What the Pope had done, he alone must undo." "But," said they, "you procured the sentence." To which he boldly replied, "*If the Pope had been pleased to revenge the injury done to the Church, he confessed, it did not displease him!*" They then declared that it was in his "heart to tear the crown from the young king's head." "Far, far, from that!" replied the primate, "nay, *saving the honour of God and his own soul*, I have earnestly desired to place more crowns upon his head, instead of taking one off, and I have loved him more tenderly than any other man could, except his royal father!" Becket then made further mention of the injuries he had suffered, both personally and in his see, and openly told Fitzurse, "you and more than two hundred knights were present, when the king told me I might compel those to make satisfaction, by ecclesiastical censures, who had disturbed the peace of the Church; nor can I any longer dissemble the proper discharge of my pastoral duties." They all declared that "they had heard nothing of the sort," and that the primate "was using threats." They found, however, that this ground was unsafe, and they then declared it was the king's command that "he and all that belonged to him should depart out of the kingdom." His answer was, that "to have issued such a command were little to the king's honour, and that *he would never again put the sea between him and his Church.*" He said besides that he would maintain the rights of the Church of Christ, and the laws of the Roman See. On this they drew nearer, and said: "We give you notice that you have spoken to the peril of your head." Possibly Becket then thought that his time was come, for he dauntlessly declared, "Are you come to kill me? I have committed my cause to the Supreme Judge of all, and am therefore unmoved at your threats. Nor are

dinner was provided for him exactly by *Eleaven*, for he could not now stay till his lord's hour,—sc. about two." Letters from the Bodleian, vol. ii. p. 622. See also Note to Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 228, Ed. 1852, from Harrison's description of England, prefixed to Holingshed's Chronicle, p. 171.

your swords more ready to strike, than my mind is to suffer martyrdom." They then bid the ecclesiastics secure the archbishop, adding, that if he escaped, they should answer for it. The knights of his household they forced away with them. There was little conciliation in the primate's speech, but he spoke like a man who feared God, and knew his duty. And it was with a full sense of it that he declared to John of Salisbury, his friend, who told him that his words were too sharp, "There is no want of more counsel. What I ought to do I well know." "They are donning their armour," said one. "What matters it," replied the primate, "let them arm." On this the servants barred the Abbeygate, and the monks, fearing the result, drew him away by a private entry through the cloisters, into the cathedral, where the evensong was begun.

The four now came, with their attendants, before the abbeygate, and would have broken it open with their battle-axes, but Ranulph de Broc, who well knew the house, showed them a way of entrance through a window. As they did not find Becket there, they followed him on to the cathedral. The monks were aware of their coming, and hastened to lock the door; but the archbishop forbade them, saying: "*You ought not to make a castle of the Church. It will protect us sufficiently without being shut: nor did I come hither to resist, but to suffer.*" Himself, at the same time opened the door, called in those monks that were without, and went up to the high altar. The assassins then rushed in, crying aloud, "Where is Thomas à Becket? Where is the traitor, Becket?" On receiving no answer, they cried out again, "Where is the archbishop?" Then, descending the altar step, he confronted Reginald Fitzurse, and said, "Here I am, no traitor, but a priest. What would you have with me? I am ready to suffer in the name of Him who redeemed me with His blood. God forbid that I should fly, for fear of your swords, or recede from justice." Once more they commanded him to take off the ecclesiastical censures. "No satisfaction has been made," said the primate, "and I will not absolve them." Turning once again to Fitzurse, he said, "Reginald! I have done you many kindnesses, and come you to me thus armed?" Upon which he seized the primate's robes, as though with the intent to drag him down from the altar, and then said, "Fly!" "Never!" replied the primate, and withdrew his robes. He added, "I am ready to die that the Church may obtain liberty, and peace in my blood. But in the name of God I forbid you to hurt any of my people!"

They now rushed upon him, and, upon this occasion, William de Tracey caught hold of his robe with the intent, as they afterwards said, to carry him in bonds to the king, or, in case of resist-

ance, to kill him in a less sacred place. But the archbishop was yet a strong man, and he shook the miscreant so roughly as to throw him almost to the ground. Reginald Fitzurse then closed with him, and him too he thrust off, opprobriously designating him bawd<sup>8</sup>. Enraged at this, he lifted up his sword, intending no second stroke, but Edmund<sup>9</sup> Grime, a clerk,—whose name deserves to be recorded as faithful and true,—interposed his arm, which was almost cut off, and Becket was only wounded. With hands crossed he then fell on his knees, and these were the last words of Becket, “I recommend my soul, and the cause of the Church to God, to the Blessed Virgin, to the holy patrons of this place, to the martyrs St. Dionysius, and St. Elphege of Canterbury.” Another blow brought him to the ground, on his face before the altar. This was from the hand of Fitzurse, at the shrine of St. Benedict. Another and another succeeded, and Richard Breto, that he might have his share in this dreadful deed of blood, cleft the skull in twain, and broke his sword on the pavement. And to this, that no sort of inhumanity or ingratitude might be wanting to mark the act with atrocity unheard of, and with a brutality unparalleled, Hugh of Horsea, the sub-deacon, drew out the primate’s brains, and scattered them on the ground, thus consigning his name to everlasting infamy.

The messengers of Henry—three barons whom he had sent to arrest the primate—arrived too late. The deed was done, and the archbishop’s blood cried from the ground!

“It was not,” says Inett, in his *Origines Anglicanæ*, “so much the faults of particular men, as a general licentiousness of the Clergy, together with their contempt of civil authority, founded on a pretence that they were not accountable to the secular power, which gave beginning to, and which was the true basis and foundation of, this unhappy controversy.” And, doubtless, there is much truth in these remarks.

But, to inveigh against the Clergy has at all times been an acceptable office, and probably, bad as they may have been,—“borrel men” oftentimes, as that ancient poet styled them in his *Pastime of Pleasure*,—they did not receive more justice in HENRY II.’s time than now. If at any time moral discipline was at a low ebb with those in Holy Orders, fierce brutality was rampant amongst

<sup>8</sup> Burnet’s *Hist. of Reformation*, vol. iii. p. 265: “He called one of them bawd, and pulled Tracy by the bosom almost down to the pavement of the church.”

<sup>9</sup> Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, says that Edmund, not Edward, is the Christian name of this faithful monk, though he says that the old MSS. of *Clairmarais* has the following title, “*Magistri Edvardi Vita vel Passio S. Thomæ Cant. Archiep.*” He continued to live at Canterbury after the archbishop’s death and left behind him the life alluded to. It is also stated by Butler that he had long been Becket’s crossbearer.

the Laity. None can read the history of those days without being forcibly struck with the fact, that the law of God, and the laws of man, were sadly set at nought. It redounds much to HENRY'S credit, that throughout his reign he endeavoured to improve what was amiss, and to vindicate the rights of justice.

In truth, HENRY was a great king; and, like his grandfather HENRY I., did all that lay in his power to have justice ministered truly and indifferently. *Humanum est errare*, and it is not necessary here to speak of the errors of either, which were those of the age. It is enough to declare that they were mighty benefactors to the nation, and could the latter have given his attention, whole and undivided, to this realm of England, a stop would earlier have been put to much misrule, and probably matters would not have been as they turned out in the reign of RICHARD I. and JOHN. HENRY, too, was a scholar, though not surnamed Beauclerc. From his reign we may date a very considerable improvement in the literary character of our people. Learning was more valued, and learned men were held in more repute. It is true, letters were chiefly confined to the Clergy, in cowl or coif, but each held out the torch to his fellow, as in that ancient race, and the laymen's hound and hawk was sometimes laid aside for book—whether legend, postil, or breviary—for the minstrel's song, or the chronicler's recitation. Still, the spirit of the age was coarse, and took long to fine down—and it must be confessed that the irregularities of the regulars and the secular clergy—after making every allowance—was great. It was later than this that NIGEL WIREKER, Benedictine Monk, and Preceptor of the Church of Canterbury, wrote his *Speculum Stultorum*—but he must have had cause to say what he did, as had Piers Plowman, and Chaucer, and Skelton afterwards. If they had the license of poets, licentiousness gave them cause!

In the above popular sketch of Becket's life no summary is attempted of his character. The acts were left to bespeak the man, and the reader to form his own judgment. The judgment of the writer is something of this sort.

BECKET'S was a mighty spirit—the master-spirit, certainly, of England at the time,—possibly of the world! He was a person of great natural talents, as well as of great acquirements—differing in this from Wolsey, whose life, by Cavendish, presents many points of similarity. Much of what Thucydides has said of Themistocles is applicable to him. His courage was undaunted, insomuch so, that it is a question whether even in his latter days the hero or the saint predominated! But, withal, it must be confessed that he was at heart, haughty, turbulent, and ambitious—in Foxe's words, “of a lusty and haughty stomach.” This was the enemy of his household, against which he had to wage a con-

tinual war, and oftentimes he had any thing but the victory. At the same time, as is well remarked, "if he was without amiable virtues, he was also without mean vices." There was, in fact, an openness of character about him when chancellor, which recommended him, not only to his sovereign, but to all around him. He was also free from vice and licentiousness, when the conduct of those in his rank and station was profligate and dissolute, coarse, and profane. No wonder, therefore, that his society was courted, and that the very barons, who envied him, were anxious that their sons should be members of his household, whether in peace or war, so as to be softened by his courtesy—for courteous he could be—as well as invigorated by having before them his personal prowess, and the example of his moral courage. They had common sense to see the force of example, and they were aware that BECKET'S carriage was such as to command esteem, as well as to furnish excellence. The truth is, that Becket was more severe and strict as chancellor, than he was as archbishop—though the term strictness, when applied to his age, is to be understood with considerable allowances, as may be seen very clearly by extant correspondence.

From whence, then, it will probably be asked, do we date a change (if we may so express ourselves as regards one who can in nowise be called a bad man) for the worse? We have no scruple ourselves in asserting that this change took place after his studies at Bologna. His ambition, which was latently great before, now burnt within him like a pent-up fire. Full of matter, his spirit within him constrained him. He was ready to burst like new bottles that had no vent. He had well weighed the mightiness of the hierarchy. He beheld in it a stupendous power, to which before he was a stranger. It was a moral engine to upheave the world withal,—Christendom at least. The power of kings, of kaisars, and of emperors was puny when compared with it. It could bind them in chains, and their nobles in links of iron. So that the difficulty was now to repress this predominant feeling. Doubtless, BECKET looked to the primacy, and till it fell into his hands, he had to act the diplomatist. And who so able?—Who so well practised as a negotiator?—His success at Rome was the first cause of his advancement. Why should it not be turned yet again to account!—He determined that it should, and to overcome the misgivings that he had as to overreaching his sovereign lord and friend, he schooled himself in the Decretals, and became a proficient such as few Jesuits even in after days could compete with. But prelate and Jesuit might both have profited by the heathen's line;

"Βούλου κρατεῖν μὲν, ξὺν Θεῷ δ' ἅει κρατεῖν."—Soph. Aj.

And it is hereupon asked with wonderment,—How was he then sincere?—If vain, ambitious, implacable, obstinate, and self-willed, how is his character at all to be defended?—We must look to the age, but first and foremost to the school in which, by a strange sort of alchemy, these various propensities are turned into virtues. They all became merged into the unflinching champion of the hierarchy. Rome beheld in him the most useful instrument the age had produced—an *ἐμψυχον ὄργανον*. But, as such, she was afraid of his power in the hands of HENRY, and so adopted him, with all his infirmities, as her own child. It is true, we cannot, or can hardly, understand this,

*Cum ventum ad verum est, sensus moresque repugnant.*

But so it is; even though Rome's Popes sometimes used him scurvily, and played fast and loose with the most untractable of men, when it served their purpose, in his distress. But the most wonderful point is still behind.

BECKET (alas! for the weakness of human nature,) was self-deceived! He was brought by degrees to look upon himself as the champion of the Cross! HE CONFOUNDED THE UNHEARD OF PRIVILEGES OF THE CHURCH WITH RELIGION! It was a consequence natural enough, that when matters had once advanced thus far, the king and the primate should be rivals, according to that proverb of the ancients, *Unum arbustum non alit duos erithacos!*

Then again, such was the robbery and spoliation that the Church had undergone at the hands of the State; such was the miserable condition of the Church's patrimony at this time in England, that the heart of BECKET,—his heart of hearts, and the better part of him,—could not brook the contumely. Bishoprics were not filled up; abbeys were in a like sort; and the chances were, that in a few years no endowments would be left. How should BECKET, of all men living, stomach this? Moreover, schooled as he was, and notwithstanding the vacillating conduct of Rome towards him, when it served a purpose, to him the authority of the Pope was paramount, and it would be a kind of moral sacrilege to give up the Clergy to lay tribunals. Was the civil sword more to be heeded than that of St. Peter? Condemnation by common law more than censures ecclesiastical?

Acute, strong-minded, and energetic as the primate was, he did not detect the fallacy under which he had laboured. The result of this self-delusion was, that he lost sight of his besetting sins—vanity and personal ambition, however well masked. In the place of these he saw in himself an honest and thorough determination to defend the cause of right, and a firm resolution to support the pedestal of the Cross, as though *that* foundation were not better laid!

Obstinacy became self-devotion ; prejudice and bigotry sound zeal for the glory of God, and an intrepid perseverance in the blood of holy martyrs ! *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiæ* was to him for hatchment and for posy ! Attachment to the hierarchy blotted out all earthly affections, so that ingratitude to a sovereign seemed no sin ; and the ties of friendship were snapped asunder like tow, or counted as an amiable weakness ! BECKET, in a word, was self-deceived, and “ the cause,” says one, “ which to us wears few marks of Christian truth, to him was sacred, and he defended it sincerely.” (*Berington*, p. 240.)

After all, he was neither such a sinner as some, nor such a saint as others represent him to have been. The best of men are but men at best, and he, like the rest of us, was hedged in by infirmities. He had a great part to play, and great abuses to stem. He was tried by prosperity and adversity. It may be, he was weighed and found wanting ; dust nevertheless he was, and mercifully as such to be dealt with by brethren in after ages, who haply err no less than he did in their every-day trials, and every-day temptations ! How should the consideration of his life imprint upon the ambitious Churchman the prophet’s words, “ *And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not !*” (Jer. xlv. 5.) and much more those words of our Blessed Lord, so little exemplified in his restless, turbulent, and care-galled life. “ BLESSED ARE THE MEEK ! ” “ BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS ! ” Great was the name the archbishop left behind him, but many nameless ones have done great acts, and a better record is kept in heaven than in the martyrologies of earth ! At the same time, as that great and good Christian philosopher said on his *Christian Morals*. “ Culpable beginnings have found commendable conclusions, and infamous courses pious retractations. Detestable sinners have proved exemplary converts on earth, and may be glorious in the apartment of Mary Magdalen in heaven. Men are not the same through all the divisions of their ages ; time, experience, self-reflections, and God’s mercies, make in some well-tempered minds a kind of translation before death, and men differ from themselves as well as from other persons.” CHARITY IN THE LONG RUN JUDGES BEST. And thus, alive to the worst of BECKET’S faults, we are not sorry to quote the words of a great divine, (THOMAS JACKSON,) and to conclude, “ To sit as coroners upon the souls of men deceased, is a thing which I have ever disliked, though sometimes practised by men, otherwise of deserved esteem. And whosoever in this case will take upon him to sit as judge, my request shall be not to serve upon the jury.”



ART. III.—*The History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire.* By the Rev. J. S. M. ANDERSON, M.A., &c. Vols. I. and II. London: Rivingtons.

WE have been so long accustomed to hear little or nothing of the Church in the Colonies, that we cannot but feel highly indebted to the several authors who have spent their time and talents in procuring information for us on this most interesting, but hitherto much neglected subject—there can be no doubt that in every case the information has been thankfully received, and that in the end a mighty benefit will be wrought, not only to the Church in the Colonies, but also to the Church at large.

The history of the Church in whatever branch, cannot but be highly interesting to the thoughtful and sincere Christian; but Churchmen, imbibing too readily the spirit of the times in which they live, have been so much in the habit of thinking only of self and the scenes immediately around them, that they have forgotten in a great measure that there are others in addition to the heathen, who by being subjects of the same crown, and of the household of faith, have a great claim upon their Christian sympathies. But the days of neglect and careless indifference seem to be gradually passing away, and the Church, as it were, to be recovering from her diseased slumbers, and though slowly, yet really to be gaining health and energy. The Spirit of God, in the fulfilment of our Lord's words, is working in the Church, by His holy influence leading many pious and learned men to raise their voices to warn England of her faults, and to remind her of her duty. Scarcely a month or a week passes over without some commissioned voice or other preaching (most effectively perhaps) through the press, the responsibilities which lie upon us, both as a nation and as individuals, to extend the Church of God, and to provide sustenance for the souls of those who have gone out from us, to settle amidst foreign climes and foreign people, and who will prove either a blessing or a curse to those countries to which they migrate. And what is, as we said before, the most cheering, is, that men not only listen to these words, but rejoice to hear them, and their hearts are influenced by them; the mind of the Church is at work—she is conscience-stricken at the thoughts of past neglect, and aware of her responsibility—and we doubt not but that as men's understandings become more and more enlightened on the subject of the Colonial Church, their hearts will warm

towards their brethren, and their feelings of charity be brought into action. And we may safely assert that the work of the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, will contribute in no small degree to awaken the sympathies of persons hitherto not dead to charitable calls, but only rendered inactive from mere ignorance of the need there was of action.

The object of this work is, (as the author himself tells us,) "to trace the history of the Church of England in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire, from the earliest period at which the attempt was made to acquire any of them, to the present day." The first volume brings the inquiry to the beginning of the reign of Charles I., owing to much preliminary matter which required to be noticed.

The second volume comprises the whole of that sequel of the history which occurs between the commencement of Charles the First's reign, and the end of the reign of William III. : and the "third and concluding volume will bring the course of the narrative to the present day."

The first volume opens with the first voyage of discovery made by the English, under John Cabot and his sons, to whom letters patent were granted by Henry VII. for that purpose, A.D. 1496. These were the first direct steps taken by England towards the acquisition of these colonial territories which now form so vast a portion of her empire in the world. Whatever expeditions had taken place before, were confined either to the shores of Great Britain, or those of the nearest continent, and "were not actuated by such causes, nor directed to such ends, as those avowedly put forth in the commissions granted by Henry VII. for the discovery and investing of unknown lands." But although Newfoundland and part of the American continent were then discovered, it does not appear that any permanent result followed.

It would seem that Henry VIII. did not make many attempts to acquire foreign possessions, for his attention was sufficiently occupied, not only with his contests abroad with France and Spain, but also with the Reformation of the Church at home. However, Mr. Robert Thorne, an English merchant residing at Seville, did all he could to urge Henry to prosecute the work of discovery, but without effect, so that it was left almost entirely to his subjects to venture upon commercial enterprises, to whom he gave every encouragement and protection, and from various sources we may conclude that there were frequent and intimate communications between the merchants of England and those of the continent of Europe.

"It is important" (says our author) "to observe, that the protection

afforded by Henry to those of his subjects whose pursuits led them beyond the coasts of England, was not confined to their temporal interests."

Calais was at the time of the Reformation the sole foreign possession of the English crown, and to the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants of that city, Archbishop Cranmer strove successfully to direct the thoughts and aid of his sovereign; and we should not overlook these instances of "the anxiety and care with which the spiritual interests of the one foreign city possessed at that time by England, were regarded by the spiritual and temporal rulers of her Church."

In the reign of Edward VI. there were renewed attempts made to extend the intercourse with foreign countries, and "though the plan then acted upon failed to accomplish its ulterior and avowed object, and the leader of the expedition and most of his followers perished;" yet the character of enterprises such as these is not always to be determined by their results; and

"the issue, however disastrous, of any scheme of man's device, should not make us forgetful of the principles from which it derived its origin, or of the agents, by whom its course of operation was directed." "And certainly," says our author, "when we call to mind the state of the Church and nation during that period, and remember that the struggles experienced in effecting the various acts of the Reformation, which the preceding reign had witnessed, were followed by a large share of those blessings, which have survived the many trials which have since assailed them, and are the inheritance of our Church at this day, it is matter of no ordinary moment to observe in what manner they, who first shared the blessings, were mindful of the responsibilities which accompanied them."—p. 24.

"Let us turn, then, to contemplate the manner in which these spiritual and temporal rulers of our Church who were first called to this state, sought to hold intercourse with foreign lands; and we shall find in the plans which they devised for the accomplishment of that object, evidence which proves them to have been mindful of the high trust committed to their hands as stewards of Almighty God. There was not, as we have seen, in the reign of the seventh Henry, the putting forth the strong arm of avarice to grasp territories not their own; nor, as in the case of Portugal and Spain, the sheltering such unjust annexations of distant provinces under the impious decrees of Romish pontiffs. Not by such impulses, nor such pleas, were Edward and his counsellors directed, when they looked abroad towards distant and unknown countries. It was the peaceful and beneficial interchange of the commodities of those countries with their own, which they were anxious to secure; and that, too, by the exercise of just and honourable means." . . . "Distinct testimony to this fact is furnished in the letters missive, which, in the seventh and last year of his reign, he caused to be

written in Greek and other languages, as well as in English, and addressed to the potentates of the north-east of Europe." . . .

"The instructions also which Sebastian Cabot drew up for the guidance and management of the fleet appointed to carry these letters missive of the king to the unexplored regions of the North and East, supply fresh and memorable evidence of the faithful spirit with which this expedition was designed." . . . "After setting forth, in that code, divers rules for the navigation and internal management of the ship, rules, which . . . are marked throughout, with consummate prudence, shrewdness, and sagacity, he enjoined the two following, which are quoted, for the purpose of showing the spirit with which they who stood in the high places of the earth, in that day, were actuated, and the pains which they took to provide for all who went abroad to foreign lands, the same privileges and means of spiritual help which were enjoyed and exercised by themselves at home.

"12. Item, that no blasphemy of God, or detestable swearing be used in any ship, nor communication of ribaldrie, filthy tales or ungodly talk, to be suffered in the company of any ship; neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other devilish games to be frequented, whereby ensueth not only poverty to the players, but also strife, variance, brawling, fighting, and oftentimes murther, to the utter destruction of the parties, and provoking of God's most just wrath, and sworde of vengeance. These and all such like pestilences, and contagion of vices, and sinnes to be eschewed, and the offenders once monished, and not reforming, to be punished at the discretion of the captaine and master as apertaineth.

"13. Item, that the morning and evening prayer, with other common services, appointed by the king's majesty, and lawes of this realme, to be read and saide in every ship daily by the minister, in the admiral and the merchant, or some other person learned in other ships, and the Bible or paraphrays to be read devoutly and Christianly to God's honour, and for His grace to be obtained, and had by humble and heartie praier of the navigants accordingly.'

"The men, to whom such instructions and aids were given, . . . assuredly could not say that no man cared for their souls. The word of God was with them; the ordinances and ministrations of His Church waited upon them. And it were well, if the expeditions, which left the shores of England, in after ages, had always carried with them similar tokens of pious and affectionate remembrance on the part of those who remained and bore rule at home. . . . Let the history, which is to pass in review before us, reveal them," (the sad records of unfaithfulness and neglect,) "and let us, ere it be too late, see that we take warning from it."—p. 35.

Mary's reign does not appear to have been favourable to colonization, the causes of which arose chiefly from the mind of Mary being set upon scenes of a far different character; yet attempts

were made by some of her subjects to extend their commerce, yet without success. It is interesting to know that—

“factories of English merchants were established in course of time at Moscow, and at Archangel; and that these were amongst the foremost places, which the Church afterwards recognized as the field of her ministrations. Many years of course elapsed before this intercourse, commenced with the north of Europe, assumed a definite and important character.” . . . . “Nevertheless, before the close of that century, negotiations were successfully made for securing to the members of our Church in Russia the free enjoyment of her worship; and assistance towards carrying on the same was extended from their brethren at home.”

We come now to the reign of Elizabeth, which was favourable to the renewal of commercial enterprise; and the attempts that were made by Anthonie Jenkinson, 1558, to extend British commerce through Russia into Bactria and Persia, together with other efforts, partially succeed. The chief thing which we may here notice amongst the instructions given to the several commanders, in the attention paid to the ordinances of the Church of God:—

“We may notice” (says our author) “the provision made for the observance of Divine worship on board their vessels, as a token of the faithfulness of those who drew them up. The provision is the more remarkable, since the mention of it occurs incidentally, amid a mass of other directions, as if it were a duty generally recognized and obeyed, and not then for any special purpose introduced.”

The author next speaks of the intercourse of the English with Iceland and Greenland, and the visiting of the West Indies, and parts of South America, and Mexico by Drake, who was the first English commander who sailed round the world, as also the discoveries of Cavendish, who followed him.

The natural consequence of this intercourse with other countries was the wish to make settlements in them; and thus, in the twentieth year of Elizabeth,—

“letters-patent were granted by her to Sir Humphrey Gilbert of Compton, in Devonshire, and half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, for the inhabiting and planting of our people in America.”

It is to be observed that, in the terms of this charter, recognition was made of the faith professed in the Church of England; all which showed the interest felt in behalf of those who were about to leave her fostering care at home,—

“that they should be preserved and strengthened by her bonds of holy

fellowship abroad, and remember, amid all the dangers and hardships of their new estate, the ground of their common salvation :—there assuredly are witnesses to tell us, that in the first attempt to plant in foreign climes a settlement of British subjects, we have the recognition, broadly and distinctly made, of their own inheritance in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and of the obligations consequent upon it.”—pp. 66, 67.

There are further evidences of the same right principles, in the narrative of the expedition given by Edward Haise, a commander of one of the vessels, and also in the report of Sir George Peckham, one of its chief promoters.

Speaking of the importance of Haise's remarks on the proper objects of foreign discovery, and the spirit in which it ought to be conducted, our author says (p. 74), “it is clear that he who recorded them, knew well the proper objects which ought to be kept in view in all such undertakings, and the spirit in which they ought to be conducted.” Speaking of the extent of discoveries in the western hemisphere, which had been made up to that time by the voyagers of other nations, as well as of England, and of the period which had elapsed since the commencement of them, he confesses that, in both these respects, a glorious opportunity had been given to sow the seed of eternal life in those lands of heathenism, from which a full and precious harvest might already have been gathered in. He makes also the distinct acknowledgment, that “this must be the chief intent of such as shall make any attempt that way, or else, whatsoever is builded upon other foundation shall never obtain happy success nor continuance.” He, i. e. Haise, appeals to his countrymen to examine the motives which induced them to such exertions, which, he declares, ought to be a desire to promote God's honour, to release the heathen from their ignorance, and to assist the industrious, and relieve the distressed among our own countrymen at home. In fact, there can be no doubt but that the main object which this “chief adventurer” in the first effort to plant a British settlement abroad desired to promote, was the extension of Christian truth by the extension of the Christian name.

In the fifth chapter of his book, the author comes to speak of the attempts to colonize Virginia made during Elizabeth's reign. The first discovery of that part of America was made by Philip Amadus and Arthur Barlowe, who were sent forth with two barques, at the charge and by the direction of Raleigh. In 1584 Raleigh's patent for discovering foreign countries was confirmed by act of parliament, and he made fresh efforts to act upon this authority. Seven vessels were sent out, under the command of Sir Richard Greville, to cruize amongst the West India islands,

and to plant a colony in that part of the American continent which Raleigh claimed as his own; and having left a company of about one hundred men, under the charge of Master Ralph Lane, on the island of Roanoke, they set sail for England.

The fortunes of this colony were most disastrous, and within eight months they were brought to a state of imminent peril, and they were only saved from destruction by the arrival of Sir F. Drake, who took them on board his ship, and brought them to Portsmouth. Almost immediately on their departure, Greville arrived with fresh supplies of men and ships, but not hearing any thing of them, he left fifteen men behind, who soon perished.

Nor should we overlook the evidences of right feeling and conduct in some of the chief parties engaged in these transactions (for to this would we turn the attention of our readers), one of which is the conscious feeling that much of their misery arose from the unjust treatment of the natives by some of the colonists. The native inhabitants were led to doubt their own religion, and to admire the simple beauty of Christianity. Harriot seems to have been very earnest in his zeal for their spiritual welfare, reading and explaining the holy Scriptures to them, whilst they on their part showed a great desire to learn them, as also to be present at the public worship of the English, and to be prayed for by them in sickness. The first native of Virginia was baptized August 13, 1587, having become known and endeared to the English by his many services rendered in the planting of the former colony. The length of time that Mantid (for this was his name) had been associated with the English, as well in England as in the colony, would lead us to assume that he was a worthy convert to the Christian faith. The colony, however, was lost owing to the alarm caused in England by the Armada, which interrupted every thing, and even White, who sailed for the last time to America, 1590, returned without having effected any satisfactory settlement in the country.

We cannot but be struck with admiration of the zeal and enthusiasm of Sir Walter Raleigh in organizing and sending out these expeditions; and amongst the strongest proofs of this most excellent man's sincerity and high feeling in his undertaking is shown when, on making over his patent to Sir T. Smith and others, he presented the company with 100%. "for the propagation of the Christian religion in Virginia."

"It is interesting," says our author, "to observe this fact, because, as far as I can learn, it was the first offering avowedly made by any Englishman for such a purpose; and may be regarded as a token of the reverence of him who made it for that Truth which shall survive all the changing counsels of a changing

world, and of the desire he felt to advance its progress amid the excitements and reverses of his own perilous career."

All his sanguine hopes and wishes for the welfare of the colony of Virginia never appear to have been realized, for at the end of Elizabeth's reign no trace of any English settlement was to be found there.

With regard to the discoveries made by England during the reign of Elizabeth, our author writes, p. 122:—

"It will be seen, from the review which we have taken in this and the former chapters, that a distinct and experimental knowledge had been acquired by the English of the most distant and opposite quarters of the globe, during the long reign of Elizabeth. No permanent settlements, it is true, were effected any where throughout this period; and we have already called the reader's attention to the fact, that, whilst some of the richest provinces in the East and in the West were tributary to Portugal and Spain, the territories of England were still confined to her own sea-girt shore. Yet were the foundations of her future greatness laid in the very efforts which had appeared so fruitless. Her flag had entered the icy straits of Greenland and Labrador, and passed the northern extremities of Norway, Russia, and Lapland; had been set up in token of sovereignty in the chief haven of Newfoundland; had waved once and again upon the shores of Virginia; had mingled in the shock of battle amid the islands of the West Indies, and the coasts of Brazil, Guiana, and Peru; and, as it floated through the straits of Magellan, across the Pacific and Indian oceans, had been welcomed by native chieftains of islands within the tropics. It had been unfurled also, for a brief season, upon the waters of the Caspian Sea, by those whose adventurous footsteps led them, in that direction, from Russia; and had been carried, along the banks of the Oxus, into the Persian territory. It had visited the ports and marts of the Adriatic, the Archipelago, the Levant, and the southern coasts of the Mediterranean Sea; had long been known to the traffickers of the Canary isles, and those who dwelt upon the shores of Guiana and Benin; and at length, pushing its way to the islands and continents of the East, had passed the southern cape of Africa."

..... "The motives which prompted such great exertions on the part of our countrymen, it must be confessed, were, for the most part, those of pride, and avarice, and ambition. In making this acknowledgment, we are not unmindful of the fact, that there were many, bearing a prominent part in some of these expeditions, who faithfully recognized the great and sacred obligations which are imposed upon every Christian nation by the extension of her temporal power: and who manifested also a desire to discharge those obligations to the uttermost. Neither have we forgotten, that in some of the earliest documents which exist—containing either instructions for the management of such expeditions, or conferring privileges upon those who were entrusted with the command of them—an express and formal avowal



of the same holy principles appears."—p. 124. . . . "Nevertheless after making, freely and gratefully, every admission which the authority of such evidence demands, it is impossible to look abroad upon the lands and seas traversed by our countrymen in that day, and observe the labours, the conflicts, the perils which they encountered, and not feel that it was the thirst of gold, the lust of power, the jealousy of rival thrones, which urged them forward to the struggle; and that violence and fraud were the means which they employed to gain for themselves the victory." . . . "It was manifestly, therefore, the duty of that portion of the Church which proclaimed the message of that Gospel, and dispensed its ordinances in our own land, to do what in her lay, at such a moment, to infuse into the heaving mass of selfish and greedy appetites the sanctifying and wholesome leaven entrusted to her hands." . . . "And further still, if any of them were about to leave their fatherland, that they might find, for the benefit of themselves and of their countrymen, a dwelling-place and a home in other quarters of the globe, she ought still to have followed them with the word of God, with her prayers and ordinances; seeking ever to be 'present in spirit' with those who were 'absent in body;' and holding up to the barbarians, in whose land her children thus fixed their habitation, the light which should guide their feet into the way of peace."—p. 126.

It is therefore an interesting question, to say no more, to examine how far "the Church was mindful of this sacred duty, and how far the difficulties she had to encounter acted as hindrances to the proper discharge of her responsibilities."

The author then proceeds to consider the condition of the Church of England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and after speaking of the several events which took place during that period, he sums up his seventh chapter with the review of what he has been saying, (p. 189):—

"It is important to observe, that the Romish Church, although deprived of her mightiest and most glorious arm by the severance of England from her communion . . . . was yet enabled to set up the tokens of her worship in the ampler colonial territories of Spain and Portugal, free from the assaults of any enemies who weakened her strength from within, or clamoured for her destruction from without. And more than this, her system of operation not only remained intact amid those states of Europe, which still acknowledged her authority, and the dominions of which were so extensive; but she had received, by the institution of the order of the Jesuits, an accession of new and wonderful energy, at the very period when her sinful conduct was multiplying the trials of England. . . . . The fact which the reader is now requested to bear in mind is, that whilst no position can be imagined more beset with difficulties than that of England, in the age which witnessed the plantation of her first settlement in America,

the Church of Rome was in full possession of ready and most efficient instruments to propagate her name and worship to the furthest corners of the earth.

"Nor is it only in relation to the Church of Rome that this remark holds good. If a comparison be made of the condition of England with that of the other Protestant countries of Europe, which, during the same period with herself, were seeking to extend their commerce and dominion abroad, it will be found that she had to contend with difficulties, far greater and more numerous than any which attached to them. . . . The course of the history which we have to traverse will show, that in the faithful efforts of the Dutch to make the extension of the Christian faith commensurate with the extension of their maritime and commercial greatness, they were much less obstructed in their career by adverse combinations of external circumstances than were the citizens of our own country.

"The like may be said also of Denmark, another Protestant nation, to whose missionary labours the southern continent of India has been so largely indebted. . . . This much, at least, we may be justified in drawing as a conclusion from these and other records of history noticed in this chapter (vii.), that if England, which now stands foremost among the empires of the earth, reached not that summit but by the pathway of a long and arduous, and oft-repeated discipline, and if the truth of that Gospel, which is her choicest heritage, has thus been permitted to survive the fiercest assaults of her adversaries, then must the testimony of her faithfulness and love be seen in her walking by the guidance of that truth, or the greatness of her dominions shall only speed on her own fall. If she be regardless of her trust, 'the kingdom of God shall be taken from her, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.'"—p. 192.

The attempts towards colonizing North America were renewed, soon after the accession of James I., by many men of influence and station. The first expedition was fitted out from Bristol, 1603, being mainly incited by the representations of Richard Hachluyt, Prebendary of St. Augustine in the Cathedral Church of Bristol. His whole attention seems to have been turned towards promoting the growth of Christianity,—

"The sacred duties to be performed, and the blessings ultimately to be accomplished, by the extension of the British name in foreign lands, were never absent from the mind of this extraordinary man."—p. 197.

Nor was he slow to press them upon the attention of those who possessed and exercised influence in his native country. A remarkable evidence of this appears in two epistles dedicatory which he wrote from Paris, in 1587, to Sir Walter Raleigh.

"In the first of these, he expressly declares that the glory of God is

the great end to which the extension of the borders of a Christian state should be subservient, and that each step in their extension should be regarded as a fresh summons to promote it."

And on this ground he urges Raleigh to persevere in the work which the acquisition of Virginia has placed before him, conceiving "great comfort of the success of this his (your) action." "Of this success, as far as Raleigh was concerned, we have seen that the first efforts to colonize Virginia gave no proof;" Hachluyt, however, having been chosen one of the members of the Virginian Company, watched over the affairs of the colony with faithfulness and zeal unto the day of his death, 1616.

The charter which was granted by James I., as well in the several articles, instructions, and orders which accompanied it, has been justly described as marked by the arbitrary spirit of the age, but still acknowledging the duty of a Christian nation to communicate through her colonies the knowledge of the truth which she enjoys.

"The desire of the colonists to settle in the Western Continent was listened to by the king, and the means of promoting it granted by him, because, as it is expressly set forth in the terms of the patent, 'so noble a worke may by the providence of Almighty God, hereafter tend to the glorie of his Divine Majesty, in propagating of Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God, and may in time bring the infidels and savages (living in those parts) to human civility, and to a settled and quiet government.'

"That this was no mere formal statement, but the expression of a feeling which sincerely influenced the minds of many who were foremost in such enterprises, is evident from the testimonies to that effect which are found in the narratives connected with them. These testimonies are the more valuable because they are obviously undesigned, and arise incidentally out of the relation of events which took place."—p. 205.

It seems, however, that repeated tidings of ill-success reached England from the colony of Virginia, so that a second charter was granted by King James, 1609, containing amongst the list of its members, names of high influence and great worth. And we cannot but think that these excellent men were influenced by the very highest considerations towards the colony, especially when we consider the many wholesome exhortations which were addressed to those who were associated in the Virginia Company. Our author gives quotations from a discourse delivered by Crawshawe, Preacher of the Temple, a few months before the departure of the expedition, in which he sets forth the duty of doing all to advance the spiritual welfare of the colony, and forcibly urges his countrymen to bear a helping hand in so noble

an undertaking. Nor was this the only sermon preached at that time, from which we may judge of the high tone and spirit which then influenced the Church of England. Speaking on the subject of these discourses, our author says (p. 246) :—

“ Looking at the arguments and exhortations addressed by such men, as exponents of the train of thought which then generally prevailed among the members of the Church of England, there seems to be two considerations which are directly suggested by them for our own benefit. The one may teach us to regard, more gratefully than we are in the habit of doing, the counsels and labours of a former generation, and to think less highly of our own. It has certainly become too much the custom among many of us, in the present day, to suppose that no traces whatever of a missionary spirit in our own Church can be found in the age which is now passing under review ; and in the same degree that we suppose this to be the case, we are tempted to put too high an estimate upon that spirit which we see manifested, at the present time, among ourselves. But if, as is evident from the testimonies glanced at in the present chapter (viii.), the spirit of Christian love did truly animate the hearts of many who were engaged in the plantation of the earliest colonies of England ; if the promises of God's mercy, and the warnings of God's justice, were then sounded in the ears of their countrymen who went abroad to plant them ; if they left not their fatherland, save with the prayers and affectionate exhortations of those who remained at home ; and if the spiritual blessings which would have been their portion had they still tarried here, were permitted—not fully indeed, but yet in a large measure—to follow them to other climes ; it is our duty, at least, to acknowledge these things ; and, acknowledging them, to feel that in those days of difficulty and division, God ‘ left not Himself without witness.’

“ The other consideration may teach us this lesson, viz. not to magnify the obstacles which impede our present progress ; and in an invidious comparison of them with those which have been the portion of other ages of the Church, to find a ground for our murmurings, or an excuse for our failures. The distress, for instance, of some of our fellow-citizens, and the oppression or carelessness of others ; the eagerness with which men pursue each scheme of worldly interest which holds out the promise of temporal gain, and their reluctance to make any sacrifices in the prosecution of a work which seeks the salvation of souls ; these are the crying evils which men now find it so hard to remove ; and under the pressure of which they are tempted so frequently to complain. And yet, if the spirit of that complaint should lead any one to ask the oft-repeated question, ‘ What is the cause that the former days were better than these ? ’ he need but refer to the passages which have been just cited, to see, in the description given of the same evils by the writers of those ‘ former days,’ the justice of the reproof wherewith the royal preacher of Israel restrains the working of such a spirit, saying, ‘ Thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.’ ”

In the expedition which set out for Virginia, May 1609, we find that a clergyman was appointed to accompany the settlers, recommended to the council by the then Bishop of London ; and in most, if not in all instances, the clergymen who were united in these labours seem to have fulfilled their duties with zeal, perseverance, and deep piety.

But let us look to the means used to recover the colony from the disastrous effect wrought upon it by the cruelty of Argal's rule, and (p. 314)—

"foremost among their schemes of high and holy enterprise, was the erection of a college in Henrico, for the training and educating the children of the natives in the knowledge of the true God."

King James had already issued a letter to the archbishops,—

"authorising them to invite the members of the Church throughout the kingdom to assist in the prosecution of this and other kindred works of piety." . . . "It is, I believe, the first document of the kind ever issued in this country for the benefit of its foreign possessions. It bears upon its front the most distinct and open avowal of the obligation laid upon a Christian empire, to uphold and spread abroad the Christian name."

It seems that about 1500*l.* had been collected towards the building of the college at Henrico, and more was expected. At the suggestion of Sir Edwin Sandys, 10,000 acres were set aside at Henrico for the college,—

"and an hundred men were sent from England to occupy and cultivate the same, who were to receive one moiety of the produce as the profit of their labour, and to pay the other moiety towards the maintenance of the college."

Reckoning a man's labour at that time at 10*l.* a-year, it was estimated that their land would yield an annual income of 500*l.* The college was intended to be not only a place of education for the Indians, but for the English also ; and early in the year 1620, Mr. George Thorpe, a relation of Sir Thomas Dale, was sent out as its superintendent ; a further portion of land, consisting of 300 acres, was set apart for his sustenance.

Whilst these designs were carried on at the public charge of the Virginia Company, many pious individuals lent their aid to the work. The Bishop of London had collected and paid in 1000*l.* towards Henrico College ; vessels for the celebration of the Eucharist were presented anonymously ; and a similar anonymous offer was made for the use of a church, towards the building of which 200*l.* had been bequeathed in 1618, by a lady named

Mary Robinson. Several other gifts of Bibles and Prayer Books for the colony were made anonymously, and the sum of 500*l.* was forwarded to Sir Edward Sandys,—

“for the purpose of training in the faith a certain number of Indian children, from seven, or under, to twelve years of age; after which they were to be brought up in the knowledge and practice of some trade until they reached the age of twenty-one, when they were to be admitted to an equality of liberty and privileges with the native English of Virginia.”

Fifty pounds were given by direction of the same benefactor,—

“to two religious and worthy persons, who should every quarter examine and certify to the treasurer in England, the due execution of their design, with the names of the children, and of their tutors and overseers.”

Many other assurances of support were also given; amongst which a legacy of 300*l.* was left by Nicholas Farrer, the elder,—

“for the convenience of native Indian children of Virginia, and to be applied by Sir Edward Sandys to that purpose as soon as the children were received into the college.”

Similar exertions were being made also in Virginia for the same purpose. And whilst so much was being done for the education of the native Indian youth, arrangements were being made for the permanent maintenance of the clergy.

“Each borough was constituted a distinct parish; and in each of them, a portion of land, consisting of 100 acres, was set apart for a glebe; which glebes were, in the first instance, to be cultivated by six tenants placed on each of them at the public expense. A further settlement was made for the minister's maintenance of fifteen cwt. of tobacco, and sixteen barrels of corn, to be raised yearly at the rate of ten pounds of tobacco, and a bushel of corn per head, for every man or boy above sixteen years of age. The value of the produce thus contributed was estimated at 200*l.* sterling, and this was fixed as the highest amount of stipend to be received by any minister.”—p. 320.

There were at this time five clergymen in the colony, a number by no means sufficient, so that application was made to the Bishop of London by the Virginia Company, to assist them in providing “pious, learned, and painful ministers.” Bishop King was chosen a member of the council for Virginia, and thus far one channel of direct and authoritative communication between himself and the clergymen whom he nominated was established, but there is nothing which goes at all to show that Virginia was constituted a part of the diocese of London.

But whilst all these pious objects were being carried out, the colony was nearly destroyed by the treacherous conduct of Ofechancanough, king of the natives. His behaviour towards the English seems to have put them so far off their guard, that had it not been for a converted Indian, who told the plot to his master, and thus was the means of saving James Town, the whole colony would have been destroyed. As it was, out of eighty plantations only eight remained. Still, however, the supporters of the colony at home did not despair, and had not discord arisen amongst them, a bright ray might have beamed upon that colony from England. But the noble object they had in view was "completely overthrown by factious and designing members of their own body, who weakened them from within, and by the tyranny of the Crown which assailed them from without."

In 1623, commissioners were appointed under the great seal, to examine into the state of the Virginian colony. The council at home sincerely wished that the closest scrutiny should be made into their affairs, satisfied as they were that they had acted with justice and unfeigned desire to promote the best interests of the colony.

On the arrival of the commissioners from the privy council in the beginning of 1624, documents signed by Sir F. Wyat and others were laid before them, "the laws also by which the house of assembly and council of state were regulated, were freely submitted to their inspection."

"The laws of the house of assembly consisted of thirty-five articles, of which the first seven refer to the Church and ministry.

"It was enacted by them, 'that in every plantation, where the people were wont to meet for the worship of God, there should be a house or room set apart for that purpose, and not converted to any temporal use whatever; and that a place of burial be empaled and sequestered, only for the burial of the dead; that whosoever should absent himself from Divine Service any Sunday, without an allowable excuse, should forfeit a pound of tobacco, and that he who absented himself a month, should forfeit fifty pounds of tobacco; that there should be a uniformity in the Church, as near as might be, both in substance and circumstance, to the canons of the Church of England; and that all persons should yield a ready obedience to them upon pains of censure: that the 22nd of March (the day of the massacre) should be solemnized and kept holy; and that all other holidays should be observed, except when two fall together in the summer season (the time of their working and crops), when the first only was to be observed, by reason of their necessities and employments: that no minister should be absent from his cure more than two months in the whole year, upon penalty of forfeiting half his salary; and whosoever was absent above four months, should forfeit his whole salary and cure:

that whosoever should disparage a minister, without sufficient proof to justify his reports, whereby the minds of the parishioners might be alienated from him, and their ministry prove less effectual, should not only pay 500 lbs. of tobacco, but also should ask the minister forgiveness publicly in the congregation: that no man should dispose of any of his tobacco, before the minister was satisfied, upon forfeiture of double his part towards the salary: and that one man of every plantation should be appointed to collect the minister's salary, out of the first and best tobacco and corn."—p. 355.

It is not known what report the commissioners made on their return home, but (as our author suggests) it was most likely of such a nature as to induce the king to hasten the measures which he had for some time been contemplating. And although the company petitioned the House of Commons, yet before any redress could be obtained, their charter was formally cancelled by judgment given in the Court of King's Bench, 1624. No further attempt was made by those who had done so much for the colony, to regain the rights thus wrested from their hands. "They found it hopeless to resist any longer the combined assaults of fraud, corruption, and violence."

In the eleventh chapter the author shows how the Bermudas were included in the third Virginian Charter, 1611 and 1612, and how the Somers' Island Company was formed. This company was dissolved 1624, by a process even more summary than that which had put an end to the authority of the Virginian Company. "Thus did the same reign witness the first settlement of Virginia and the Bermudas under chartered companies, and their subsequent transfer to the sole jurisdiction of the crown."

The author has introduced some notice of Bacon's views with respect to colonization, which are well worth our serious attention, for they contain much that will go far to show why the colonial Church has made comparatively so little progress. In a letter to Sir George Villiers, Bacon observes, "For the discipline of the Church in those parts, it will be necessary that it agree with that which is settled in England, else it will make a schism or rent in Christ's coat, which must be seamless; and to that purpose, it will be fit that by the king's supreme power in causes ecclesiastical within all his dominions, they be subordinate under some bishop or bishoprick of this realm. . . . He forbids that any extirpation of the natives be made under pretence of planting religion, . . . and makes it a recommendation to establish there the same purity of religion, and the same discipline for Church government, without any mixture of popery or anabaptism, lest they should be drawn into factions and schisms, and that place receive them there bad, and send them back worse;" and as a



further protection against such consequences, he urges that if any transplant themselves into plantations abroad, who are known schismatics, outlaws, or criminal persons, that they be sent back upon the first notice; "such persons are not fit to lay the foundations of a new colony."

In remarking upon these words of Bacon that "the Church in these parts" should "agree with that which is settled in England," and should therefore "be subordinate under some bishop or bishopric of this realm;" the author writes:—

"Whatsoever reasons existed for incorporating the Church with the State at home, or whatsoever the principles upon which these acts" (of supremacy and conformity) "passed in the first year of Elizabeth were established, it is evident that they applied also to those regions which were peopled by children of the parent country. And albeit it is impracticable to make that application—and would be unjust even to attempt it—in the English Colonies of the present day, because in some of them the institutions, different from our own, which we found in existence there, are secured by treaty to the inhabitants: and in others the circumstances which have marked their history from our first possession of them, are such as to forbid the introduction of all those laws by which we ourselves are bound. Yet every one must admit, that if unity in the body be a law of the Church of Christ, it is an unity which ought to pervade every member of the body, however remote from the head, or it is marred and weakened. With equal readiness, too, must it be admitted, even by those who deny to our Church the character which her affectionate and faithful children claim for her, that, if we believe her to be a branch of the 'one Catholic and Apostolic Church,' we are bound to secure her ministrations in all their integrity, to the brethren whom seas and lands now separate from their native land . . ." —p. 394.

"Upon this principle rests the instruction which Bacon has set forth, viz., that 'the discipline of the Church in the Colonies should agree with that which is settled in England;' and should be subordinate under some bishop or bishopric of this realm." "But this proposition being admitted, another, claiming equally our acceptance, immediately follows it, namely, that this 'bishop or bishopric,' to which the discipline of Colonial Churches is required to be subordinate, although necessarily 'of this realm,' should not be *in* it. Its existence, that is, must be derived from the archbishop and bishops of the Church at home, acting under the authority of her supreme temporal ruler, the sovereign; but its functions must be transferred, directly and visibly, to the region whose inhabitants it professes to control; or the subordination insisted upon is little better than a name. It is impossible that the limbs of the body can retain their vital energy,

if severed from the head; or armies be victorious, if the voice of the commander be not heard among them; or the vessel reach the haven, if the hand of the pilot be not ever upon the helm. And equally impossible is it that Episcopacy can be known and felt to be the appointed instrument by which God governs His Church, save by the personal and constant presence of him who is called to the Episcopate. This is evident from the nature of the case."

It was in the year 1610 that a patent was granted to the Earl of Northampton and others, incorporating them under the name of "the treasurer and company of adventurers and planters of the cities of London and Bristol for the colony and plantation in Newfoundland." Supplies seem to have been regularly sent every year to the settlers in Newfoundland from Bristol, until 1614; after which there is no trace of the active operations of the company. But the intercourse with the island must still have been kept up in various ways. An appeal was made by Whitbourne to the people of England in behalf of her earliest colony, "which, although it failed to produce a general and uniform response, was yet favourably received by those who were in authority. A letter was addressed by the Lords of the Privy Council to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, recommending that collections be made in the behalf of the colony of Newfoundland, 'in the several parish churches.'" And speaking on this subject our author brings forward the present claims which Newfoundland has upon England's sympathies. The first is supplied in the fact, that, whilst Virginia, and Maryland, and the other provinces of North America, have all been separated from their mother country, through the unjust and disastrous policy which she afterwards pursued towards them, Newfoundland still remains an integral portion of her empire; "as it was the most ancient, so has it ever since continued to be a most important, foreign possession of England."

In speaking of Newfoundland, our author mentions an evil which, however deplorable, is yet too common in our attempts to colonize any foreign country:—

"What" (he says at p. 411) "has been the fate of the native inhabitants of Newfoundland? There is every reason to believe that they are all exterminated. And upon whom but upon ourselves lies this heavy burden of guilt? It is the hand of the Englishman which has destroyed the poor defenceless savage. Vain has been the hope which the zealous Whitbourne once expressed, that the savages of Trinity Harbour 'might be reduced to the knowledge of the true Trinity:' and that such conversion of them might be 'a most sweet and acceptable sacrifice to God, an everlasting honour to' our sovereign, 'and the

heavenliest blessing to those poor creatures who 'were 'buried in their own superstitions.' Vain also has been the earnest and simple-hearted appeal, which he addressed to his countrymen in that day, that they 'should give furtherance towards a work so pious,' remarking that their ancestors 'were once as blind as these savages,' in the knowledge and worship of their Creator, and as rude and savage in their lives and manners. The descendants of these savages have arisen to inhabit the land of their fathers; and we, the descendants of those merchants and mariners of England to whom such thoughts were once addressed, have swept them from the face of it. What the numbers of the Red Indians once were in Newfoundland, it is impossible now to ascertain. . . . When a further knowledge was acquired of its shores, the natives were found in considerable numbers, and their hunting and fishing stations were unscrupulously seized upon by the invading English. These poor creatures, therefore, being robbed of their chief means of subsistence, were left in many instances to perish by hunger; and the work of destruction was made yet more rapid and complete by a harassing warfare, carried on against them by the English and Micmac Indians, whom they instigated." "Captain Buchan, . . . employed by Sir John Duckworth, the governor of Newfoundland, to open a communication with the aborigines in 1810 and 1811, has stated . . . that not less than four or five hundred of them were in existence at that time." . . . "And yet when he visited every part of the Newfoundland coast in 1826, and the three following years, he could not see or hear that any natives were in existence. The last man and woman, he believes, had been seen in March, 1823, by two of our people . . . and no sooner did the Englishmen discover them, than they made ready their fire arms, and advancing from their wigwam, shot them both. Captain Buchan further states, in his opinion, that no attempt had ever been made before his time, to impart to the natives the benefit of civilization and Christianity; and that the only effect of intercourse with Newfoundland, by men professing civilization and Christianity, had been the cruel and entire extirpation of the whole body of the natives; that, 'in fact, it was considered a meritorious act at one time to kill an Indian.'"

Well may our author cry out (p 414): "How dark and revolting is the picture here placed before us!" But to confess that the treatment has been shameful, and not to strive, as far as in us lies, to mitigate its evil consequences, has been justly described, by one who has written with wisdom and earnestness upon the important subject of Colonization, to be little better than "mere idle philanthropy, or the mere fulfilment of certain ceremonies by which the mind relieves itself of the sense of a debt."

It is gratifying to find that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts gave early attention to the necessities of Newfoundland, for mention was made of the urgency of the

case, in the first report of the Society, and a minister forthwith sent out, with an annual stipend assigned him for three years, an allowance which was afterwards continued for a longer period. Besides this, their assistance was extended to other quarters of the island.

These are evidences which, few and feeble as they are, at least demonstrate the desire of the Church to do what she could, to mitigate the evils which the cupidity of trade and the counsels of State policy had created; and also the desire of some who tarried upon the island to honour the Lord their God.

Nor ought we to overlook the gift of our late sovereign, William the Fourth, to the church at Great Placentia; that town having attracted the notice of the king in early life, when an officer in the navy, he "was not slow in supplying that which he then saw wanting in the administration of the public services of the Church, and the valuable set of vessels for the celebration of the Holy Communion," were the gift of Prince William Henry in 1787.

It was during the reign of the same monarch (1832) that Newfoundland was established a colony of the British empire.

The first see established in any of our colonies (and here we are giving an analysis of our author, p. 420) was that of Nova Scotia in 1787, and Dr. Inglis was consecrated its first Bishop. In 1825 his son was made Bishop of the same diocese, and in the same year Newfoundland was constituted part of his diocese.

Valuable as were these benefits, they were yet incomplete, the size of the diocese being so enormous. It was a great object, therefore, to separate Newfoundland and the Bermudas from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and this object was happily effected in 1839, and Dr. Spencer became the first Bishop of this new diocese.

"The increase of churches, of clergy, of schools, of all which bears witness to the zealous and effective ministration of the Gospel of Christ, which have been manifested in Newfoundland since that period, is only one out of the many instances which are to be seen every where, of the palpable and direct advantages which uniformly follow the establishment of colonial sees; and forms the strongest argument in favour of their speedy extension."

The concluding chapter of this volume notices the progress of colonization in other parts of North America, West Indies, &c., in James the First's reign. He speaks of the voyages of Hudson from 1607 to 1610; and of Byht's and Baffin's voyages in 1615 and 1616, both of which were upheld by the true spirit of

Christianity. He next notices the colonization of New England, and the settlement of the Puritans in that country. It is evident that "no room was left for the Church of England to send forth her sons to the Bay of Massachusetts, when men animated with such a spirit of bitter hostility against her," (as were the Puritan settlers,) "were exploring its harbours, making treaties with its native chiefs, and laying the foundation of its future towns."

The only attempt made to set up any token of the ministration of our Church in that colony, was that made by Robert Gorges and the Rev. William Monell. The attempts signally failed, and the same hostile spirit that the Puritans had ever evinced towards the Church in her truth, was now shown forth by them in repelling her from shores which their schismatics had made their refuge.

The author then takes a short notice of the other portions of the globe which became subject to the British crown, or at least scenes of British enterprise, during the reign of James I.; but the notice of them is "brief; for their history does not immediately supply any important materials bearing upon the object of the present work."

We hope that many of our readers will become perusers of this very valuable book, on a very interesting and long neglected subject; and, at any rate, this slight glance at its contents will not have been made in vain, if it warms the hearts others with love and charity for the souls of those who, in our colonies, have so great a claim on their Christian sympathies.

Our author has not said much in the first volume on the history of the Church, nor could it be expected that he should do so at the commencement of so extensive a subject; he might have plunged at once "in medias res," starting from the first founding of Christianity in any of the colonies, without saying any thing of the voyages of discovery which brought these colonies to our notice; but he has taken the wiser course of giving a history of each from the first discovery; thus presenting, as it were, a short history of each colony which will in the end be complete. The second volume enters on the history of the Church in the Colonies, and the Contemporary Church history of England, and carries it down to A.D. 1702. We can only now say, that in this portion of his work, the learned author has been indefatigable in his research, and that as far as regards Colonial Church history, his labours and merits entitle him to rank with such writers as EUSEBIUS.

We feel certain that much good will accrue to the missions of the Church by the general perusal of these pages. The extension

of the Gospel is, of course, one of the duties and works of the Church, and in no way is it more likely to be added than in the study of her missionary labours hitherto. We shall there see how necessary it is to have some regular system of acting; and shall learn the several rocks on which the attempts made have foundered and been rendered useless. In fact, we shall gain experience by the past, and it is to be hoped, learn wisdom for the future. Little enough has been done by our Church, and much less by our State, for the colonies which belong to us, and even that little has in most instances been begun in a wrong manner, and therefore failed in producing so happy a result as was hoped.

Much may be learnt then by the perusal of this work, especially as regards the spirit in which voyages of discovery were usually begun. For although, no doubt, a wish to increase worldly possessions gave the first incitement to those who ventured on those perilous expeditions, yet even then we scarcely ever witness one vessel sail forth without provision being made for the spiritual support of the voyagers, and those whom they might leave in the colony, at once showing the acknowledged duty of doing "good to all men, but specially those of the household of faith." In fact, they seem always to have had in view the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. This should teach us to think more of that sacred duty than we are apt to do, and at any rate to check us, when in our pride of the present day we scoff at the darkness of those ages, which, though more dim in knowledge than ourselves, were perhaps before, certainly not behind, us in faith and zeal for Christianity.

And if we learn no other lesson, we may take shame to ourselves from the thought that the steps of our civilization, as it has advanced amongst the natives, have been visibly marked by desolation and disease, spiritual as well as temporal.

We have in this work frequent mention made of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and no one can think of its exertions without a feeling of gratitude to God for having put it into the minds of His servants to do thus for the spiritual advancement of those who otherwise would have been lost in error. It is not too much to say that for some time the whole efforts of the Church of England to evangelize her Colonies were made by this Society, and it may well be believed that it has been, under God, the means of keeping alive the Church in the minds of those who dwell in those distant parts. A Churchman cannot love too deeply this noble Society, for although he may regret, as no doubt he will regret, that the machinery of our

Church is at present so out of repair—that, a substitute must be provided in societies, yet still the discipline and practice of this Society is the nearest to the practice of the apostolic age that now exists. Its object is to collect alms for the missions of the Church, and to act entirely through the Bishops, bowing in every instance to their wishes, and following in all things their directions. So far this may be called and is a truly Catholic and Apostolic Society in principle and theory, and we very much doubt if in the present day any other means could be devised for carrying out so effectually the object which it has in view.

ART. IV.—*Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert: being the Result of a Second Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M.P., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains." With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations.* London: Murray. 1853.

IF ever a subject had the right to arrest the attention, or an author to claim the consideration of both the press and the public, that subject is Shinar, that author Layard.

For what subject can excite a deeper, and at the same time a more universal interest, than the cradle of the human race—the home of post-diluvian civilization—the nursery of civil, social, and political institutions?

Nor are we acquainted with any writer of the present day, who describes the wonders which he has seen and the adventures which he has encountered, in a manner so simple and yet so attractive, so unostentatious and yet so powerful, as the author of "Nineveh and its Remains." As page after page of his delightful works is greedily devoured, our wonder increases at the variety as well as the excellence of the intellectual feast. Or, to adopt another mode of illustration,—the graphic pencil, the master-hand, are equally discernible, whether the object represented be of an ancient or a modern date,—whether the scene be laid amongst the Arabs of the Desert or the Dwellers of the Mountain Valleys; the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, or the bazaars of Bagdad and Mosul.

The secret of Mr. Layard's success as a writer, beyond and above the intrinsic attractiveness of his subject, lies, we conceive, in the fact that he thoroughly understands that subject, and thinks, and consequently writes, of nothing else. Varied as are the points which present themselves to the eye in the course of these researches and the adventures connected with them, the accuracy and clearness of design and detail show that the writer himself comprehends that which he wishes to impart; and though the author is frequently and necessarily the hero in great achievements or sparkling incidents, he never puts himself forward. In short, though the reader is always contemplating and admiring Mr. Layard—Mr. Layard is never contemplating or admiring, or even thinking of himself.

These remarks apply equally to the former and the latter



works of this eminent traveller ; but the volume now under consideration—the narrative of the second expedition—contains vast treasures of amusement and information fresh from the mine of discovery, and is, we think, almost, if not quite, the cheapest book that we have ever seen ; a fact accounted for in the advertisement by the publisher's resolution to produce no abridgment of it.

The binding is original and characteristic : the colour is a light bright brown ; on either board are embossed the wing and hind foot of the celebrated bull, whilst on the back above the title appears the head ; beneath, the two fore legs of the same mystical sculpture. So that we may consider this mysterious inmate of the halls of Nimroud as rising from his long-forgotten resting-place—the grave of a nation, the tomb of an empire—to disclose to the startled ears of the nineteenth century the secrets and the wonders of his prison-house. In other words, it would seem that we are to consider the whole volume, or at any rate a great part of it, as a discourse of the strange being whose likeness it bears, Loquitur Winged Bull,—and never did a creature of the same species possess so much valuable information, or such a happy knack of imparting it.

In a short paper like the present it would be out of place to enter at any length into the deep questions of history, chronology, language, and ethnology, opened by the researches of Mr. Layard and other Eastern travellers. Indeed we consider such a proceeding as at present premature. We have already many important data, but not sufficient to construct a complete edifice ; in a few years we shall probably know more, and then it will be time enough for those “who sit at home at ease” to avail themselves of the toils of the adventurous and intelligent travellers to whom science already owes so much, by comparing the monuments now discovered with the fragments of pre-existing knowledge, and to construct thence a consistent history of the earliest settlements of the descendants of Noah.

At present let us content ourselves with the book before us, and let the book speak for itself.

“After a few months' residence in England,” says Mr. Layard, “during the year 1848, to recruit a constitution worn by long exposure to the extremes of an Eastern climate, I received orders to proceed to my post at Her Majesty's Embassy in Turkey. . . . It was at Constantinople that I first learnt the general interest felt in England in the discoveries. . . . The gratitude which I deeply felt for encouragement rarely equalled, could be best shown by cheerfully consenting, without hesitation, to the request made to me by the Trustees of the British Museum, urged by public opinion, to undertake the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria.”—pp. 1, 2.

The party—consisting of Mr. Layard himself ; Mr. F. Cooper, an artist selected by the Trustees ; Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, well known to the readers of “*Nineveh and its Remains* ;” Dr. Sandwith, an English physician ; Abd-el-Messiah, a Christian Syrian, whose qualifications as an able and trustworthy servant had been fully tested during the former expedition ; an Armenian, named Zerkis ; and Mohammed Agha, a Cawass—left the Bosphorus in an English steamer bound for Trebizond, on the 28th of August, 1849. They were accompanied also by Cawal Yusuf, the head of the Preachers of the Yezidis, and four chiefs of the districts in the neighbourhood of Diarbekir, who had come to Constantinople on a mission of importance in which they had been essentially befriended by the author.

“The size of my party, and its consequent incumbrances,” proceeds he, “rendering a caravan journey absolutely necessary, I determined to avoid the usual tracks, and to cross Eastern Armenia and Kurdistan, both on account of the novelty of part of the country in a geographical point of view, and its political interest as having only recently been brought under the immediate control of the Turkish Government.

“We disembarked at Trebizond on the 31st, and on the following day commenced our land journey.”—p. 5.

“The want of proper harbours is a considerable drawback to the navigation of a sea so unstable and dangerous as the Euxine. . . . The only harbour on the southern coast is that of Batoun, nor is there any retreat for vessels on the Circassian shores. . . . At the back of Trebizond, as indeed along the whole of this singularly bold and beautiful coast, the mountains rise in lofty peaks, and are wooded with trees of enormous growth and admirable quality, furnishing an unlimited supply of timber for commerce or war. Innumerable streams force their way to the sea through deep and rocky ravines. The more sheltered spots are occupied by villages and hamlets, chiefly inhabited by a hardy and industrious race of Greeks. In spring the choicest flowers perfume the air, and luxuriant creepers clothe the limbs of gigantic trees. In summer the richest pastures enamel the uplands, and the inhabitants of the coasts drive their flocks and herds to the higher regions of the hills. The forests, nourished by the exhalations and rains engendered by a large expanse of water, form a belt from thirty to fifty miles in breadth along the Black Sea. Beyond, the dense woods cease, as do also the rugged ravine and rocky peak. They are succeeded by still higher mountains, mostly rounded in their forms, some topped with eternal snow, barren of wood and even of vegetation, except during the summer, when they are covered with Alpine flowers and herbs. The villages in the valleys are inhabited by Turks, Lazes (Mussulmans), and Armenians ; the soil is fertile, and produces much corn.”—p. 7.

There are few descriptive writers who can thus combine accuracy with elegance, and give in a few sentences a bird's-eye

view of a vast tract of country, that shall bring each feature before the mental vision in its due proportion and proper relation without obscurity of design or superfluity of detail.

In the course of their journey from Trebizond to Erzeroom, and from thence to the range which divides the waters of the Black Sea from those of the Persian Gulf, the travellers met with various examples of a style of edifices well worthy the more careful attention of the antiquarian and the architect.

“ These remarkable buildings, of which many examples exist, belong to an order of architecture peculiar to the most eastern districts of Asia Minor, and to the ruins of ancient Armenian cities, on the borders of Turkey and Persia. The one, of which I have given a sketch, is an octagon, and may have been a Baptistery. The interior walls are still covered with frescoes representing Scripture events, and national saints. The colours are vivid, and the forms though rude, not inelegant or incorrect, resembling those of the frescoes of the Lower Empire still seen in the celebrated Byzantine church at Trebizond, and in the chapels of the convents at Mount Athos. The knotted capitals of the thin tapering columns grouped together, the peculiar arrangement of the stones over the doorway, supporting each other by a zig-zag; and the decorations in general call to mind the European Gothic of the middle ages. These churches date probably before the twelfth century: but there are no inscriptions, or other clue to fix their precise epoch, and the various styles and modifications of the architecture have not hitherto been sufficiently studied to enable us to determine with accuracy the time to which any peculiar ornaments or forms may belong. Yet there are many interesting questions connected with this Armenian architecture which well deserve elucidation. From it was probably derived much that passed into the Gothic. Whilst the Tatar conquerors of Asia Minor adopted it, as will be hereafter seen, for their mausoleums and places of worship. It is peculiarly elegant both in its decorations, its proportions, and the general arrangement of the masses.”—p. 8.

Many are the interesting sketches which occur in this part of the work before us; long as we have already lingered in the first chapter, we cannot forbear extracting one of them, which describes a class rapidly passing away from the stage of life.

“ It is customary,” says Mr. Layard, “ to regard these old Turkish lords as inexorable tyrants—robber chiefs, who lived on the plunder of travellers, and of their subjects. That there were many who answered to this description, cannot be denied; but they were, I believe, exceptions. Amongst them were some rich in virtues and high and noble feeling. It has been frequently my lot to find an example of this nearly extinct class in some remote and almost unknown spot in Asia Minor or Albania. I have been received with affectionate warmth, at the end of a day's journey, by a venerable Bey or Agha, in his spacious mansion now fast crumbling to ruin, but still bright with the remain-

of rich, yet tasteful, Oriental decoration ; his long beard, white as snow, falling low on his breast ; his many-folded turban shadowing his benevolent yet manly countenance, and his limbs enveloped in the noble garments rejected by the new generation ; his hall open to all comers, the guest neither asked from whence he came or whither he was going, dipping his hands with him in the same dish ; his servants standing with reverence before him, rather his children than his servants ; his revenues spent in raising fountains by the wayside for the weary traveller, or in building caravanserais on the dreary plain ; not only professing, but practising, all the duties and virtues enjoined by the Koran, which are Christian duties and virtues too ; in his manners, his appearance, his hospitality, and his faithfulness, a perfect model for a Christian gentleman."—p. 13.

In his tour through the mountain district which supplies the streams of Western Asia, Mr. Layard meets with many facts, scenes, and incidents, interesting to the general reader and the Biblical student,—Turkish reforms and native manners, Tartar tombs and ancient remains, Armenian Christians and Kurdish freebooters, peasants living in the tombs of their ancestors, and unmuzzled oxen treading out the corn.

On the southern borders of the great lake of Van or Wan, a curious trace of the memory of the "mighty hunter" arrested their attention.

"In one of the deep gulleys opening from the mountain [the Nimroud Dagh] to the water's edge, are a number of isolated masses of sandstone, worn into fantastic shapes by the winter torrents, which sweep down from the hills. The people of the country call them 'the Camels of Nimrod.' Tradition says that the rebellious patriarch, endeavouring to build an inaccessible castle, strong enough to defy both God and man, the Almighty, to punish his arrogance, turned the workmen, as they were working, into stone. The rocks on the border of the lake are the camels who, with their burdens, were petrified into a perpetual memorial of Divine vengeance. The unfinished walls of the castle are still to be seen on the top of the mountain ; and the surrounding country, the seat of a primæval race, abounds in similar traditions."—p. 34.

Strange is it how, in historical as well as doctrinal matters, Tradition reflects in various imperfect and distorted forms the truth which it attempts to hand down ; it may be compared to the ivy on an ancient ruin, which conceals whilst it preserves the realities of ages long past, and refuses to be disentangled from the stones without bringing the whole edifice to the ground.

"We left the southern end of the lake," proceeds our author, "near the Armenian village of Tadwan . . . Entering an undulating country, we gazed for the last time on the deep blue expanse of water, and on

the lofty peaks of the Hakkari mountains. The small trickling streams now running towards the south, and a gradual descent, showed that we had crossed the watershed of central Asia, and had reached the valleys of Assyria. . . . We soon entered a rugged ravine worn by the mountain rills collected into a large stream. This was one of the many headwaters of the Tigris. It was flowing tumultuously to our own bourne; and as we gazed upon the troubled waters, they seemed to carry us nearer to our journey's end. The ravine was at first wild and rocky; cultivated spots next appeared scattered in the dry bed of the torrent; then a few gigantic trees; gardens and orchards followed, and at length the narrow valley opened on the long straggling town of Bitlis."—p. 35.

They had reached Erzeroom on the 8th, on the 20th they left Bitlis, and set out for Jezireh by a circuitous road winding through the valleys of the eastern branch of the Tigris, and thus enabling them to visit the Yezidi villages in the district of Kherzan. Their reception by the simple mountaineers is graphically and delightfully described, but to explain the enthusiasm exhibited on that occasion we must recur to the very commencement of the volume.

"After my departure from Mosul," says our author, "in 1847, the military conscription enforced among the Mussulman inhabitants of the Pashalic was extended to the Yezidis, who, with the Christians, had been previously exempted from its operation on the general law sanctioned by the Koran, and hitherto acted upon by most Mohammedan nations, that none but true believers can serve in the armies of the state. On the ground that being of no recognized infidel sect, they must necessarily be included, like the Druses and Ansyri of Mount Lebanon, amongst Mussulmans, the government had recently endeavoured to raise recruits for the regular troops amongst the Yezidis. The new regulations had been carried out with great severity, and had given rise to many acts of cruelty and oppression on the part of the local authorities. Besides the feeling common to all Easterns against compulsory service in the army, the Yezidis had other reasons for opposing the order of the government. They could not become *nizam*, or disciplined soldiers, without openly violating the rites and observances enjoined by their faith. The bath to which Turkish soldiers are compelled weekly to resort is a pollution to them, when taken in common with Mussulmans; the blue colour and certain portions of the Turkish uniform are absolutely prohibited by their law; and they cannot eat several articles of food included in the rations distributed to the troops. The recruiting officers refused to listen to these objections, enforcing their orders with extreme and unnecessary severity. The Yezidis, always ready to suffer for their faith, resisted, and many died under the tortures inflicted upon them! They were moreover still exposed to the oppression and illegal exactions of the local governors.

Their children were still lawful objects of public sale, and, notwithstanding the introduction of the reformed system of government into the province, the parents were subject to persecution and even to death, on account of their religion. In this state of things Hussein Bey and Sheikh Nasr, the chiefs of the whole community, hearing that I was at Constantinople, determined to send a deputation to lay their grievances before the Sultan, hoping that through my assistance they could obtain access to some of the Ministers of State. Cawal Yusuf and his companions were selected for the mission; and money was raised by the sect to meet the expenses of their journey.

"After encountering many difficulties and dangers, they reached the capital and found out my abode. I lost no time in presenting them to Sir Stratford Canning, who, ever ready to exert his powerful influence in the cause of humanity, at once brought their wrongs to the notice of the Porte. Through his kind intercession a firman or imperial order was granted to the Yezidis, which freed them from all illegal impositions, forbade the sale of their children as slaves, secured to them the full enjoyment of their religion, and placed them on the same footing as other sects of the Empire. It was further promised that arrangements should be made to release them from such military regulations as rendered their service in the army incompatible with a strict observance of their religious duties."—p. 4.

Well might the mountaineers receive with every token of love, and gratitude, and honour, the Frank stranger to whom they owed their lives and their liberties, their children and their homes. And good would it be for the prosperity, as well as the honour of England, if she had at every foreign court men of equal ability and courage in the cause of the oppressed and the defenceless, as the right-minded minister and the true-hearted employé who rescued the Yezidis from the rod of the oppressor.

"The good people of Hamki having sent messengers in the night to the surrounding villages to spread the news of our arrival, a large body of Yezidis, on horse and on foot, had already assembled, although it was not yet dawn, to greet us and escort us on our journey. They were dressed in their gayest garments, and had adorned their turbans with flowers and green leaves. Their chief was Akko, a warrior well known in the Yezidi wars, still active and daring, although his beard had long turned grey. The head of the village of Guzelder, with the principal inhabitants, had come to invite me to eat bread in his house, and we followed him. As we rode along we were joined by parties of horsemen and footmen, each man kissing my hand as he arrived, the horsemen alighting for that purpose. Before we reached Guzelder the procession had swollen to many hundreds. The men had assembled at some distance from the village, the women and children, dressed in their holiday attire, and carrying boughs of trees, congregated on the house-tops. As I approached, sheep were brought into the road and

slain before my horse's feet, and as we entered the yard of Akko's house the women and men joined in the loud and piercing '*Tahlel*.' The chief's family were assembled at the door, and his wife and mother insisted upon helping me to dismount. We entered a spacious room completely open to the air on one side, and distinguished by that extreme neatness and cleanliness peculiar to the Yezidis. Many-coloured carpets were spread over the floor, and the principal elders took their seats with me.

"Soon after our arrival several Fakirs, in their dark coarse dresses and red and black turbans, came to us from the neighbouring villages. One of them wore round his neck a chain, as a sign that he had renounced the vanities of the world, and had devoted himself to the service of God and his fellow-creatures. Other chiefs and horsemen also flocked in, and were invited to join in the feast, which was not, however, served up until Cawal Yusuf had related his whole history once more, without omitting a single detail. After we had eaten of stuffed lambs, pillaws, and savoury dishes, and most luscious grapes, the produce of the district, our entertainer placed a present of home-made carpets at my feet, and we rose to depart. The horsemen, the Fakirs, and the principal inhabitants of Guzelder, on foot, accompanied me. At a short distance from the village we were met by another large body of Yezidis, and by many Jacobites, headed by one Nano, who, by the variety of his arms, the richness of his dress, a figured Indian silk robe, with a cloak of precious fur, and his tastefully decorated Arab mare, might rather have been taken for a Kurdish Bey, than the head of a Christian village. A bishop and several priests were with him. Two hours' ride with this great company, the horsemen galloping to and fro, the footmen discharging their fire-arms, brought us to the village of Koshana. The whole of the population, mostly dressed in pure white, and wearing leaves and flowers in their turbans, had turned out to meet us; women stood on the road-side with jars of fresh water and bowls of sour milk, whilst others with the children were assembled on the house-tops making the *tahlel*. Resisting an invitation to alight and eat bread, and having merely stopped to exchange salutations with those assembled, we continued on the road to Redwan, our party swollen by a fresh accession of followers from the village. Ere long we were met by three Cawals on their periodical visitation. They were nearly related to Cawal Yusuf, and old friends of my own. . . . As we passed through the defile leading into the plain of Redwan, we had the appearance of a triumphal procession; but as we approached the small town, a still more enthusiastic reception awaited us. First came a large body of horsemen collected from the place itself, and the neighbouring villages. They were followed by Yezidis on foot, carrying flowers and branches of trees, and preceded by musicians, playing on the *tubbul* and *zernai*. Next were the Armenian community, headed by their clergy, and then the Jacobite and other Christian sects, also with their respective priests; the women and children lined the entrance to the place, and thronged the house-tops. I alighted amidst the

din of music and the 'tahlel,' at the house of Nazi, the chief of the whole Yezidi district, two sheep being slain before me as I took my feet from the stirrups."—pp. 42—44.

This was indeed a triumph, a triumph which might glad the heart and quicken the pulse of a man and a Christian. No widow had shrieked, no child had been butchered to swell it; no homes had been razed, no harvests fired to prepare it; no faith had been broken, no oaths violated, no sovereign deserted, no people betrayed to acquire it; but it was the chorus of glad hearts and happy homes arising from a rescued people to their disinterested deliverer; it was the reward which the All-merciful bestows even here on earth, on one who *delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him.*

Nor is this, as the reader of this volume will soon perceive, the only case which leads one to compare Mr. Layard with a patriarchal chieftain, ruling his tribe with equity and wisdom, and receiving the love and respect of all around him. We earnestly wish that those glorious lands, now so miserably misgoverned, were under the sway of such a one as he. Nay, we venture to suggest that in any remodelling of the government of our own Eastern possessions, this country could not confer a greater boon upon our Asiatic subjects, or take a surer step towards paying that vast debt of responsibility, which she owes to the native millions entrusted to her care, than by giving a share, and a very important and influential share in the administration of those realms, to one who so well understands the character, and so wondrously commands the attachment of the Asiatic races, as Austen Henry Layard.

These Yezidis appear to be a highly interesting people, the remnant of an ancient race once powerful. Their doctrinal errors, though strange and striking, have been grossly exaggerated and misrepresented; and their morality seem to be far above the common standard of the unbaptized. They believe in the former glory and present power of Satan: but they add to this an extraordinary notion that though suffering at present from the displeasure of the Almighty, he will be hereafter restored to his pristine dignity and favour. Whilst, therefore, giving the supreme honour to the One God alone, they endeavour to propitiate the rebel-angel, not only from the fear of his present power, but from the wish to secure his future good offices.

Next to Satan, but inferior to him in might and wisdom, they recognize seven archangels, who exercise a great influence over the world, viz. Gabrail, Michail, Raphail, Azrail, Dedrail, Azraphael, and Shemkeel. Christ, according to them, was also a great angel who took the form of man. They believe that He



did not die upon the cross, but ascended into heaven; they expect His second coming, and likewise that of Imaum Mehdi.

They hold the Old Testament in great reverence, and believe in the cosmogony of Genesis—in the Scriptural account of the Deluge, and in other events recorded in the Bible. They do not altogether reject either the New Testament or the Koran, but consider them of secondary authority. They circumcise their children, and also practise a species of baptism. They moreover reverence the sun under the title of Sheikh Shems; and they use language with reference to their founder, Sheikh Adi, which is in many respects applicable to our Lord, both in His Divine and human capacity.

They would seem indeed to be the remnant of a Chaldæan, Median, or Assyrian people, which after having been driven into the mountains by some conquering horde, had engrafted upon Sabæanism a compound of Christianity and Manicheism, which had been further diluted by an admixture of Mohammedanism. Mr. Layard has given, both in the present and the former volumes, many interesting particulars regarding them. In his last expedition, he obtained a copy of one of their hymns, and also the music of three of their chants; but their history will probably remain an enigma, until some traveller can obtain a transcript of the sacred book, one copy of which has perhaps escaped the fury of that relentless persecutor, Beder Khan Bey.

“The Cawals,” says our author, “who are sent yearly by Hussein Bey and Sheikh Nasr, to instruct the Yezidis in their faith, and to collect the contributions forming the revenues of the great chief, and of the tomb of Sheikh Adi, were now in Redwan. The same Cawals do not take the same rounds every year. The Yezidis are parcelled out into four divisions, for the purpose of these annual visitations, those of the Lingar, of Kherzan, of the pashalic of Aleppo, and of the villages of Northern Armenia and within the Russian frontier. The Yezidis of the Mosul districts have the Cawals always amongst them. I was aware that on the occasion of these journeys the priests carry with them the celebrated Melek Taous, or brazen peacock, as a warrant for their mission. A favourable opportunity now offered itself to see this mysterious figure, and I asked Cawal Yusuf to gratify my curiosity. He at once acceded to my request, and the Cawals and elders offering no objection, I was conducted early in the morning into a dark inner room in Nazi's house. It was some time before my eyes had become sufficiently accustomed to the dim light, to distinguish an object from which a large red coverlet had been raised on my entry. The Cawals drew near with every sign of respect, bowing and kissing the corner of the cloth on which it was placed. A stand of bright copper or brass, in shape like the candlesticks generally used in Mosul and Baghdad, was surmounted by the rude image of a bird, in the same

metal, and more like an Indian or Mexican idol than a cock or peacock. Its peculiar workmanship indicated some antiquity, but I could see no traces of inscription upon it. Before it stood a copper bowl to receive contributions, and a bag to contain the bird and stand, which takes to pieces when carried from place to place. There are four such images—one for each district visited by the Cawals. The Yezidis declare that, notwithstanding the frequent wars and massacres to which the sect has been exposed, and the plunder and murder of the priests during their journeys, no Melek Taous has ever fallen into the hands of the Mussulmans . . . . As I before mentioned, it is not looked upon as an idol, but as a symbol or banner, as Sheikh Nasr termed it, of the house of Hussein Bey.”—p. 48.

Our readers are perhaps not aware that in Roman Catholic countries it is customary to carry about a diminutive representation of a dove at Whitsuntide, and demand alms in honour of the Holy Spirit. A singular coincidence this appears at first sight; but our own experience teaches us, that as far as we have read, heard, or seen, there neither is, nor ever has been, any false religion with which Romanism has not some *distinctive* feature in common—thus verifying the prophet's words: “Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of *every* foul spirit, and the cage of *every* unclean and hateful bird.”

We regret to learn that this evil power is making progress in the East, that she has already acquired many converts in Mesopotamia, and that they already manifest what spirit they are of, by following in the steps of their adopted mother:—

“Mansouriyah,” says Mr. Layard, “is one of the very few Nestorian Chaldæan villages of the plains which has not gone over to the Roman Catholic faith. It contains a church, and supports a priest. The inhabitants complained much of oppression, and, unfortunately, chiefly from brother Christians, formerly of their own creed. I was much struck with the intelligence and beauty of the children; one boy, scarcely twelve years of age, was already a shamasha or deacon, and could read with ease the Scriptures and the commentaries.”—p. 56.

This naturally suggests two remarks: firstly, that universal brotherhood with Cain, which is observable in the Romish Church, and which allies her with him who was a murderer from the beginning; secondly, the duty which this country lies under to protect the aboriginal churches and sects of the East,—and, indeed, all Christian men and women throughout the habitable globe, from the aggressions and oppressions of that persecuting Church. By so doing, we should not only increase our own influence, by the attachment of those whom we thus befriended,

but we should secure that unimpugnable guarantee of national prosperity, and national power, the blessing of Him, by whom alone kings reign, and people prosper.

As the travellers drew near to Mosul, an alarm was given of approaching danger :—

“ Although not putting much faith in the information, I urged on the caravan, and took such precautions as were necessary. Suddenly a large body of horsemen appeared on a rising ground to the east of us. We could scarcely expect Arabs from that quarter ; however, all our party made ready for an attack. Cawal Yusuf and myself being the best mounted, rode toward them to reconnoitre ; then two horsemen advanced warily from the opposite party : we neared each other. Yusuf spied the well-known black turban, dashed forward, with a shout of joy, and in a moment we were surrounded, and in the embrace of friends. Hussein Bey, and Sheikh Nasr, with the Cawals, and Yezidi elders, had ridden nearly forty miles through the night to meet and escort me, if needful, to Mosul ! Their delight at seeing us knew no bounds ; nor was I less touched by a display of gratitude equally unexpected and sincere.”—p. 58.

As they proceeded toward the city, other tokens were not wanting to show that honesty is always the best policy, and that in more senses than one, kindness as well as mercy is doubly blessed, it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes it :—

“ As we rode towards Tel Kef, I left the high road with Hormuzd to drink water at some Arab tents. As we approached we were greeted with exclamations of joy, and were soon in the midst of a crowd of men and women, kissing our knees, and exhibiting other tokens of welcome ; they were Jebours, who had been employed in the excavations. Hearing that we were again going to dig after old stones, they at once set about striking their tents to join us at Mosul or Nimroud.

“ As we neared Tel Kef, we found groups of my old superintendents and workmen by the road-side. There were fat Toma, Mansour, Behmen, and Hannah, joyful at meeting me once more, and at the prospect of fresh service. In the village we found Mr. Rassam, (the vice-consul,) and Khodju Toma, his dragoman, who had made ready the feast for us at the house of the Chaldean Bishop. Next morning, as we rode the three last hours of our journey, we met fresh groups of familiar faces ;—Merjan, with my old groom holding the stirrup for me to mount, the noble animal looking as beautiful, as fresh, as sleek as when I last saw him, although two long years had passed ; former servants, Awad and the Sheikhs of the Jebours, even the very greyhounds, who had been brought up under my roof. Then, as we ascend an eminence midway, walls, towers, minarets, and domes rise boldly from the margin of the broad river, cheating us into the belief, too soon to be dispelled, that Mosul is still no unworthy representative of

the great Nineveh. As we draw near, the long line of lofty mounds, the only remains of mighty bulwarks and spacious gates, detach themselves from the low undulating hills: now the vast mound of Kouyunjik overtops the surrounding heaps; then above it peers the white cone of the tomb of the prophet Jonah; many other well-remembered spots follow in rapid succession; but we cannot linger. Hastening over the creaking bridge of boats, we force our way through the crowded bazaars, and alighted at the house I had left two years ago. Old servants take their place as a matter of course, and uninvited pursue their regular occupations, as if they had never been interrupted. Indeed, it seemed as if we had but returned from a summer's ride; two years had passed away like a dream!"—pp. 58, 59.

There are many amusing and instructive incidents narrated in this journey, such as the Sheikh sitting in the *gate* of his fortress, like the judges of old; but here, as elsewhere, we can only glean a few ears of the rich harvest, rather as samples of the crop, than from any superior excellence attaching to them. As we read on, we find it difficult not to make a mere transcript of the pages before us; and have no doubt that others will of necessity feel like ourselves.

There is, in the concluding pages of this, the third chapter, a succinct, but masterly, discussion of the route followed by Xenophon and the Ten Thousand. The more that we enter, as Mr. Layard has done, into the dangers and difficulties of that march, the more do we wonder at, and admire the patience, courage, and skill of the Athenian commander, and the discipline and bravery of his troops,—the more fully can we estimate the rapturous delight which must have thrilled through every Grecian breast, at the sound of that gladsome shout,—“*The Sea! The Sea!*”

Arrived at Mosul, Mr. Layard immediately proceeded with the excavations, which had been carried on but slightly and slowly during his absence, rather with the view of keeping possession of the ground, than of making any further discoveries.

Many interesting sculptures were discovered;—slabs, on which campaigns were minutely and spiritedly depicted; monsters, on which cuneiform inscriptions, relating to important events, were deciphered: but before any thing of moment had been achieved, a pressing invitation from his Yezidi friends drew the author into the mountains, where he obtained much information, some of which we have already communicated to the reader, and consummated the good work he had undertaken. The account of this expedition is exceedingly interesting; but we must not linger on it. Before, however, repairing to the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, we cannot avoid quoting one characteristic anecdote.

dote, which occurs at this juncture: it refers to a certain Turkish Pasha, who had just paid a short, but troublesome, visit to the Yezidis of Baasheikah:—

“His Excellency not fostering feelings of the most friendly nature towards Namik Pasha, the next commander-in-chief of Arabia, who was passing through Mosul, on his way to the head-quarters of the army of Baghdad, and unwilling to entertain him, was suddenly taken ill, and retired, for the benefit of his health, to Baasheikah. On the morning after his arrival, he complained that the asses by their braying during the night had allowed him no rest; and the asses were accordingly peremptorily banished from the village. The dawn of the next day was announced, to the great discomfort of his Excellency, who had no interest in the matter, by the cocks; and the irregular troops, who formed his body-guard, were immediately incited to a general slaughter of the race. The third night his sleep was disturbed by the crying of the children, who, with their mothers, were at once locked up for the rest of his sojourn in the cellars. On the fourth he was awake by the chirping of sparrows; and every gun in the village was ordered to be brought out to wage a war of extermination against them. But on the fifth morning his rest was sadly broken by the flies; and the enraged Pasha insisted upon their instant destruction. The Kiayah, who, as chief of the village, had the task of carrying out the governor's orders, now threw himself at his Excellency's feet, exclaiming, ‘Your Highness has seen that all the animals here, (praise be to God!) obey our Lord the Sultan: the infidel flies alone are rebellious to his authority. I am a man of low degree and small power, and can do nothing against them; it now behoves a great Vizir, like your Highness, to enforce the commands of our Lord and Master.’ The Pasha, who relished a joke, forgave the flies, but left the village.”—p. 81.

Alas! are there not many amongst us, who, to the extent of our capacity, when worn with sickness, or worried with mischances, or too often, merely from the indulgence of an evil temper, or an overbearing will, are quite as unreasonable and selfish as the Mussulman despot of Mosul?

But let us return to Nineveh:—

“By the end of November several entire chambers had been excavated at Kouyunjik, and many bas-reliefs of great interest had been discovered. The four sides of the hall, part of which had been already described, had now been explored. In the centre of each side was a grand entrance, guarded by colossal human-headed bulls. This magnificent hall was no less than 124 feet in length, by 90 feet in breadth, the longest sides being those to the north and south. It appears to have formed a centre, around which the principal chamber in this part of the palace were grouped. Its walls had been completely covered with the most elaborate and highly finished sculptures. Unfortunately

all the bas-reliefs, as well as the gigantic monsters at the entrances, had suffered more or less from the fire, which had destroyed the edifice ; but enough of them still remained to show the subject, and even to enable me, in many places, to restore it entirely.

"The narrow passage, leading from the great hall, at the south-west corner, had been completely explored. Its sculptures have been already described."—p. 103.

They represented the siege of a walled city, divided into two parts by a river :—

"One half of the place had been captured by the Assyrians, who had gained possession of the towers and battlements ; but that on the opposite bank of the stream was still defended by slingers and bowmen. Against its walls had been thrown banks or mounds, built of stones, bricks, and branches of trees. The battering-rams, covered with skins or hides, looped together, had been rolled up these inclined ways, and had already made a breach in the fortifications. Archers and spearmen were hurrying to the assault, whilst others were driving off the captives, and carrying away the idols of the enemy. The dress of the male prisoners consisted of a plain under shirt, an upper garment, falling below the knees, divided in the front, and buttoned at the neck, and laced greaves. Their hair and beards were shorter, and less elaborately curled than those of the Assyrians. The women were distinguished by high rounded turbans, ornamented with plaits or folds. A veil fell from the back of this head-dress over the shoulders. No inscription remained to record the name of the vanquished nation. Their castles stood over wooded and mountainous country ; and their peculiar costume, and the river passing through the centre of their chief city, may help hereafter to identify them.

"The opposite side of this narrow chamber or passage was shortly afterwards uncovered. The bas-reliefs on its walls represented the king in his chariot preceded and followed by his warriors. The only remarkable feature in the sculptures was the highly decorated trappings of the horses, whose bits were in the form of a horse at full speed."—p. 74.

This passage opened into a chamber 24 feet by 19, from which branched two other passages. The one to the west was entered by a wide doorway in which stood two plain spherical stones about three feet high, having the appearance of bases of columns, although no traces of columns could be found. This was the entrance into a gallery about 218 feet long by 25 wide.

Mr. Layard thus describes his first introduction to the bas-reliefs discovered on the southern side of the great hall :—

"The sculptures faintly seen through the gloom were still well-enough preserved to give a complete history of the subject represented,

although, with the rest of the bas-reliefs of Kouyunjik, the fire had nearly turned them to lime, and had cracked them into a thousand pieces. The faces of the slabs had been entirely covered with figures varying from three inches to one foot in height, carefully finished and designed with great spirit. In this series of bas-reliefs the history of an Assyrian conquest was more fully portrayed than in any other yet discovered, from the going out of the monarch to battle to his triumphal return after a complete victory. The first part of the subject has already been described in my former work. The king, accompanied by his chariots and horsemen, and leaving his capital in the Assyrian plains, passed through a wooded and mountainous district. He does not appear to have been delayed by the siege of many towns or castles, but to have carried the war at once into the high country. His troops, cavalry and infantry, are represented in close combat with their enemies, pursuing them over hills and through valleys, beside streams, and in the midst of vineyards. The Assyrian horsemen are armed with the spear and the bow, using both weapons while at full speed; their opponents seem to be all archers. The vanquished turn to ask for quarter; or, wounded, fall under the feet of the advancing horses, raising their hands imploringly to ward off the impending death-blow. The triumph follows. The king, standing in his chariot beneath the royal parasol, followed by long lines of dismounted warriors leading richly caparisoned horses, and by foot soldiers variously armed and accoutred, is receiving the captives and spoil taken from the conquered people. First approach the victorious warriors, throwing the heads of the slain into heaps before the registering officers. They are followed by others leading and urging onward with staves the prisoners—men chained together, or bound singly in fetters, and women, some on foot, carrying their children on their shoulders and leading them by the hand, others riding upon mules. The procession is finished by asses, mules, and flocks of sheep.”—p. 70.

Painful, yet valuable, are these pictorial documents. It is much to be regretted that their epigraphs should have been destroyed by fire; it is however to be hoped that the written annals deciphered upon the winged bulls—annals full, accurate, and precise of the reigns which they commemorate, will enable us to identify the places and peoples which they represent.

How little could the founders and decorators of these magnificent palaces, the leaders of these victorious armies,—the ruthless oppressors of their fellow-men,—have thought that their very names should pass away until after thousands of years a wanderer from the Isles of the Gentiles should unlock the secrets of the tomb, and bring to light once more the might, the magnificence, and the barbarity of Assyria's monarchs.

In this, and in other portions of the work before us, we are tempted to cry out against the cruelty of the Ninevite sovereigns,

and doubt the high civilization of those who could be so vastly merciless and so minutely vindictive. And yet if we look to other times and countries, we shall find that "the bloody city" does not stand alone or even pre-eminent in her shame.

We have but to turn to classic Rome, whether in the days of her pristine virtue (so-called) or her corruption, to see as total an absence of mercy and justice towards the vanquished as meet us in the records of Kouyunjik or Nimroud.

Nay! as the eye of history traces the annals of succeeding conquerors and despots, each age furnishes some awful name resplendent with that halo of dazzling and infernal glory which shall adorn the mighty sinner's brow—*for ever*.

But we must return to the great hall,\* since there are subjects there which claim our notice; subjects of a very different kind, illustrating the arts, the habits, and the mechanical powers of Assyria. For on the north or north-eastern side of this vast chamber were bas-reliefs which, though cracked and to a great degree calcined by fire, were nearly perfect; and these sculptures, instead of describing the wars and triumphs of the monarch, represented the process of transporting the great human-headed bulls to the temple-palaces of which they formed so conspicuous a feature. But before giving a particular description of them, we must return to the long gallery lying westward of the great hall, as the bas-reliefs still preserved in it are necessary to the completion of this very important series, of which they form an integral portion:—

"A huge block of stone (probably of the alabaster used in the Assyrian edifices), somewhat elongated in form so as to resemble an obelisk in the rough, is lying on a low flat-bottomed boat floating on a river. It has probably been towed down the Tigris from some quarry, and is to be landed near the site of the intended palace, to be carved by the sculptor into the form of a colossal bull. It exceeds the boat considerably in length, projecting beyond both the head and stern, and is held by upright beams fastened to the sides of the vessel, and kept firm in their places by wooden wedges. Two cables are passed through holes cut in the stone itself, and a third is tied to a strong pin projecting from the head of the boat. Each cable is held by a large body of men, who pull by means of small ropes fastened to it, and passed round their shoulders. Some of these trackers walk in the water, others on dry land. The number altogether represented must have been nearly 300, about 100 to each cable, and they appear to be divided into distinct bands, each distinguished by a peculiar costume. Some wear a kind of embroidered turban, through which their long hair is gathered behind; the heads of others are encircled by a fringed shawl, whose ends hang over the ears and neck, leaving the hair to fall in long curls upon the shoulders. Many are represented naked, but



the greater number are dressed in short chequered tunics, with a long fringe attached to the girdle. They are urged on by taskmasters armed with swords and staves. The boat is also pushed by men wading through the stream. An overseer, who regulates the whole proceedings, is seated astride on the fore-part of the stone. His hands are stretched out in the act of giving commands. The upper part of all the bas-reliefs having unfortunately been destroyed, it cannot be ascertained what figures were represented above the trackers; probably Assyrian warriors drawn up in martial array, or, may be, the king himself in his chariot, accompanied by his body-guard, and presiding over the operations.

"The huge stone having been landed, and carved by the Assyrian sculptor into the form of a colossal human-headed bull, is to be moved from the bank of the river to the site it is meant to occupy permanently in the palace-temple. This process is represented on the walls of the great hall. From these bas-reliefs, as well as from discoveries to be hereafter mentioned, it is therefore evident that the Assyrians sculptured their gigantic figures before, and not after the slabs had been raised in the edifice, although all the details and the finishing touches were not put in, as it will be seen, until they had been finally placed. I am still, however, of opinion that the smaller bas-reliefs were entirely executed after the slabs had been attached to the walls.

"In the first bas-relief I shall describe, the colossal bull rests horizontally on a sledge similar in form to the boat containing the rough block from the quarry; but either in the carving the stone has been greatly reduced in size, or the sledge is much larger than the boat, as it considerably exceeds the sculpture in length. The bull faces the spectator, and the human head rests on the fore-part of the sledge, which is curved upwards and strengthened by a thick beam, apparently running completely through from side to side. The upper part, or deck, is otherwise nearly horizontal; the under, or keel, being slightly curved throughout. Props, probably of wood, are placed under different parts of the sculpture to secure an equal pressure. The sledge was dragged by cables, and impelled by levers. The cables are four in number; two fastened to strong projecting pins in front, and two to similar pins behind. They are pulled by small ropes passing over the shoulders of the men, as in the bas-reliefs already described. The numbers of the workmen may of course be only conventional, the sculptor introducing as many as he found room for on the slab. They are again distinguished by various costumes, being probably captives from different conquered nations, and are urged on by taskmasters. The sculpture moves over rollers, which, as soon as left behind by the advancing sledge, are brought again to the front by parties of men, who are also under the control of overseers armed with staves. Although these rollers materially facilitated the motion, it would be almost impossible, when passing over rough ground, or if the rollers were jammed, to give the first impetus to so heavy a body by mere force applied to the cables. The Assyrians, therefore, lifted, and

consequently eased the hinder part of the sledge with huge levers of wood; and in order to obtain the necessary fulcrum they carried with them during the operations wedges of different sizes. Kneeling workmen are represented in the bas-reliefs inserting an additional wedge to raise the fulcrum. The lever itself was worked by ropes, and on a detached fragment, discovered in the long gallery, men were seen seated astride of it to add by their weight to the force applied.

"On the bull itself are four persons, probably the superintending officers. The first is kneeling, and appears to be clapping his hands, probably beating time, to regulate the motions of the workmen, who, unless they applied their strength at one and the same moment, would be unable to move so large a weight. Behind him stands a second officer with outstretched arm, evidently giving the word of command. The next holds to his mouth either a speaking-trumpet or an instrument of music. If the former, it proves that the Assyrians were acquainted with a means of conveying sound, presumed to be of modern invention. In form it undoubtedly resembles the modern speaking-trumpet; and in no bas-relief hitherto discovered does a similar object occur as an instrument of music. The fourth officer, also standing, carries a mace, and is probably stationed behind to give directions to those who work the levers. The sledge bearing the sculpture is followed by men with coils of ropes and various implements, and drawing carts laden with cables and beams. Even the landscape is not neglected; and the country in which these operations took place is indicated by trees, and by a river. In this stream are seen men swimming on skins; and boats and rafts, resembling those still in use in Assyria, are impelled by oars with wedge-shaped blades.

"A subject similar to that just described is represented in another series of bas-reliefs with even fuller details. The bull is placed in the same manner on the sledge, which is also moved by cables and levers. It is accompanied by workmen with saws, hatchets, pickaxes, shovels, ropes, and props, and by carts carrying cables and beams. Upon it are three officers directing the operations, one holding the trumpet in his hands, and in front walk four other overseers. Above the sledge and the workmen are rows of trees, and a river, on which are circular boats resembling in shape the 'kufas,' now used on the lower part of the Tigris, and probably, like them, built of reeds and ozier twigs, covered with square pieces of hide. They are heavily laden with beams and implements required for moving the bulls. They appear to have been near the sledge when dragged along the bank of the river, and were impelled by four oars similar to those above described. Near the boats, astride on inflated skins in the water, are fishermen angling with hook and line.

"On a fallen slab, forming part of the same general series, is the king standing in a richly decorated chariot, the pole of which, curved upwards at the end, and ornamented with the head of a horse, is raised by eunuchs. From the peculiar form of this chariot and the absence of a yoke, it would seem to have been intended purposely for such occa-

sions as that represented in the bas-reliefs, and to have been a kind of movable throne drawn by men and not by horses. Behind the monarch, who holds a kind of flower, or ornament in the shape of the fruit of the pine, in one hand, stand two eunuchs, one raising a parasol to shade him from the sun, the other cooling him with a fan. He appears to have been superintending the transport of one of the colossal sculptures, and his chariot is preceded and followed by his body-guard armed with maces. In the upper part of the slab is a jungle of high reeds or canes, in which are seen a wild sow with its young and a stag and two hinds. These animals are designed with great spirit and truth.

"The next series of bas-reliefs represents the building of the artificial platforms on which the palaces were erected, and the Assyrians moving to their summit the colossal bulls. The king is again seen in his chariot drawn by eunuchs, whilst an attendant raises the royal parasol above his head. He overlooks the operations from that part of the mound to which the sledge is being dragged, and before him stands his body-guard—a long line of alternate spearmen and archers, resting their arms and shields upon the ground. Above him are low hills covered with various trees, amongst which may be distinguished, by their fruit, the vine, the fig, and the pomegranate. At the bottom of the slab is represented either a river divided into two branches and forming an island, as the Tigris does to this day opposite Kouyunjik, or the confluence of that stream and the Klauser, which then probably took place at the very foot of the mound. On the banks are seen men raising water by a simple machine, still generally used for irrigation in the East, as well as in southern Europe, and called in Egypt a *shadoof*. It consists of a long pole, balanced on a shaft of masonry, and turning on a pivot; to one end is attached a stone, and to the other a bucket, which, after being lowered into the water and filled, is easily raised by the help of the opposite weight. Its contents are then emptied into a conduit communicating with the various water-courses running through the fields. In the neighbourhood of Mosul this mode of irrigation is now rarely used, the larger skins raised by oxen affording a better supply, and giving, it is considered, less trouble to the cultivator.

"The process of building the artificial mound adjoined the subject just described. Men, apparently engaged in making bricks, are crouching and kneeling round a square space, probably representing the pit whence the clay for this purpose was taken. Unfortunately this part of the subject, on the only two slabs on which it occurs, has been so much defaced that its details cannot be ascertained with certainty. These brickmakers are between two mounds, on which are long lines of workmen going up and down. Those who toil upwards carry large stones, and hold on their backs by ropes baskets filled with bricks, earth, and rubbish. On reaching the top of the mound they relieve themselves of their burdens, and return again to the foot for fresh loads in the order they went up.

"It would appear that the men thus employed were captives and malefactors, for many of them are in chains, some singly, others bound

together by an iron rod attached to rings in their girdles. The fetters, like those of modern criminals, confine the legs, and are supported by a bar fastened to the waist, or consist of simple shackles round the ankles. They wear a short tunic, and a conical cap, somewhat resembling the Phrygian bonnet, with the curved crest turned backwards, a costume very similar to that of the tribute-bearers on the Nimroud obelisk. Each band of workmen is followed and urged on by taskmasters armed with staves.

"The mound, or artificial platform, having been thus built, not always, as it has been seen, with regular layers of sun-dried bricks, but frequently in parts with mere heaped-up earth and rubbish, the next step was to drag to its summit the colossal figures prepared for the palace. As some of the largest of these sculptures were full twenty feet square, and must have weighed between forty and fifty tons, this was no easy task with such means as the Assyrians possessed. The only aid to mere manual strength was derived from the rollers and levers. A sledge was used similar to that already described, and drawn in the same way. In the bas-relief representing the operation four officers are seen on the bull, the first apparently clapping his hands to regulate the motions of those who draw, the second using the trumpet, the third directing the men who have the care of the rollers, and the fourth kneeling down on the edge of the back part of the sculpture to give orders to those who use the lever. Two of the groups of workmen are preceded by overseers, who turn back to encourage them in their exertions; and in front of the royal chariot, on the edge of the mound, kneels an officer, probably the chief superintendent, looking towards the king to receive orders direct from him.

"Behind the monarch, on an adjoining slab, are carts bearing the cables, wedges, and implements required in moving the sculpture. A long beam or lever is slung by ropes from the shoulders of three men, and one of the great wedges is carried in the same way. In the upper compartment of this slab is a stream issuing from the foot of hills wooded with vines, fig-trees, and pomegranates; beneath stands a town or village, the houses of which have domes and high conical roofs, probably built of mud, as in parts of northern Syria. The domes have the appearance of dish-covers with a handle, the upper part being topped by a small circular projection, perhaps intended as an aperture to admit light and air.

"This interesting series is completed by a bas-relief, showing, it would seem, the final placing of the colossal bull. The figure no longer lies horizontally on the sledge, but is raised by men with ropes and forked wooden props. It is kept in its erect position by beams, held together by cross bars and wedges, and is further supported by blocks of stone or wood piled up under the body. On the sledge, in front of the bull, stands an officer giving directions with outstretched hands to the workmen. Cables, ropes, rollers, and levers are also employed on this occasion to move the gigantic sculpture. The captives are distinguished by the peculiar turbans before described."—pp. 104—114.

Interesting and lucid as is this description, which we have deemed it impossible to abridge or curtail without unfairness both to the author and the reader, it derives additional charms, and is rendered yet clearer in the pages before us, by the numerous illustrations with which it is accompanied. The first of these is a woodcut, let into the page, representing the head and head-dresses of the captives employed in moving the bull. The next exhibits workmen carrying ropes, saws, and other implements intended for the same purpose; then follows a stag; then a very spirited delineation of a sow and her young, both backed by high reeds, canes, or some similar plant. Then we have a larger illustration, occupying the whole of page 111, in which the king is seen superintending the removal of the bull. Then the smaller woodcut of a village with conical roofs, and, lastly, another page, the 113th, gives us the closing scene of this curious performance, the Assyrians placing the bull on its destined resting-place.

Many thoughts are suggested by these descriptions and illustrations. They tell us of the power, the civilization, and the absolutism of Assyria—an absolutism very unlike those ill-concocted and worse-directed despotisms which have succeeded the mighty monarchies of ancient times; an absolutism where the supreme will of the deified monarch was the moving and guiding principle of a vast system of strict and unerring discipline—a system in which every authority rested on and in entire subordination to that above it—all centering in and radiating from the throne; a system which made the great king the fountain, and nucleus, and head, and root of every thing, which combined religion, polity, and the relations of social and domestic life, in one vast edifice, one mighty tree, administering all things according to rigid rule, yet bending all things and persons to the will of the monarch; a system, in fact, which imitated that of the universe, substituting the institutions of Assyria for those of nature, and giving to the Ninevite sovereign the prerogatives of master, father, and God.

Whatever may have been the working of this paternal government at home—whatever may have been its effect upon the citizens and compatriots of Nineveh—it is plain that it was a continual curse to the surrounding nations, and that it degraded the prisoners of war into beasts of burden.

With the power and the intelligence, the many opportunities and circumstances which facilitated their operations, it is not wonderful that the great monarchs of Assyria and Egypt should have constructed the magnificent works which still remain, since they felt no compunction in employing the lives or causing the deaths of whole nations of captives, for the erection of those

monuments of their power which attest the ingenuity of their minds, and the vastness of their conceptions, the high state of civilization and the artistic refinement of those ages; and which tell in characters that nothing can efface, how much the strong will inflict, how much the weak can endure, when neither God nor man interferes to curb the tyrant or to free the slave.

In the case of Nineveh, however, God did interfere, as He always does sooner or later; and for ages the very site of "the bloody city" was doubted, nay, the power, the pomp, the glory, and the civilization of Assyria were disputed.

There is a curious fact narrated in the first work of Mr. Layard, which may possibly in some degree illustrate the process of Divine retribution.

When Beder Khan Bey massacred the Yezidis (as he did the Nestorians), reducing them to one-fourth of their previous numbers, a vast multitude of men, women, and children fled in the direction of Mosul; the floods, however, had carried away the bridge of boats, so that they were unable to cross the river; they assembled therefore in despair on the mound of Kouyunjik, and there were all slaughtered—men, women, and children—by the merciless Kurds.

Now, if the Yezidis are a remnant of that nation which once ruled Assyria and reigned in Nineveh, there would be something peculiarly fearful in the thought that the exiled descendants of those ruthless oppressors should be driven back to the scene of their ancestral crime and glory, to suffer in utter helplessness for the sins of their forefathers.

As with individuals, so with nations, "Blood it defileth the land: and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it<sup>1</sup>." This has been the law, and will be so as long as man inhabits the earth.

In a striking manner, too, has barrenness—barrenness of the soil—the curse pronounced on Cain, followed every where in the track of that innocent blood, which cries aloud to Heaven for vengeance, and never cries in vain.

The fertile valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, the luxuriant fields of Italy, the glorious land of Spain, are among the many striking examples of this awful and irreversible decree; and, singularly enough, there is no part of Christian Europe in which agriculture is at so low an ebb as in the Papal States.

The same law is operating in other lands. Beyond the Atlantic the curse of blood has been, and is still felt; and already, in the older slave States of the American Union, the land is withering under the blood that polluteth it.

<sup>1</sup> Numb. xxxv. 33.

Let us, however, retrace our steps to the days of Assyria's glory, when the terrible Sennacherib ruled over a nation of warriors—the pride of his own people, and the terror of surrounding countries.—Sennacherib! Yes; it is he whose palace we have been examining. A beautifully-executed delineation of the north-eastern façade, and grand entrance of this edifice, forms the frontispiece of the volume. It displays a grandeur of conception, an elegance of design, and a richness of detail, which have never been surpassed in the noblest works of ancient or modern architecture. We shall not, however, pause at present to describe it, but proceed to give the result of some of Mr. Layard's researches regarding this monarch, which identify his person, and illustrate his history.

During the month of December, the south-eastern façade of the palace had been laid open. Ten colossal bulls, with six human figures, of gigantic size, were here grouped together; and the length of the whole, without including the sculptured walls, continued beyond the smaller entrances, was 180 feet:—

“On the great bulls, forming the centre portal of the grand entrance, was one continuous inscription, injured in parts, but still so far preserved as to be legible almost throughout. It contained 132 lines. On the four bulls of the façade were two inscriptions, one inscription being carried over each pair, and the two being of precisely the same import. These two distinct records contain the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides numerous particulars connected with the religion of the Assyrians, their gods, their records, and the erection of their palaces, all of the highest interest and importance. . . . The inscriptions begin with the name and titles of Sennacherib. . . . He calls himself ‘the subduer of kings from the upper sea of the setting sun (the Mediterranean), to the lower sea of the rising sun (the Persian Gulf).’ In the first year of his reign he defeated Merodach Baladan, a name with which we are familiar; for it is this king who is mentioned in the Old Testament as sending messengers and a present to Hezekiah.”  
—pp. 138—140. \*

In the course of these annals, various cities and tribes of Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine are mentioned, besides many other neighbouring regions. Amongst other curious passages we have the following:—

“‘Hezekiah, king of Judah,’ says the Assyrian king, ‘who had not submitted to my authority, forty-six of his principal cities, and fortresses, and villages depending upon them, of which I took no account, I captured, and carried away their spoil. I *shut up* (?) himself within Jerusalem, his capital city. The fortified towns, and the rest of his towns which I spoiled, I severed from his country, and gave to the kings of Ascalon, Ekron, and Gaza, so as to make his country

small. In addition to the former tribute imposed upon their countries, I added a tribute, the nature of which I fixed.' The next passage is somewhat defaced; but the substance of it appears to be, that he took from Hezekiah the treasure he had collected in Jerusalem, 30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver, the treasures of his palace, besides his sons and his daughters, and his male and female servants or slaves, and brought them all to Nineveh. The city itself, however, he does not pretend to have taken.

"There can be little doubt that the campaign against the cities of Palestine, recorded in the inscriptions of Sennacherib at Kouyunjik, is that described in the Old Testament. The events agree with considerable accuracy. We are told, in the book of Kings, that the king of Assyria, in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, 'came up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them,' as he declares himself to have done in his annals. And, what is most important, and perhaps one of the most remarkable coincidences of historic testimony on record, the amount of the treasure in gold taken from Hezekiah, thirty talents, agrees in the two perfectly independent accounts. Too much stress cannot be laid on this singular fact, as it tends to prove the general accuracy of the historical details contained in the Assyrian inscriptions. There is a difference of 500 talents, as it will be observed, in the amount of silver. It is probable that Hezekiah was much pressed by Sennacherib, and compelled to give him all the wealth that he could collect, as we find him actually taking the silver from the house of the Lord, as well as from his own treasury, and cutting off the gold from the doors and pillars of the Temple, to satisfy the demands of the Assyrian king. The Bible may, therefore, only include the actual amount of money in the 300 talents of silver, whilst the Assyrian records comprise all the precious metal taken away. . . . It is natural to suppose that Sennacherib would not perpetuate the memory of his own overthrow; and that, having been unsuccessful in an attempt upon Jerusalem, his army being visited by the plague described in Scripture, he should gloss over his defeat by describing the tribute he had previously received from Hezekiah as the general result of his campaign. There is no reason to believe, from the Biblical account, that Sennacherib was slain by his sons *immediately* after his return to Nineveh; on the contrary, the expression 'he returned and dwelt at Nineveh,' infers that he continued to reign for some time over Assyria. We have accordingly his further annals on the monuments he erected."—pp. 143—145.

There are many curious facts illustrated or brought to light by these records. Thus we have the flight of the king of Sidon to "Yavan, in the middle of the sea;" we have a campaign against the Babylonians, with the conquest of that country, and its assignment as a government satrapy or pashalic to Asurnaddin, the son of Sennacherib; we have also the conquest of a people on the shores of the Persian Gulf, whose cities were at the mouth



of the Shat-el-Arab. To accomplish this, Tyrians, Sidonians, and Greeks or Ionians, were brought to the banks of the Tigris, where they built and manned vessels of war for the invader.

We proceed, however, to transcribe a passage, which is of still greater interest. It was during the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, that a chamber was discovered containing sculptures in better preservation than any which had yet been found at Kouyunjik. Some of the slabs, indeed, were almost entire, though cracked and otherwise injured by fire; and the epigraph, which explained the event portrayed, was fortunately complete. That event was the siege of Lachish:—

“These bas-reliefs represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city evidently of great extent and importance. It appears to have been defended by double walls, with battlements and towers, and by fortified outworks. The country around it was hilly and wooded, producing the fig and the vine. The whole power of the great king seems to have been called forth to take this stronghold. In no other sculptures were so many armed warriors drawn up in array before a besieged city. In the first rank were the kneeling archers, those in the second were bending forward, whilst those in the third discharged their arrows standing upright, and were mingled with spearmen and slingers; the whole forming a compact and organized phalanx. The reserve consisted of large bodies of horsemen and charioteers. Against the fortifications had been thrown up as many as ten banks or mounts, compactly built of stones, bricks, earth, and branches of trees, and seven battering-rams had already been rolled up to the walls. The besieged defended themselves with great determination. Spearmen, archers, and slingers thronged the battlements and towers, showering arrows, javelins, stones, and blazing torches upon the assailants. On the battering-rams were bowmen discharging their arrows, and men with large ladles pouring water upon the flaming brands, which, hurled from above, threatened to destroy the engines. Ladders, used probably for escalade, were falling from the walls upon the soldiers who mounted the inclined ways to the assault. Part of the city had, however, been taken. Beneath its walls were seen Assyrian warriors impaling their prisoners, and from the gateway of an advanced tower, or fort, issued a procession of captives, reaching to the presence of the king, who, gorgeously arrayed, received them seated on his throne. Amongst the spoil were furniture, arms, shields, chariots, vases of metal of various forms, camels, carts drawn by oxen, and laden with women and children, and many objects the nature of which cannot be determined. The vanquished people were distinguished from the conquerors by their dress, those who defended the battlements wore a pointed helmet, differing from that of the Assyrian warriors in having a fringed lappet falling over the ears. Some of the captives had a kind of turban, with one end hanging down to the shoulder, not unlike that

worn by the modern Arabs of the Hedjaz. Others had no head-dress, and short hair and beards. Their garments consisted either of a robe reaching to the ankles, or of a tunic scarcely falling lower than the thigh, and confined at the waist by a girdle. The latter appeared to be the dress of the fighting-men. The women wore long shirts, with an outer cloak, thrown, like the veil of modern Eastern ladies, over the back of the head, and falling to the feet.

"Several prisoners were already in the hands of the torturers. Two were stretched naked on the ground to be flayed alive, others were being slain by the sword before the throne of the king. The haughty monarch was receiving the chiefs of the conquered nation, who crouched and knelt humbly before him. They were brought into the royal presence by the Tartan of the Assyrian forces, probably the Rabshakeh himself, followed by his principal officers. The general was clothed in embroidered robes, and wore on his head a fillet adorned with rosettes and long tasseled bands.

"The throne of the king stood upon an elevated platform, probably an artificial mound in the hill country. Its arms and sides were supported by three rows of figures one above the other. The wood was richly carved, or encased in embossed metal, and the legs ended in pear-shaped ornaments, probably of bronze. The throne, indeed, appears to have resembled, in every respect, one discovered in the north-west palace at Nimroud, which I shall hereafter describe. Over the high back was thrown an embroidered cloth, doubtless of some rare and beautiful material.

"The royal feet rested upon a high footstool of elegant form, fashioned like the throne, and cased with embossed metal; the legs ending in lion's paws. Behind the king were two attendant eunuchs raising fans above his head, and holding the embroidered napkins.

"The monarch himself was attired in long loose robes richly ornamented, and edged with tassels and fringes. In his right hand he raised two arrows, and his left rested upon a bow; an attitude probably denoting triumph over his enemies, and in which he is usually portrayed when receiving prisoners after a victory.

"Behind the king was the royal tent or pavilion, and beneath him were his led horses, and an attendant on foot carrying the parasol, the emblem of royalty. His two chariots, with their charioteers, were waiting for him. One had a peculiar semicircular ornament of considerable size, rising from the pole between the horses, and spreading over their heads. It may originally have contained the figure of a deity, or some mythic symbol. It was attached to the chariot by that singular contrivance joined to the yoke and represented in the early sculptures of Nimroud, the use and nature of which I am still unable to explain. This part of the chariot was richly adorned with figures and ornamental designs, and appeared to be supported by a prop resting on the pole. The trappings of the horses were handsomely decorated, and an embroidered cloth, hung with tassels, fell on their

chests. Two quivers, holding a bow, a hatchet, and arrows, were fixed to the side of the chariot.

"This fine series of bas-reliefs, occupying thirteen slabs, was finished by the ground-plan of a castle, or of a fortified camp containing tents and houses. Within the walls were also seen a fire-altar with two beardless priests, wearing high conical caps, standing before it. In front of the altar, on which burned the sacred flame, was a table bearing various sacrificial objects, and beyond it two sacred chariots, such as accompanied the Persian kings in their wars. The horses had been taken out, and the yokes rested upon stands. Each chariot carried a lofty pole surmounted by a globe, and long tassels or streamers; similar standards were introduced into scenes representing sacrifices in the sculptures of Khorsabad.

"Above the head of the king was the following inscription . . . which may be translated, 'Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lachish (Lakhisha). I give permission for its slaughter.'"—pp. 149—152.

This evidence is in itself pretty conclusive. But further testimony has come to light, by which the date of this monarch, and consequently his personal identity, has been established. In an apartment at the south-west corner of the palace, which seems to have been a sort of state-paper office, were discovered many pieces of fine clay bearing the impressions of seals, which, there is no doubt, had been affixed, like modern official seals of wax, to documents written on leather, papyrus, or parchment. Documents of the kind, with seals of clay attached to them, have already been discovered in Egypt, specimens of which are to be seen in the British Museum. In the case of the Assyrian documents, the writings no longer exist, having been consumed by the fire which destroyed the building, or having decayed in the lapse of ages. In the stamped clay, however, which still survives, may yet be seen the holes for the string or strip of skin by which the seal was fastened. Nay, in some instances, the ashes of the string remain with the marks of the fingers and thumb. The greater part of these seals are Assyrian, being apparently impressions of the royal signet: but amongst them are some few of foreign origin, belonging to Egypt, Phœnicia, and other countries. Of these the most remarkable are two Egyptian seals, the impressions of a royal signet, which, though imperfect, retain the cartouche with the name of the king so as to be perfectly legible. It is one well known as that of the second Sabaco the Æthiopian, of the twenty-fifth dynasty. On the very same piece of clay is the impression of an Assyrian seal, evidently the royal signet. Not the slightest doubt exists as to

the identity of the Egyptian cartouche. Hence the clearness of the proof.

“Sabaco reigned in Egypt at the end of the seventh century before Christ, the exact time at which Sennacherib came to the throne. He is probably the So mentioned in the second book of Kings (xvii. 4) as having received ambassadors from Hoshea, the king of Israel, who, by entering into a league with the Egyptians, called down the vengeance of Shalmaneser, whose tributary he was, which led to the first great captivity of the people of Samaria. Shalmaneser we know to have been an immediate predecessor of Sennacherib, and Tirakha, the Egyptian king, who was defeated by the Assyrians near Lachish, was the immediate predecessor of Sabaco II.

“It would seem that, a peace having been concluded between the Egyptians and one of the Assyrian monarchs, probably Sennacherib, the royal signets of the two kings thus found together were attached to the treaty which was deposited among the archives of the kingdom. Whilst the document itself, written upon parchment or papyrus, has completely perished, this singular proof of the alliance, if not actual meeting of the two monarchs, is still preserved amongst the state papers of the Assyrian empire.”—p. 159.

Whilst occupied in the excavations which led to these valuable results, Mr. Layard was suddenly called upon to resist an attack made upon his workpeople and their dwellings by an Arab tribe entitled the Tai. His conduct in reference to this incident showed how, when we are disposed to do good, we can find the means of doing it. Having, by his courage and temper, staid the affray which had already begun, he made the acquaintance and obtained the good will of the marauders, paid them a visit in their own encampment, heard their grievances, entered into their troubles, and finally succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between the hereditary chief and a disloyal kinsman, whom the Turkish government had set up as his rival in the headship of the tribe.

Here, too, we may mention that, in carrying out and enforcing the measures for the relief of the Yezidis, he actually succeeded, with the aid of the vice-consul, in liberating a girl of that tribe, and restoring her to her family, although she had been placed in the harem of the chief Cadi of Mosul.

If our fellow-countrymen would generally employ themselves, when wandering amongst the heathen and the infidel, in such works as these, the children of those benighted lands would surely see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven; and be led, by experiencing the goodness of the gospel, to acknowledge its power and receive its truth.

It is impossible to convey, by extract or abridgment, one tithe

of the information or amusement contained in these volumes. It is easy enough, for those experienced in the practice, to skim milk; but it is beyond the skill of the most veteran dairyman to perform the same operation upon cream.

Amongst other noticeable facts we would remark, however, that Mr. Layard discovered amongst the ruins, *arched drains*; caldrons and bells of bronze, the latter having iron tongues; bronze cups and dishes, studs and buttons in mother-of-pearl and ivory, with many small rosettes in metal. He also met with various weapons and pieces of armour agreeing with the sculptures; some iron tools and other instruments; carved articles in ivory; glass bowls, the oldest specimens of transparent glass yet discovered; some bronze cubes beautifully inlaid with gold, the earliest examples of this curious art; and lastly, a royal throne, apparently that of Sargon.

"With the exception of the legs, which appear to have been partly of ivory, it was of wood cased or overlaid with bronze. . . . The metal was most elaborately engraved and embossed with symbolical figures and ornaments, like those embroidered on the robes of the early Nimroud king; such as winged deities struggling with griffins, mythic animals, men before the sacred tree, and the winged lion and bull. As the wood-work over which the bronze was fastened by means of small nails of the same material had rotted away, the throne fell to pieces, but the metal casing was partly preserved. Numerous fragments of it are now in the British Museum, including the joints of the arms and legs; the rams' or bulls' heads which adorned the ends of the arms, . . and the ornamental scroll-work of the cross bars in the form of an Ionic volute. The legs were adorned with lions' paws resting on a pine-shaped ornament, like the thrones of the later Assyrian sculptures, and stood on a bronze base."—p. 199.

Amongst the objects which were to be conveyed to England was a pair of colossal winged lions. Mr. Layard's last visit to them by night, and the firing of the bituminous spring which followed, are too graphically described to be omitted.

"We rode, one calm cloudless night, to the mound, to look on them for the last time before they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at her full, and as we drew nigh to the edge of the deep wall of earth rising around them, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of the human heads, and driving before it the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms. One by one, the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before us. I shall never forget that night, or the emotions which those venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more, and they were to stand no longer where they had stood unscathed amid the wreck of man and his works for ages. It seemed almost sacrilege

to tear them from their old haunts, to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them; for they had guarded the palace in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin. Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, who had ridden with us to the mound, was troubled with no such reflections. He gazed listlessly at the grim images, wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards his tents. We scarcely heeded his going, but stood speechless in the deserted portal, until the shadows again began to creep over its hoary guardians.

"Beyond the ruined palaces, a scene scarcely less solemn awaited us. I had sent a party of Jebours to the bitumen springs outside the walls, to the east of the enclosure. The Arabs having lighted a small fire with brushwood, awaited our coming to throw the burning sticks upon the pitchy pools. A thick heavy smoke, such as rose from the jar on the sea-shore when the fisherman had broken the seal of Solomon, rolled upwards in curling volumes, hiding the light of the moon, and spreading wide over the sky. Tongues of flame and jets of gas, driven from the burning pit, shot through the murky canopy. As the fire brightened, a thousand fantastic forms of light played amidst the smoke. To break the cindered crust, and to bring fresh slime to the surface, the Arabs threw large stones into the springs; a new volume of fire then burst forth, throwing a deep red glare upon the figures and upon the landscape. The Jebours danced round the burning pools, like demons in some midnight orgie, shouting their war-cry and brandishing their glittering arms. In an hour the bitumen was exhausted for the time, the dense smoke gradually died away, and the pale light of the moon again shone over the black slime pits."—pp. 201, 202.

It is a singular coincidence, that the lions appear to have departed from their long resting-place to the Tigris in almost the same manner as that in which they had, many ages ago, performed the same route in an opposite direction—with this striking and commendable difference, however, that whereas the Assyrian tyrant had compelled bands of wretched and unwilling captives to toil for the destroyer of their homes, the beneficent and enlightened Englishmen drew the multitude forward in their work by the stronger and more enduring ties of gratitude and interest. Owing to the floods which had deluged the country and saturated the soil, the enterprise of dragging the huge monsters over the interval between the mound and the place of embarkation was attended with great difficulty, and required additional exertions on the part of the workmen. But here, as elsewhere, Mr. Layard surmounted every obstacle by his exceeding tact and firmness.

"It was necessary to humour and excite the Arabs to induce them to persevere in the arduous work of dragging the cart through the deep soft soil into which it continually sank. At one time, after many vain

efforts to move the buried wheels, it was unanimously declared that Mr. Cooper, the artist, brought ill luck, and no one would work until he retired. The cumbrous machine crept onwards for a few more yards, but again all exertions were fruitless. Then the Frank lady would bring good fortune if she sat on the sculpture. The wheels rolled heavily along, but were soon clogged once more in the yielding soil. An evil eye surely lurked among the workmen or the bystanders. Search was quickly made, and one having been detected upon whom this curse had alighted, he was ignominiously driven away with shouts and execrations. This impediment having been removed, the cart drew nearer to the village, but soon again came to a stand-still. All the Sheikhs were now summarily degraded from their rank and honours, and a weak ragged boy having been dressed up in tawdry kerchiefs, and invested with a cloak, was pronounced by Hormuzd to be the only fit chief for such puny men. The cart moved forwards until the ropes gave way, under the new excitement caused by this reflection upon the character of the Arabs. When that had subsided, and the presence of the youthful Sheikh no longer encouraged his subjects, he was as summarily deposed as he had been elected, and a grey beard of ninety was raised to the dignity in his stead. He had his turn; then the most unpopular of the Sheikhs were compelled to lie down on the ground, that the groaning wheels might pass over them, like the car of Juggernaut over its votaries. With yells, shrieks, and wild antics the cart was drawn within a few inches of the prostrate men. As a last resource I seized a rope myself, and with shouts of defiance between the different tribes, who were divided into separate parties and pulled against each other, and amidst the deafening *tahlel* of the women, the lion was at length fairly brought to the water's edge."—pp. 203, 204.

Well, the Lions have left Nineveh, and so must we, although we would willingly linger amongst the ruins of that mighty city. After this achievement our author made a tour in the mountains, attended a marriage festival of the Yezidis, visited Baazani, one of their especial districts, and inspected the rock sculptures of Bavian. They are well worthy attentive consideration, and in common with those at the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb, near Beyrout, and many other monuments scattered in various directions, belong to the reign and attest the triumphs of the great Sennacherib.

After returning to Mosul our traveller paid another visit to the Tai, who had lately sustained a severe defeat at the hands of the Shammar, aggravated by the loss of forty valuable mares. The following incident is curiously characteristic of Arab life.

"We found the Howar," says our author, "much cast down and vexed by his recent misfortunes. The chiefs of the tribe were with him in gloomy consultation over their losses. A Bedouin wrapped in his ragged cloak was seated listlessly in the tent. He had been my guest

the previous evening at Nimroud, and had announced himself on a mission from the Shammar to the Tai to learn the breed of the mares which had been taken in the late conflict. His message might appear to those ignorant of the customs of the Arabs one of insult and defiance. But he was on a common errand; and although there was blood between the tribes, his person was as sacred as that of an ambassador in any civilized community.

"Whenever," adds Mr. Layard, "a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he be about to receive his death-blow from the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim 'O Fellan! (such a one) the mare that fate has given to you is of noble blood. She is of the breed of Saklawiyah, and her dam is ridden by Awath, a Sheikh of the Fedhan' (or as the case may be). Nor will a lie come from the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he dies. After a battle or a foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy will send an envoy to ask their breed, and a person so chosen passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have lost.

"Among men," proceeds our author, "who attach the highest value to the pure blood of their horses, and who have no written pedigree (for amongst the Bedouins documents of this kind do not exist), such customs are necessary. The descent of a horse is preserved by tradition, and the birth of a colt is an event known to the whole tribe. If a townsman or a stranger buy a horse, and is desirous of written evidence of its race, the seller with his friends will come to the nearest town to testify before a person specially qualified to take the evidence, called 'the cadi of the horses,' who makes out a written pedigree, accompanied by various prayers and formularies from the Koran used on such occasions, and then affixes to it his seal. It would be considered disgraceful to the character of a true Bedouin to give false testimony on such an occasion, and his word is usually received with implicit confidence."—pp. 221, 222.

Besides much that is interesting and amusing with regard to these noble animals, and the high regard in which they are held by their Arab masters, we have also many facts and anecdotes concerning hawks. The art of falconry, once in such general practice and such high esteem amongst ourselves, is still exercised in the East with a skill and spirit nothing inferior to the best days of that sport in Europe. Amongst many details on the subject we are told on one occasion with reference to a Sheikh, by name Suttum, who had lost his falcon:—

"Suttum was inconsolable at his loss. He wept when he returned without his falcon on his wrist, and for days he would suddenly exclaim 'O Bej! Hattab was not a bird, he was my brother.'"—p. 299.



On returning to the excavations once more, Mr. Layard found that many interesting discoveries had been made, amongst them was a set of sculptures which, from their illustration of a celebrated passage of Scripture, arrest our peculiar attention.

"The bas-reliefs represented the siege and sack of one of the many cities taken by the Great King, and the transfer of its captives to some distant province of Assyria. The prisoners were dressed in garments falling to the calves of their legs, and the women wore a kind of turban. Although the country was mountainous, its inhabitants used the camel as a beast of burden, and in the sculptures it was represented laden with the spoil. The Assyrians, as was their custom, carried away in triumph the images of the gods of the conquered nation, which were placed on poles, and borne in procession on men's shoulders. 'Hath any god of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria?' exclaimed the Assyrian general to the Jews. 'Where are the gods of Hamath and Arphad? Where are the gods of Sepharvaim?' They had been carried away with the captives, and the very idols that were represented in this bas-relief may be amongst those to which Rabshakeh made this boasting allusion. The captured gods were three, a human figure with outstretched arms, a lion-headed man carrying a long staff in one hand, and an image enclosed by a square frame. Within a fortified camp, defended by towers and battlements, the priests were offering up the sacrifices usual upon a victory; the pontiff was distinguished by a high conical cap, and, as is always the case in the Assyrian sculptures, was beardless. By his side stood an assistant. Before the altar, on which were some sacrificial utensils, was the sacred chariot with its elaborate yoke. On a raised bench across the centre of the castle was inscribed the name and titles of Sennacherib."—pp. 228, 229.

The travellers now started on an expedition to explore the valley of the Khabour, the Chebar of Scripture, a very beautiful country, interesting alike to the lover of nature and the student of history. Here as usual they saw much, heard much, and met with numberless adventures. We must, however, confine ourselves to one modern incident, and one ancient site.

We have already introduced our readers to a certain Sheikh, Suttum, the owner of a noble falcon, towards whom he entertained a brotherly affection, and over whose loss he wept fraternal tears. This Arab was linked in the bonds of wedlock with a lady of high birth and proportionably high spirit. She had been very handsome in her youth, and still retained much of her original beauty. He had married her, however, principally from motives of policy, and did not always bear patiently the yoke which she laid upon him. In the present instance she had insisted on accompanying him, from the fear apparently that he might fall in with a previous wife of his, whom, in the very bloom of her beauty, she had compelled him to send home to her friends. On one evening after he

had been out sporting, Suttum came to Mr. Layard somewhat downcast in look, as if a heavy weight were on his mind.

"At length, after various circumlocutions, he said that his wife would not sleep under the white tent which I had lent her, such luxuries being, she declared, only worthy of city ladies, and altogether unbecoming the wife and daughter of a Bedouin. 'So determined is she,' said Suttum, 'in the matter, that, Billah! she deserted my bed last night and slept on the grass in the open air; and now she swears she will leave me, and return on foot to her kindred, unless I save her from the indignity of sleeping under a white tent.' It was inconvenient to humour the fancies of the Arab lady, but as she was inexorable, I gave her a black Arab tent used by the servants for a kitchen. Under this sheet of goat-hair canvass, open on all sides to the air, she said she could breathe freely, and feel again that she was a Bedouin."—pp. 267, 268.

The ancient site to which we would direct the reader's attention for a few seconds is that of Arban. The first objects of interest found here were a pair of winged human-headed bulls, the fore-parts of which had been disclosed by the river during the recent floods already alluded to. These monsters were found to be of a coarse limestone, their height about five feet six inches, their length about four feet six inches. They resembled in general design the well-known winged bulls of Nineveh, but in the style of art they differed considerably from them.

"The outline and treatment were bold and angular, with an archaic feeling conveying the impression of great antiquity. They bore the same relation to the more delicately finished and highly ornamented sculptures of Nimroud, as the earliest remains of Greek art do to the exquisite monuments of Phidias and Praxiteles. The human features were unfortunately much injured, but such parts as remained were sufficient to show that the countenance had a peculiar character differing from the Assyrian type. The sockets of the eyes were deeply sunk, probably to receive the white and the ball of the eye, in ivory or glass. The nose was flat and large, and the lips thick and overhanging like those of a negro. Human ears were attached to the head, and bulls' ears to the horned cap, which was low and square at the top, not high and ornamented like those of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik, nor rounded like those of Nimroud. The hair was elaborately curled as in the pure Assyrian sculptures, though more rudely carved. The wings were small in proportion to the size of the body, and had not the majestic spread of those of the bulls that adorned the palaces of Nineveh."—p. 276.

Above this figure were purely Assyrian characters, from which it would appear that the sculptures here discovered belonged to the reign of a king whose name has not been discovered on any other monument. The individual thus indicated, however, may

have been some satrap, general, or other distinguished subject or powerful feudatory of the Great King.

Behind these bulls were found various relics of an early date : amongst them was a copper bell like those from Nimroud ; there were also fragments of bricks bearing arrow-headed characters painted yellow, with white outlines, upon a pale green ground.

In another part of the mound was discovered a lion with extended jaws sculptured in the same stone and the same style as the bulls. It had five legs, and the tail had a claw at the end as in the bas-reliefs of Nineveh. In height it was much the same as the bulls.

In another spot half of a human figure was discovered ; the face in full, one hand grasping a sword or dagger, the other holding some object to the breast, the hair and beard long and flowing, and ornamented with a profusion of curls as in the Assyrian bas-reliefs. The features and countenance are eminently Caucasian ; the head-dress appears to consist of a circular helmet ending in a sharp point. The treatment and style prove this figure to be contemporaneous with the bulls and the lion.

The interest of these objects is enhanced, and their character elucidated, by spirited woodcuts let into the text.

Besides these sculptures various small articles of considerable importance were discovered in the mound of Arban. Amongst them were several Egyptian Scarabæi belonging to the eighteenth dynasty of kings and the fifteenth century before the Christian era.

The conjectures suggested, the trains of thought aroused, by these discoveries, we can do no more than faintly indicate.

The archaic character of the sculptures appears to claim for them a remote antiquity, anterior to the more perfect specimens of art discovered at Nineveh itself. For though we believe civilization and science to have been coeval with the human race,—the one being the natural state of man, and the other derived from the teaching of God,—there is no reason to suppose that the practice of the imitative arts would obtain or reach its perfection in the earlier ages of the primitive world. Indeed, it is clear that such would not be possible until the increase of population enabled some persons to withdraw their energies from the occupations necessary to life or conducive to comfort, and devote them to merely ornamental employments. And though it is probable that a considerable degree of perfection had already been reached in these matters by the time of Noah, still the destruction of the human race by the Deluge would once more reduce men to necessary employments, and the dispersion of Babel and sanguinary ambition of Nimrod would probably tend to retard them in their return to the standard of antediluvian art.

Again the physiognomy of the monsters, joined with the existence of the Scarabæi, denote a large admixture of Egyptian or Ethiopic influence at the period when the sculptures were erected.

Another cause of peculiar interest in these remains arises from the fact that the fifteenth century before Christ,—the age to which they appear to belong, or with which they are closely connected,—includes the periods of the Exode of Israel under Moses, and the conquest of Canaan by Joshua, and verges upon the era of Chushan-Rishathaim, the Mesopotamian monarch, who oppressed the Israelites for eight years, till they were delivered by Othniel.

Were the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates in a state of intimate and friendly intercourse with that of the Nile at the time of the erection of these sculptures? Are they vestiges of an Egyptian domination, or proofs of an Assyrian triumph? These and numberless other questions arise. But they cannot yet be answered. Let us hope that future excavations (for we earnestly trust that such will be undertaken and carried out without stint of time, trouble, or money), and further researches, will enable us to solve these and many other deeply-interesting questions—such as that of the character of the relation evidently existing between the civilization, arts, and religion of Assyria and Etruria,—a connexion which long since ably urged by the talented authoress of the “*Sepulchres of Etruria*,” is now further corroborated by the discovery of Assyrian remains, which we may not stay to describe.

On leaving Arban, Mr. Layard made a tour through the native tribes and ancient remains of the neighbouring districts before returning to Mosul. From the many curious customs mentioned in the course of this journey, we select the following as possessing a peculiar interest:—

“One of the most remarkable laws in force amongst the wandering Arabs, and one probably of the highest antiquity, is the law of blood, called the *Thar*, prescribing the degrees of consanguinity within which it is lawful to revenge a homicide. Although a law, rendering a man responsible for blood shed by any one related to him within the fifth degree, may appear to members of a civilized community one of extraordinary rigour, and involving almost manifest injustice, it must nevertheless be admitted, that no power vested in any one individual, and no punishment, however severe, could tend more to the maintenance of order, and the prevention of bloodshed amongst the wild tribes of the Desert. As Burckhardt has justly remarked, ‘this salutary institution has contributed in a greater degree than any other circumstance to prevent the warlike tribes of Arabia from exterminating one another.’

“If a man commit a homicide, the Cadi endeavours to prevail upon the family of the victim to accept a compensation for the blood

in money, or in kind, the amount being regulated according to custom in different tribes. Should the offer of blood-money be refused, the '*Thar*' comes into operation; and any person within the '*Khomse*,' or fifth degree of blood of the homicide, may be legally killed by any one within the same degree of consanguinity to the victim."—p. 306.

From this law arises the great unwillingness shown by Arabs to disclose their own name or that of their father to a stranger, lest by so doing they should expose themselves to the operation of the *Thar*.

"In most encampments are found refugees, sometimes whole families, who have left their tribe on account of a homicide for which they are amenable. In case after a murder persons within the '*Thar*' take to flight, three days and four hours are by immemorial custom allowed to the fugitives before they can be pursued. Frequently they never return to their friends, but remain with those who give them protection, and become incorporated into the tribe by which they are adopted. Thus there are families of the Harb, Aneyza, Dhofyr, and other great clans, who for this cause have joined the Shammar, and are now considered part of them. Frequently the homicide will wander from tent to tent over the Desert, or even rove through the towns and villages on its borders, with a chain round his neck and in rags, begging contributions from the charitable to enable him to pay the apportioned blood-money."—p. 307.

Equally curious and interesting are the laws of *DAKHEEL*, or those which regulate the customs and principles of Arab hospitality. Amongst the Shammar, if a man can seize the end of a string or thread, the other end of which is held by his enemy, he becomes his *Dakheel* or protector. If he touch the canvas of a tent, or can even throw his mace towards it, he comes under the same category. If a horseman ride into a tent, both man and beast receive the benefits of *Dakheel*. A stranger who has eaten with a Shanmar can give *Dakheel* to his enemy; thus Mr. Layard could protect an Aneyza though there was blood between his tribe and the Shammar. So far, indeed, is this principle carried out, that a woman can protect any number of persons or tents. A striking illustration of this came under our author's observation. He thus mentions it in a note:—

"In the winter of the year of my residence in Babylonia, after an engagement near Baghdad, between the Boraj and the Turkish regular troops, in which the latter were defeated, a flying soldier was caught within sight of an encampment. His captors were going to put him to death, when he stretched his hands to the nearest tent, claiming the *Dakheel* of its owner, who chanced to be Sahiman Mijwell's eldest brother. The Sheikh was absent from home, but his beautiful wife Noura answered to the appeal, and, seizing a tent-pole, beat off his

pursuers and saved his life. This conduct was much applauded by the Bedouins."—p. 318.

And it will be applauded by all who reverence courage, generosity, and honour.

In obedience to these regulations the Shammar will never attack a caravan whilst it remains in sight of their own encampment, considering such an act as a breach of the laws of hospitality. Surely it is not at all improbable that the chivalry of the later mediæval times was learnt from these children of the Desert, when we recollect the great difference on such points observable in the conduct of Europeans before and after their collision with the Arabs. From numberless traits occurring in these pages they seem to be, despite of all their faults, essentially and *par excellence* gentlemen born.

During Mr. Layard's tour in the Desert, the excavations at Kouyunjik had been actively carried on under the superintendence of Toma Shishman, and many interesting discoveries awaited his return. Amongst the most interesting of these were, 1. a Banquet Procession; 2. Chambers of Records; 3. Figures of the Fish-God Dagon; and, 4. a Representation of Satan.

The Banquet Procession was sculptured upon slabs of six feet in height, and extended about ninety-six feet along the wall of a passage or gallery. First came the mace-bearers; then a servant bearing a pine-apple; the attendants who followed carried clusters of ripe dates, flat baskets of osier-work filled with pomegranates, apples, and bunches of grapes. They raised in one hand small green boughs to drive away the flies. Then came men bearing hares, partridges, and dried animal-locusts fastened on rods. These were followed by a man with strings of pomegranates; then came, two by two, attendants carrying on their shoulders low tables, such as are still used in the East at feasts, loaded with baskets of cakes and fruits of various kinds. The procession was followed by a long line of servants bearing vases of flowers. These figures were dressed in a short tunic, confined at the waist by a shawl or girdle; they wore no head-dress, their hair falling in curls on their shoulders.

With regard to the second matter on our list Mr. Layard says:—

"I have mentioned elsewhere, that the historical records and public documents of the Assyrians were kept on tablets and cylinders of baked clay. Many specimens have been brought to this country. On a large hexagonal cylinder, presented by me to the British Museum, are the chronicles of Essarhaddon; on a similar cylinder, discovered in the mount of Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, and formerly in the possession of the late Colonel Taylor, are eight years of the annals of Sennacherib; and on a barrel-shaped cylinder, long since placed in the British Mu-

seum, and known as Bellino's, we have part of the records of the same king. The importance of such relics will be readily understood. They present, in a small compass, an abridgment or recapitulation of the inscriptions on the great monuments and palace walls, giving, in a chronological series, the events of each monarch's reign. The writing is so minute, and the letters are so close one to another, that it requires considerable experience to separate and transcribe them. Fragments of other cylinders have also been discovered, and many inscribed tablets, from three to six inches in length, have been long preserved in England and in various European collections.

"The chambers I am describing appear to have been a depository in the palace of Nineveh for such documents. To the height of a foot or more from the floor, they were entirely filled with them; some entire, but the greater part broken into many fragments, probably by the falling in of the upper part of the building. They were of different sizes; the largest tablets were flat, and measured about nine inches by six and a half inches; the smaller were slightly convex, and some were not more than an inch long, with but one or two lines of writing. The cuneiform characters on most of them were singularly sharp and well-defined, but so minute in some instances as to be almost illegible without a magnifying-glass. These documents appear to be of various kinds. Many are historical records of wars, and distant expeditions undertaken by the Assyrians; some seem to be royal decrees, and are stamped with the name of a king, the son of Essarhaddon; others again, divided into parallel columns by horizontal lines, contain lists of the gods, and probably a register of offerings made in their temples. On one, Dr. Hincks has detected a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressed by different alphabetical signs, according to various modes of using them—a most important discovery; on another, apparently a list of the sacred days in each month; and on a third, what seems to be a calendar. It is highly probable that a record of astronomical observations may exist amongst them, for we know, from ancient writers, that the Babylonians inscribed such things upon burnt bricks. As we find from the Bavian inscriptions, that the Assyrians kept a very accurate computation of time, we may reasonably expect to obtain valuable chronological tables, and some information as to their methods of dividing the year and even the day. Many are sealed with seals, and may prove to be legal contracts or conveyances of land. Others bear rolled impressions of those engraved cylinders so frequently found in Babylonia and Assyria, by some believed to be amulets. The characters appear to have been formed by a very delicate instrument before the clay was hardened by fire, and the process of accurately making letters so minute and complicated must have required considerable ingenuity and experience. On some tablets are found Phœnician, or cursive Assyrian characters, and other signs."—pp. 344—346.

On the north side of another chamber were two doorways leading into separate apartments; each entrance was formed by two colossal *bas-reliefs* of Dagon. His image occurs also on a fine

agate cylinder in Mr. Layard's possession. It combined the human shape with that of the fish. The head of the fish formed a mitre above that of the man, whilst its scaly back and fanlike tail fell as a cloak behind, leaving the human limbs and feet exposed. The figure wore a fringed tunic, and bore the two sacred emblems, the basket and the cone.

Our author is of opinion that the grotesque form adopted by the European vulgar to denote the Evil One, is only a modification of the original Assyrian demon.

"A monster, whose head, of fanciful and hideous form, had long pointed ears, and extended jaws armed with huge teeth. Its body was covered with feathers, its fore feet were those of a lion, its hind legs ended in the talons of an eagle, and it had spreading wings and the tail of a bird.

"Behind this strange image was a winged man, whose dress consisted of an upper garment with a skirt of skin or fur, and an under robe fringed with tassels, and the sacred horned hat. A long sword was suspended from his shoulders by an embossed belt; sandals, armlets, and bracelets completed his attire. He grasped in each hand an object in the form of a double trident, resembling the thunderbolt of the Greek Jove, which he was in the attitude of hurling against the monster who turned furiously towards him."—p. 348.

It is worthy of remark, that the Assyrians used the wood of the cedar in their royal and sacred edifices, and that they procured it from Lebanon. During this visit to the ruins, the traveller was attracted by the smell of that odoriferous wood, a beam of which had been used for fuel by the Arab workmen.

Fain would we linger with our author amongst the monuments of Nineveh, accompany him on his tour in Armenia and Kurdistan, decipher the inscriptions on the cliffs by Lake Van, examine with him the rock sculptures of Bavian, and enter into the trials and troubles of the Nestorian Christians; but our consumption of paper warns us that the limits allotted to this article have already been exceeded, and with unwilling heart we must draw our remarks to a close.

Since, however, the title of the work before us includes a visit to Babylon, we must not conclude without some allusion to the remains discovered in the desolate ruin which occupies the site once crowned by the lady of nations, the excellency of the Chaldees.

Amongst other curious relics of early times, Mr. Layard discovered certain bowls which were used as charms. The bowls were covered internally with Hebrew inscriptions. The patient, afflicted with sickness, or otherwise exposed to evil influences, was directed to fill the bowl with liquid, and then to drain it dry; and it was believed that by so doing he appropriated to himself



the benefits of the charm. We subjoin one of these singular compositions, advertising the reader that its authors believed in the existence of sex, the institution of marriage, and the production of offspring amongst the evil spirits.

“This is a bill of divorce to the Devil, and to . . . and to Satan, and to Nerig, and to Zachiah, and to Abitur of the mountain, and to . . . and to the night monsters, commanding them to cease from Batnaïum, and from the country of the north, and from all who are tormented by them therein. Behold, I make the counsels of these devils of no effect, and annul the power of the ruler of the night-monsters. I conjure you all, monsters . . . both male and female, to go forth. I conjure you and . . . by the sceptre of the powerful one who has power over the devils, and over the night-monsters, to quit these habitations. Behold I now make you cease from troubling them, and make the influence of your presence cease in Beheran of Batnaïum, and in their fields. In the same manner as the devils write bills of divorce and give them to their wives, and return not to them again, receive ye your bill of divorce, and take this written authority, and go forth and leave quickly, flee and depart from Beheran in Batnaïum in the name of the living . . . by the seal of the powerful one, and by this signet of authority. Then will there flow rivers of water in that land, and there the parched ground will be watered. Amen, Amen, Amen. Selah.”—pp. 512, 513.

We ought not to omit mentioning that amongst the many interesting relics of antiquity discovered by our author after his return from Armenia, were sculptures representing the tortures inflicted on Israelitish captives for blaspheming the gods of Assyria. There are also many curious facts and careful deductions respecting the architecture, history, and religion of that ancient empire, in the latter pages of this volume, and some valuable suggestions regarding the light thrown by these discoveries on the arts and arms, the customs and buildings of Israel and Judah.

Much, however, remains still to be discovered in the mounds which have not yet been opened; much still remains in those which have been but imperfectly searched; and we trust that the money will be soon found to carry out the great designs conceived, but, for want of funds, not executed by the author of this charming volume. Should the Sovereign grant him armorial bearings to reward his great achievements, we would suggest, on a shield sable the palace of Sennacherib argent; supporters, a winged lion and a winged bull, both proper; motto, *LITORIS ASSYRII VIATOR*.

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS, ETC.

1. *Genesis and Geology*. By Denis Crofton, B.A. 2. *Sermons, Devotional and Practical*. By the Rev. James Bandinel, M.A. 3. *The Home Friend. A Weekly Miscellany*. 4. *Ruth: a Novel*. By the Author of *Mary Barton*. 5. *A Leaf of a Christmas Tree*. From the German. 6. *Poems*. By the Hon. Julian Fane. 7. *Gedichte von Oscar von Redwitz:—Poems*. By Oscar von Redwitz. 8. *Juniuslieder von Emanuel Geibel:—Songs of Junce*. By Emanuel Geibel. 8. *Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science, and Art*. 9. *The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*. By F. D. Maurice, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. 10. *Dissertations on Subjects relating to the "Orthodox" or "Eastern Catholic" Communion*. By William Palmer, M.A. 11. *The Parsis, or Modern Zerdusthicius*. By H. G. Briggs. 12. *The Australian and Californian Gold Discoveries and their probable Consequences*. By P. J. Stirling, F.R.S.E. 13. *The Voice of the Church*. By the Rev. S. Hopkins. 14. *Self-Denial the Preparation for Easter*. By the Author of "Letters to my Unknown Friends." 15. *Last Glimpses of Convocation*. By Arthur J. Joyce. 16. *Notes on the Prophecies of Jonah and Hosea*. By the Rev. W. Drake, M.A. 17. *Eliana*. By Francis E. Chase, M.D. 18. *A Collation of about Twenty Greek Manuscripts of the Holy Gospels*. By the Rev. S. H. Scrivener, M.A. 19. *M. Minucii Felicis Octavius, &c.* By the Rev. H. A. Holden, M.A. 20. *The Bible, the Missal, and the Breviary*. By the Rev. G. Lewis. 21. *The Odes of Horace*. By F. W. Newman. 22. *The Lord's Day*. By E. W. Hengstenberg. 23. *Rainy Afternoons*. By Randall Ballantine. 24. *The History of English Literature*. By W. Spalding, A.M. 25. *Twenty Sermons for Town Congregations*. By C. Hardwick, M.A. 26. *Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata*. 27. *The Heir of Redclyffe*. 28. *Landon's General Ecclesiastical Dictionary*. 29. *The Difficulties of Romanism in respect to Evidence*. By G. S. Faber, B.D. 30. *Sermons on the Christian Seasons*. 31. *The Sympathy of Christ*. By the Rev. W. J. Dampier. 32. *The Family Almanack*. 33. *Good Friday*. 34. *The Deceitfulness of Sin*. By Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford. 35. *The Manual*. By W. E. Heygate, M.A.

- 1.—*Genesis and Geology; or, an Investigation into the Reconciliation of the Modern Systems of Geology, with the Declarations of Scripture*. By DENIS CROFTON, B.A., &c. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

THIS very able and interesting dissertation was originally inserted in Kitto's Quarterly "Journal of Sacred Literature" for October, 1850, and it is now republished with certain additions. The subject on which Mr. Crofton treats is one which has for many years engaged the attention of writers on geology, and which indeed naturally presents itself at once to every Christian mind on engaging in the study of a science which brings before us facts demonstrative, or apparently demonstrative, of the existence of some parts of this globe long prior to the received date of the creation of the world. In his Preface Mr. Crofton refers to the writings of various eminent men who have already examined into this question. Amongst others whom he mentions, the name of Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, will at once recall to the

reader's memory the attention which that eminent geologist bestowed on this very point.

The author at the commencement of his dissertation lays down the following propositions, from which a tolerable idea will be formed of the views which he advocates:—

“ I. That the absolute age of our earth is not defined in the sacred volume.

“ II. That there may have been a long interval in duration, between the creation of ‘ the heaven and the earth,’ mentioned in the first verse, of the first chapter of Genesis, and the continuation of the earth's history in the second verse.

“ III. That the term ‘ the earth,’ Heb. *הָאָרֶץ* does not apply necessarily in every instance, to the whole of our planet, but sometimes only to a part of it.

“ IV. That the state of the earth described in the second verse, as ‘ without form, and void,’ Heb. *וְהָאֲרֶץ תִּהְיֶה נֶחֱסֵד* does not necessarily mean matter never reduced to form, and order, but may signify matter reduced to disorder, after previous organization, and arrangement.

“ V. That the ‘ darkness’ ‘ upon the face of the deep,’ also mentioned in the second verse, is not negative of the *previous* existence of light, but may have been only a temporary one.

“ VI. That the commencement of the account of the first of the six days of creation, dates from the beginning of the third verse, ‘ And God said, Let there be light.’

“ VII. That the act of ‘ the first day,’ does not necessarily signify the creation of light, but may have been only the calling it into operation, upon the scene of ‘ darkness’ described in the second verse.

“ VIII. That the calling ‘ the light’ ‘ Day,’ and the ‘ darkness’ ‘ Night,’ with the declaration, that ‘ the evening and the morning were the first day,’ does not necessarily imply that this was the first day *absolutely* speaking.

“ IX. That the work of ‘ the second day,’ mentioned in the sixth, seventh, and eighth verses, may have been only an operation performed upon the atmosphere of our earth.

“ X. That the work of ‘ the fourth day,’ described from the fourteenth to the eighteenth verses, does not necessarily imply that the sun, moon, and stars were then first created, or formed for the first time from pre-existent matter, but may only have been, that they were then for the first time in the detail of the history of the present earth, made visible to it, and ordained to their offices with respect to the coming human creation.”—p. 8.

The author then proceeds to examine six leading hypotheses which have been propounded for the reconciliation of geology. The first is, that all the fossiliferous strata have been deposited

by the Noachian deluge. The second, that they have been deposited in the interval between the creation of the human species and that deluge. The third, that the days of creation were periods of indefinite and vast length. The fourth, that the days of creation were natural days, with vast intervals between them. The fifth, that the word בְּרָא, in the first verse of Gen. i., does not mean absolute creation out of nothing, but rather re-creation.

These various hypotheses are rejected by Mr. Crofton, some on geological grounds, and some on probable theological arguments. The sixth and last hypothesis is that which he himself advocates: that the first verse of Genesis describes the original and primary creation of the whole universe, including our earth; that—

“the phrase ‘the heaven and the earth’ is made use of throughout the inspired writings to denote all material existence (reference to Gen. xiv. 19. 22; 1 Chron. xxix. 11; Ps. lxxxix. 12 (11); Isa. xlv. 24; Matt. xi. 25; Col. i. 16, &c., will clearly show this), and then drops its history altogether until a period immediately antecedent to the creation of the human species, when it resumes it in the second verse, in as far as it concerned the human race. Consequently, we are to look in a vast interval of duration, between the periods of the first and second verses, for the ages during which our earth has been inhabited by successive tribes of animal and vegetable creations, widely different from the present types of existence, and for the long lapse of time requisite for the elaboration of the existing surface from its original condition, very probably, one of igneous fluidity, by a gradual process of cooling, and by the elevating, and degrading, agencies of fire and water, which we still see at work in the formation, and reduction, of continents, and islands.”—pp. 13, 14.

The believer can never for a moment entertain the slightest fear that the discoveries of science can disturb or contradict the statements of God Himself in His holy word. He knows that if any such contradiction should appear momentarily, it will be dispelled when more knowledge is obtained. In the imperfect, continually changing, and developing systems of human science, he can never recognize any counterpoise to the authority—the clear and certain authority of God’s own word. But at the same time considering the number of those whose religious convictions are weak, and who are liable to be disturbed by any difficulties, of *any sort or kind*, that may be put before them, it is very satisfactory to see writers directing their attention to the solution of difficulties which might subvert the faith of intelligent but superficial reasoners; and might be employed by the enemies of reli-

gion to annoy and disturb even those who were firmer in faith, but of more limited attainments.

Now there is really not the slightest difficulty in the case. The geologist wants *time*. Well, let him have time, as much as ever he pleases. There is nothing in the Scripture to prevent his carrying back the antiquity of his "formations" as far as he likes. The Bible gives an account of the creation of the world, but it is impossible to demonstrate that that creation means absolute creation out of nothing. It is equally impossible to demonstrate that the creation of light followed within any given period after the creation mentioned in the first verse of Genesis. It is impossible to demonstrate that the days of creation each meant twenty-four hours, and nothing more. It is impossible to demonstrate that there were no intervals between these days. Now, unless the geologist can demonstrate all these things, he cannot, on scientific grounds and in a scientific way, place the conclusions of geology in opposition to the statements of Scripture as regards the question of *time*. We look on the reasonings and statements of writers like Mr. Crofton as more valuable in their defensive character, than in any other. Such hypotheses as his and Dr. Buckland's and others, are of great use in showing that the adversaries of religion cannot establish any direct contradiction between Geology and the Bible. But as to their positive theories—as to holding with this or that writer that such and such things, discovered by scientific research, positively took place at such and such times mentioned in the Bible—we must take leave to suspend our judgment: we know nothing about it. It is a mere hypothesis after all. We are however very sensible of the learning and ingenuity of these writers, and the good service they have done to the cause of religion; and we will say for Mr. Crofton that his Dissertation appears to be most complete in its way, and to grapple with scientific difficulties in a way which brings out most unmistakably his scientific and theological attainments, and his powers of able and vigorous argument. The propositions which we have extracted from his work convey an idea, but an imperfect idea, of the way in which his plan is carried out, and of the details into which he enters; but we would express, in conclusion, the very great interest we have derived from the perusal, and the sense we entertain of the usefulness of this work for the purpose of meeting scientific objections to Scripture.

- II.—*Sermons, Devotional and Practical; preached to Country Congregations. By the Rev. JAMES BANDINEL, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford.* London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

AN excellent volume of Sermons. Plain, practical, explanatory, and Scriptural in tone. They are of moderate length, and abound in simple and faithful expositions of the Word of God. We have much pleasure in recommending them to the notice of our readers. We extract the following remarks on Grace and Works, as indicative of the writer's views:—

"The truth as it is in Jesus is this: that man of himself is totally unable either to ransom his soul, or to purify his heart, or to earn an admittance into heaven; but that God has in His infinite mercy thought fit to furnish him with the means of doing all these things. And again, though we escape hell by the free pardon of God, obtain holiness by His free gift, and enter heaven by His free bounty, still He requires that we shall flee from sin and seek after holiness, endeavouring to believe all that He has revealed, to abstain from all that He has forbidden, and to perform all that He has commanded."—pp. 82, 83.

In speaking of the healing of one who was born blind, the author thus expresses himself:—

"Now suppose, as is very probable, that just before this event, the blind man had been sitting on the brow of the Mount of Olives—that brow which commanded a full view of the magnificent city of Jerusalem—its noble houses, its fine gardens, its glorious temple; beyond rose the western hills, and on their summits perhaps the sun was pouring a flood of golden light. The blind man saw none of these things, and how could they be explained to him? For recollect, he was *born blind*."

And then the contrast is ably drawn between his former state, and that moment in which the power of vision was restored. It is this sort of realizing the facts of Scripture history that makes the most impression on the minds of congregations.

- III.—*The Home Friend; a Weekly Miscellany of Amusement and Instruction.* Published every Wednesday by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and sold by all Booksellers.

OF all the publications which have issued from the Christian Knowledge Society, we scarcely know one which deserves more hearty encouragement and approbation than this. We confess to having entertained a fear that its contents might prove of too dry a character before we fell in with this little periodical: we

had fancied that it might be somewhat too stiff; so fearful of saying any thing that might possibly do harm, as to err on the side of coldness and propriety; and indeed we had been assured that it was by no means equal to a similar publication issued by the Religious Tract Society, called "The Leisure Hour." "The Home Friend" is, however, in our estimation, the more amusing and entertaining of the two; not being spoilt by those sudden transitions from questions of science or tales of a lively character to extracts from "Bogatzky's Spiritual Treasury," or the abrupt quotation of certain texts from St. Paul's Epistles, which are so frequent in the columns of "The Leisure Hour." However, we do not wish to underrate the latter periodical, which is good of its kind; but we must award our preference to "The Home Friend:" its form is more convenient; its illustrations are better done (many of them are exceedingly pretty); and its matter is, we think, more lively, and altogether superior. There is no one continuous tale, indeed, in "The Home Friend;" but the short tales are exceedingly well told, and teach much without any injudicious preaching. The records of travels in the Holy Land, which have appeared from time to time, are really quite delightful. We have only to take exception to one rather unfortunate habit in the writer of these articles, which is, that he styles "Romanists" "Catholics," as distinguished from members of the English, Greek, or Armenian Churches. Surely this should be amended. If the title pertain of right to any one communion in the East, one could better understand its being ceded to the Churches of the country, not to interlopers and adherents to a Western schism. But it is not the strict correctness of the phrase which is of so much importance as the effect it is likely to produce upon the reader's mind. It is highly inexpedient, to say the least, to lead people to imagine that members of the Roman communion are looked upon as the genuine "Catholics" throughout the Christian world. Several flagrant instances of this mistake have struck us in recent numbers—an error this, by the bye, which would not have excited so much surprise in the pages of "The Leisure Hour." The last number which lies before us contains a very amusing account of St. Helena, exceedingly well written, at once lively and instructive; a very capital Turkish legend, "Billjik," told with much dry humour; a most graphic account of Mount Carmel and Caipha, which must interest every reader; an interesting story or record of facts from the Irish Rebellion in 1641; the History of Caoutchouc, good of its kind, in the Useful Knowledge department; and some very well-chosen extracts from Robert

Montgomery's poem on the Duke's Funeral. And this is an average number. We know of no penny periodical conducted with more spirit and animation, more thoroughly "wide awake," more likely, if it were properly pushed, to command a circulation among the poor. We have often wished, and many of our readers have probably wished also, for some such cheap publication to compete with "Reynolds's Miscellany" and other similar penny papers. Here this need is supplied, and this desire gratified. It is now the duty of good men to take care that such an undertaking does not fail for lack of due support: not only that it cease not, but that it may be circulated far and wide among the millions. One piece of advice we would venture to give the Society: they should lay aside all notions of their dignity, and send it to every small newsvender's in the country, so as to bring it fairly under the public eye.

IV.—*Ruth: a Novel.* By the Author of "*Mary Barton.*" In Three Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1853.

WHO knows not "*Mary Barton*"—that unequalled record of the sufferings, ay, and the household joys also, of the working classes in our great manufacturing cities? Even the cold and calculating "*Edinburgh Review*" was stirred to liveliest admiration; the dullest and sternest critics were warmed into a passing mood of enthusiasm by the perusal of that wonderful book, for so we may well call it. Too terrible it was indeed in parts, too heart-rending were the pictures of distress presented to the mental eye; but for the combination of delicate pathos with stern power, we know not where to find the equal of this writer. The sternest Alpine gorge brightens for her with fairy flowers. She discovers the poetry of life under the homeliest aspects, and reproduces it without a shadow of exaggeration. "*Ruth*," her last effort, is scarcely equal, perhaps, to "*Mary Barton.*" The subject is less grand, less inspiring; there is no attempt to produce a modern epic in the guise of a novel, to embody the sufferings and the lives of a class which is counted by millions. "*Ruth*" is but the "old tale and often told" of woman's fall and man's desertion, but rarely so told before. It is replete with holy pathos—pathos which seems to refresh the heart. The process of expiation for sins is embodied with marvellous skill. There is no morbid sympathy with sin, though much tender pity for the sinner. The character of *Ruth* is reflected with exquisite grace, and preserved throughout with admirable self-consistency. Nothing can exceed the force of certain scenes, such as that in which she



meets her betrayer after an interval of years. Other characters, too, are embodied with the same life-like intensity and truth: the saintly dissenting minister and his sister, with their old servant; we scarcely think, however, that the former would yield so easily as he is represented as doing to the practice of a deception, however innocent, or even necessary on worldly grounds, it might appear. But for this he is severely punished; so we must not charge the writer with laxity of morals. There is a quiet grace, a healthful sweetness, in this book, which wins almost imperceptibly upon the reader's heart, and steals into his good graces. The author of "*Mary Barton*"—the wife, we understand, herself of a dissenting minister in the north—could scarcely add to her reputation; it is much to say that she has not detracted from it.

v.—*A Leaf of a Christmas Tree. From the German. Edited by the Rev. R. GILBERT WHITE, M.A.* London: Bosworth, Regent-street.

A VERY pleasing little book, pleasantly prefaced, and prettily illustrated. We extract one of the briefest tales, called "*The Dear Pupil*," as a specimen of its quality.

"In the good olden times, when children looked up to their school-master as a being of a higher and better nature, and were anxious to gain his favour, three little boys went to school to a very venerable master, who taught them, with all the gentleness of advanced age, how the fear of God is the first step to true wisdom. But the youngest of the three was the master's chief favourite, for he thought that he had outstripped the others. The two boys perceived it, and asked the master the reason of it, and how it was that he liked the youngest of them best, though they, as well as he, tried to do all that they were asked and desired. The master answered,—'I will tell you the reason; but before I do so, you must do one thing for me. Here are three little birds; take each of you a bird, and go out and look for a place where no one can see you, there kill the bird, and bring it back to me.' They went, and soon returned with the dead birds in their hands, except the youngest of them, who had his bird alive in his hand. 'And why did you not kill the bird?' asked the master. 'Oh, master, don't be angry; because I could not find the place which you desired me to seek—where no eye could see me. His Eye will see me every where, and therefore I brought it back alive.' The master looked round at the other two, who stood mute and ashamed. Now they understood why the master preferred the youngest, and they learned to fear that Eye which sees not only our deeds but our very thoughts."

VI.—*Poems.* By the Hon. JULIAN FANE. London: Pickering. 1852.

IT is often said and thought, that to get a book praised by leading reviews is the best method to force it into public notice, and achieve a speedy popularity. We are not of this way of thinking. The poems before us were eulogized—enthusiastically eulogized—in the “Times,” which is often supposed to *command* a success for the object of its praises; yet they have not found their way into a second edition, and probably almost all our readers now hear of them for the first time. And this is not because poetry cannot find a market. Tennyson, and Keble, and Robert Montgomery, and Williams, sell their thousands—two of them, at least, their tens of thousands; but they owe nothing to reviewers. At least that is the case with three out of the four. We have heard that the “Times” did call attention—and that, too, effectually—some years back to Robert Montgomery’s powers, when his first work made its appearance. But the truth is that, under the influence of the anonymous system, criticism is daily losing more and more of its power. Men will not be imposed upon by the infallible We any longer, and the reviewer is well-nigh powerless either for good or evil. The remedy, and the only remedy, in our judgment, is the repudiation of a mock infallibility, and the open attachment of the writer’s signature to his criticism. Essays may be valuable on their own score, apart from the essayist’s personality; but the whole value of an *opinion* depends not on the words in which it may happen to be expressed, but on the intellectual power, and weight, and wisdom of him who gives it. But to Mr. Fane’s poems. They are pleasing and gentlemanly. More than this we cannot say; more than this ought not to be said by any. We are far from denying that their author may possess higher powers than he has yet developed; but whatever be the promise, the performance is immature. There are many “Tennysonian” echoes, as of course; such as—

“I will not say that thou art free  
From thoughts which wring the tender heart;  
The reflex of thy memory  
May haply cause thy tears to start.”—p. 32.

But there are some sweet lines “Ad Matrem,” and we have met with much which betokens a fresh spirit and a kindly heart.

VII.—1. "*Gedichte von OSCAR VON REDWITZ.* Mainz: Verlag von Kirchheim und Schott. 1852."

*Poems.* By OSCAR VON REDWITZ. Mayence: Kirchheim and Schott.

2. "*Juniuslieder von EMANUEL GEIBEL.* Achte Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1852."

*Songs of June.* By EMANUEL GEIBEL. Eighth Edition. Stuttgart and Tübingen: Cotta.

OUR readers may possibly remember the very pleasing poem of "Amaranth," which we brought under their notice about a year ago. An English critic, we see, in a well-known periodical, has thought proper to speak, in terms of bitter ridicule, of this charming poetical creation; such carping negative and ill-natured criticism conceals, we cannot but suspect, a sinister feeling towards Christianity itself. Our readers may remember the genuine enthusiasm with which this youthful German poet addressed himself to the task of allying romantic beauty with Christian truth, and devoting the firstlings of his muse to the praise of his Maker. We took occasion to condemn the exaggeration of the poet's style, and that unhappy exaltation of some of the worst features in Romanism, which we could not but feel disfigured "Amaranth;" nor did we fail to point out the extreme and absurd length to which Herr von Redwitz had pushed his German principle of the supremacy of man over the fairer and gentler sex. Still we cannot well conceive how any human being, possessed of even a faint capacity for discerning beauty, should fail to recognize the sweetness of the songs and ditties which we then translated,—the mother's prayer for her departing child, and Amaranth's own forest ditties, especially her naïve and charming ballad, commencing, "He has kissed me!" "Amaranth" is, take it for all in all, we repeat, a complete, and a most successful artistic creation; and the enthusiastic reception it has met with in Germany, is no proof that the German people like common-place better than the works of true genius, as this critic affirms, mentioning then the stiff and fearfully immoral strains of Platen, in order to substantiate his assertion, that genius is not popular in Germany: rather does this success of "Amaranth" afford a happy demonstration that there is a strong reaction in Germany from feverish political excitement to more healthful and genial sympathies, and a craving for Christianity, for some positive and distinct creed, which will rather put up with Romanism, with all its corruptions,

than rest in the miserable neology which has too long reigned paramount over the German world of letters.

Still, despite our admiration for "Amaranth," we expressed our doubts whether Oscar von Redwitz was a really great poet: we entertained some fears, lest after all he might be found to have expressed the poetry of his life in this one work, and have nothing more left him to say. We must admit that the appearance of the volume before us has by no means removed these doubts and fears. The offensive points about "Amaranth," the self-confidence bordering on vanity and arrogance, the boastful pharisaic swaggering tone, the condescension towards woman, as an inferior creature only made to wait on man, all re-appear here, we regret to say it, with heightened outline, and in broader view. The portrait of the author, a handsome young man, if he resemble it, but one, we should imagine, who has no bad opinion of his own looks, graces the title-page; and, from first to last, the collection is couched in a tone of self-laudatory exultation, which makes us suspect that there must be a worm at the core of this author's religion: it is so exceedingly demonstrative, so loud, and noisy, and theatrical; so thoroughly *Romish* in one word. He starts with what he calls a "Minstrel Strain," somewhat after this fashion:—

"O joy, that I still am so young, am so young,  
With a heart that is bent on singing;  
To soar with the lark the white cloudlets among,  
My notes through the broad ether flinging.  
The sword of devotion to bare in my song,  
Whatever truth's foes may endeavour,  
And buoy the brave vessel of gladness along  
'Through the ocean of music for ever."

And this style of self-assertion really never ceases. It is, if possible, still more offensive in the "love-songs," where the poet gives us to understand that his admiration for one of Eve's daughters is somewhat of an act of condescension, and talks of "plucking the rose," not for any extraordinary merit which it possesses, but just because "it thinks so little of itself." Then follows a kind of rhymed tale, "Das Gottesamt," relating how a daughter, on her death-bed, converts her sinful father from the paths of sin, which might be pathetic, but is not, and somehow has an air of cant, which we did not observe in "Amaranth." But we do not wish to dwell longer on the faults and shortcomings of this volume: it has certainly disappointed us greatly; but we will not yet despair of Herr von Redwitz. If he could only learn to know what true Catholicism is, and leave his in-

flated Popery behind him, he might do great service among our German brethren in the highest of all causes.

We pass on to a very pleasing collection of poems, already we see in an eighth edition, entitled "*Songs of June.*" The first volume of lyrics, from the same author, has run rapidly through nearly thirty editions. Geibel is a sweet and a very unpretentious poet; his philosophy seems sound at the core, being grounded on genuine Christianity, though he is not professedly a religious bard; and there is a peculiar grace, a calm and equable beauty, in his strains, which are wont to be the rarest of all qualifications in the songsters of the German forest. In politics he appears to sympathize neither with democracy nor royalty, but to sigh for temperate constitutional liberty, such as our favoured land possesses. Had we time to translate them, we would cite one or two of his longer poems, such as "*Was uns fehlt,*" "*Hoffnung,*" or "*Am Meere;*" but we must confine ourselves to a sonnet, which may give some notion to our readers of Geibel's aims and tendencies, scarcely of his poetical merits or demerits. It is one of a series, half religious and half poetical in character, and may be thus rendered with tolerable closeness:—

"Doubt is a Hawk, with beak, claw, wings, untiring :  
 As soon as Faith's white Dove his eyes behold,  
 Down darts he, to embrace in murderous fold  
 And check the circles of her meek aspiring :  
 Those white wings, which God's sunshine bathes admiring,  
 He rends, and tears their feathers from their hold ;  
 With each departs some vision blest of old,  
 Some spirit-hope, that once God's praise was choiring.  
 An Angel views from heav'n this dark event,  
 And to the Lord of all he upward gazes  
 In anxious wonder, while his lips rest dumb :  
 God speaks—'The Hawk to prove the Dove was sent :  
 Be of good cheer, though man this sight amazes !  
 For every Dove an Eagle may become.' "

One more striking thought we must cite from a collection of poetical proverbs, and therewith bid the poet Geibel all hail and farewell, with a hearty assurance of our sympathy.

"The narrower spirit, that in God finds peace,  
 Flies from the world, and prays all strife may cease ;  
 The mightier soul, steel'd, chastened by the rod,  
 Fights on, in hope to win that world for God."

VIII.—*Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science, and Art*, 1853. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co., 47, Ludgate Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam and Co.

A SINGULARLY spirited publication, the appearance of which may well bid our English editors look to their laurels, and to their subscribers also, for "*Putnam's Monthly*"—a Magazine, as it is characteristically nomenclatured on the first page, gives a larger amount of matter than any of them at a lower price, and has the merits of freshness and novelty to recommend it. We all know that "*Blackwood's*," however respectable, is not particularly lively: his is, indeed, the dowager of the magazines, sober, demure, and sage, but no longer fraught, as of old time, with fresh and genial life. "*Fraser's*" has far more animation, but is singularly ill-natured in its criticisms, and as unjust as it is ill-natured: witness its recent onslaughts on the late lamented Rev. T. K. Arnold and Martin Farquhar Tupper, from the former of whom it has received well-merited castigation: it is always easy to be lively at the expense of truth and kindness; but how vain and futile are such outpourings of acerbity. Is there a human being who thinks less of the admirable school-books of the divine, or the "*Proverbial Philosophy*" of the poet? Still "*Fraser's*" is biting, and keen, and powerful, and the writings of Charles Kingsley impart an air of vivacity to its pages. The "*New Monthly*," and "*Ainsworth's*," and "*Bentley's Miscellany*," are amusing enough in their way, but bear no high pretensions to philosophy or art. Far otherwise is it with "*Putnam's Monthly*," which professes to reflect faithfully the American mind, and from which a great deal may certainly be learnt concerning the aims and tendencies of our Transatlantic brethren. Some of the articles in this periodical are possibly a trifle too boastful and self-confident, too thoroughly "*Yankee*" for our meridian; but their very failings are characteristic, and after all we must pardon a certain amount of exultation to a nation which is making such extraordinary advances. We utterly deny, however, that these advances can be attributed to any form of government; they proceed simply from the native energy of the Anglo-Saxon race; and, if taking the advice of our American friends, we were to abrogate our aristocracy to-morrow, with our limited soil and thickly-peopled country, we should not have advanced a single step towards national prosperity, but rather should have deeply retrograded, shaking society to its foundations, and preparing the way for some such autocratic despotism as that which now reigns supreme over the destinies of France.

There is an extraordinary article in this Magazine which purposes to identify a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in America with "the Dauphin," the son of "Louis Seize," and gives a full account of an interview, real or imaginary, betwixt this clergyman, "the Rev. Eleazar Williams" by name, and the Prince de Joinville, in which the latter urged this head of the Bourbon family to resign his claims for a consideration—an offer which it appears was indignantly rejected. The story may be altogether apocryphal, but the vouchers produced are very strong, and we certainly think it incumbent on the Prince de Joinville, if he can, to deny the truth of the story. We will only add, in conclusion, that "Putnam's Magazine," though written exclusively by Americans, is published first in England, in order to secure the English copyright. This is a novel undertaking, to which, as a medium of communion betwixt the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, we wish all success and high prosperity. We do not fear the circulation of democratic sentiments. We can afford to hear what our neighbours across the waters have to say for themselves, however fast we rightly hold our own.

- IX.—*The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament. A Series of Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By F. D. MAURICE, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, &c.* Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THIS volume is a continuation of a series of discourses on the Old Testament history, the earlier volume of which has been already noticed in this Review. As far as we have been enabled to examine the volume before us, it appears to evince not merely undiminished, but increased intellectual power; and we will add with pleasure that the tone appears to us of a less speculative, and more practical and healthy, character than some of the able author's publications have exhibited.

- X.—*Dissertations on Subjects relating to the "Orthodox" or "Eastern Catholic" Communion. By WILLIAM PALMER, M.A., Fellow of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, and Deacon.* London: Masters.

PROBABLY no Englishman is so fully qualified, by studies and researches on the subject-matter of which he treats, to write about the Eastern Church as the author of the able and ingenious work before us. We must, however, state our impression of the work on the whole to be this,—that the author has absolutely

forgotten and thrown aside the theology of the Church of England, the Reformation, and the Scripture ; and that he lives in a totally different atmosphere, and in another world, as it were. He seems to think of nothing but the relations of the Greek and the Romish Churches, and how they can be reconciled ;—what the Greek Church is to receive, what the Romish Church is to tolerate, so that a reconciliation and union may be formed between them. As to supposing that *both* these Churches have departed from the simplicity of truth, or been guilty of encouraging idolatry, it seems not to occur as a possibility to the author. We are stating our general impressions of the work : it is altogether the work of a person who looks to the Greek and the Roman Catholic Churches as the representatives of true Christianity on earth, and to what they hold in common as the truth. Protestantism is of course, with these views, regarded as a heresy.

XI.—*The Parsis, or Modern Zerdusthicius. A Sketch.* By HENRY GEORGE BRIGGS, Author of "*The Cities of Gujaráshtrá.*"  
Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THIS able and interesting volume contains an account of the early history of the Parsees, their landing in India, their numbers, manners and habits, religion, institutions, business, &c., with much information about their literature and present political position in India.

XII.—*The Australian and Californian Gold Discoveries, and their probable Consequences, &c.* By P. J. STIRLING, F.R.S.E., Author of "*The Philosophy of Trade.*" London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THE work before us traces historically the effects produced on prices, and the value of commodities, by the discoveries of gold and other causes in former times, and it applies the results to the extraordinary discovery of the present day. The effects which the author anticipates are tremendous—"ups" and "downs" in all directions—but we scarcely see that any class, according to his views, has much reason to congratulate itself on the gold mines. Fundholders will be ruined, but landholders will have to pay three times as much poor rates, and to pay three times as high for every thing. Amidst this awful "scramble" we hope people will, some way or other, contrive still to exist.



XIII.—*The Voice of the Church ; or, the Church in her Ordinances. A Series of Sermons, &c. By the Rev. S. HOPKINS, Curate of St. Nicholas, Leicester, &c.* London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A CAPITAL volume of parochial sermons—clear, popular, instructive, and spiritual, rightly dividing the Word of Truth. These are the sort of preachers that are wanted in our Church. The Sermons are for the Sunday Services from Advent to Whit-Sunday.

XIV.—*Self-Denial the Preparation for Easter. By the Author of "Letters to my Unknown Friends."* London: Longmans.

A VERY pleasing and sensible little work. We have on a previous occasion had to speak in terms of commendation of another work by the same authoress—"The Saints our Example." The volume before us is very deserving of a perusal.

XV.—*Last Glimpses of Convocation, showing the latest Incidents and Results of Synodical Action in the Church of England.* By ARTHUR J. JOYCE. London: Bosworth.

WE are not aware whether the author of this work is a member of the Church of England or not, but he does his best certainly to show that Convocation is a very dangerous, and absurd, and ridiculous thing. Dissenters, and Roman Catholics, and Infidels cannot tolerate the idea of the Church of England being a living, acting body. They would very much prefer that it should be possible to represent it as a mere tool of the State, because they can then turn on us and argue that we have no religion or Church at all. Therefore any Convocation, or Synod, under any shape or regulation whatever, must always be odious to these people: it is not to be tolerated, because it would upset their arguments, and put an end to their taunts against the Church of England. We should be sorry to see Convocation acting *unreformed*, because it would not be affording a fair trial to the principle.

XVI.—*Notes Critical and Explanatory on the Prophecies of Jonah and Hosea. By the Rev. WILLIAM DRAKE, M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.* Cambridge: Macmillan.

THIS work consists of a series of annotations on the Hebrew text of Jonah and Hosea. They are to a considerable extent gram-

matical and critical, and appear to be extremely well calculated to aid students of the Hebrew text.

XVII.—*Eliaha; or, a Layman's Contributions to Theology.* By FRANCIS E. CHASE, M.D. In Two Volumes. London: Painter.

THIS layman is certainly not deficient in an estimate of his own powers. He settles in the most dashing, off-hand style, in a few pages, questions of the most momentous importance, and of the extremest difficulty. The author evidently wishes for an *answer* to his essays: we beg to say that, when persons give not the slightest evidence of knowledge or thought on the momentous topics they discuss, and propose all sorts of absurd crudities and impossibilities, they do not deserve any reply but that of contemptuous silence.

XVIII.—*A full and exact Collation of about Twenty Greek Manuscripts of the Holy Gospels (hitherto unexamined) deposited in the British Museum, the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, &c. With a Critical Introduction.* By the Rev. F. H. SCRIVENER, M.A., &c. Cambridge: University Press. London: J. W. Parker.

WORKS like that before us must always be interesting to the critical student of the New Testament: the toil and labour of collations like this are almost inconceivable; and after all the exertion which criticism bestows on the texts of ancient works, it only attains an approximate result; for it is impossible to say what text on the whole absolutely represents the original manuscript, or whether any does. We should say that a man like the author of this would be competent to vie with such scholars as Scholz, and Lachmann, and Griesbach, and to produce a critical edition of the whole Greek Testament. Why does he not give us the result of his labours in this collective form?

XIX.—*M. Minucii Felicis Octavius, &c.* By the Rev. H. A. HOLDEN, M.A., Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. London: J. W. Parker.

THE Apologies of the early Christian writers, though directed against Heathenism, are of great value in the present day, because very many of the arguments on which they rest are appli-

cable to Popery, and to Infidelity, as well as to Heathenism even now. Heathenism is not so extinct a principle as might be imagined: very many of its theories are in full force amongst nominal Christians. The elegantly written and ably argued treatise of Minucius Felix has been edited in the work before us with extreme care, and with a critical apparatus which leaves nothing to be desired. We are not quite of the opinion of the "Univers," but we rejoice to see works of the early Christian writers thus brought within the reach of students.

xx.—*The Bible, the Missal, and the Breviary; or, Ritualism self-illustrated in the Liturgical Books of Rome: containing the Text of the entire Roman Missal, Rubrics, and Prefaces, translated from the Latin; with preliminary Dissertations, and Notes from the Breviary, Pontifical, &c. By the Rev. GEORGE LEWIS, Minister.* In 2 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS work is one which ought to be in the library of every one who is interested in the Romish controversy. It comprises a complete version of the Missal, with all its Rubrics, &c., and with copious annotations. The first volume contains extensive extracts from, and comments on, the Breviary, Pontifical, &c. We should say it would be a very appropriate companion to Cramp's "Text Book of Popery," the latter work containing the Text of the Council of Trent, with additions and comments from the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and other Romish works of authority. Mr. Lewis's work is written in a popular style, adapted to convey distinct ideas to persons who are but imperfectly acquainted with the Romish controversy. He appears to be a minister of the Presbyterian Church established in Scotland; but we are happy in bearing testimony to the good feeling with which he speaks of the Church of England.

xxi.—*The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed Metres. By F. W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin, University College, London.* London: Chapman.

THE scholarship of this work is unexceptionable, as far as we see; but the translations are by no means graceful or pleasing, however faithful to the original.

xxii.—*The Lord's Day. By E. W. HENGSTENBERG.* London: Freeman.

AN Essay by an eminent German divine, in opposition to strict sabbatarian views, or the obligation of the seventh day Sabbath,

and generally to the strict observance of the Lord's day, yet pleading for a certain observance of it.

xxiii.—*Rainy Afternoons ; or, Tales and Sketches of the Howard Family.* By RANDALL BALLANTINE. London : Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A COLLECTION of instructive Tales, adapted for young persons, and beautifully illustrated.

xxiv.—*The History of English Literature, for the use of Schools.* By WILLIAM SPALDING, A.M. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

THIS School-book is occasionally illustrated by extracts. Its description of modern literature appears to us superficial, and not calculated to direct the reader aright.

xxv.—*Twenty Sermons for Town Congregations.* By CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A., &c. Cambridge : Macmillan.

AN able, argumentative, and learned volume of Discourses.

xxvi.—*Sacra Privata.* By BISHOP WILSON. Now printed entire. Oxford and London : J. H. Parker.

IT is really strange that this edition of the "Sacra Privata" should have been reserved for the year 1853. Here we have the work genuine, as it came from Bishop Wilson's pen, with all his quotations and references.

xxvii.—*The Heir of Redclyffe.* In 2 Vols. London : J. W. Parker.

THE most beautifully-told and most ably-imagined Tale we have read for a very long time. We can promise the Christian reader a rich treat in its perusal. It is a tale which wears so strongly the character of reality in many parts, that we cannot help believing that it is founded on fact ; if it be not, it shows an extraordinary power of delineating character under the most striking circumstances, in such a way as to leave an irresistible feeling of reality on the reader's mind.

xxviii.—*A New General Ecclesiastical Dictionary.* By the Rev. E. H. Landon, M.A., &c. London: Rivingtons.

THIS second volume of Mr. Landon's Ecclesiastical Dictionary is distinguished by the same research and learning which characterized the former volume. It bids fair to be an extremely valuable addition to our theological literature.

xxix.—*The Difficulties of Romanism in respect to Evidence; or, the Peculiarities of the Latin Church evinced to be untenable on the Principles of legitimate historical Testimony.* By GEORGE STANLEY FABER, B.D. Third Edition, revised and remoulded. London: Bosworth. 1853.

WE rejoice to see a new and improved edition of this very valuable work. It is truly delightful to see a man of Mr. Faber's age still girding on his armour to fight with our gigantic enemy. The time is coming, nay, it has already come, when every man capable of bearing arms is required for the service. Let us only be true to ourselves, and victory is sure. Romanism is like one of those spirits who are powerful by night, and invincible to the timid—unable to endure the light of reason or revelation—resist her, and she will flee. But there is no time for dallying. He that is not with us in this cause is against us.

xxx.—*Sermons on the Christian Seasons.* J. H. Parker: Oxford and London. 1853.

MODERATE in tone and simple in style: the sermon on the Purification is deserving of especial commendation.

xxxi.—*The Sympathy of Christ.* By the Rev. W. J. DAMPIER. London: Joseph Whitaker. 1853.

WE thoroughly and cordially recommend these pious and unpretending pages. Though intended especially for Lent, they are suited to all seasons of the Christian year, and would form an appropriate present to a young person of either sex entering on life, or an elderly Christian in time of trial.

xxxii.—*The Family Almanack and Educational Register.* London: Joseph Whitaker. 1853.

A MOST valuable digest of information relating to every educational institution connected with either the Church or the Romish and Protestant Dissenters.

xxxiii.—*Good Friday.* Brighton: H. S. King. 1853.

THE object of this affectionate and earnest little tract is to induce the labouring classes and others to keep Good Friday as a day of devotion and humiliation, instead of spending it in business or pleasure.

xxxiv.—*The Deceitfulness of Sin. A Sermon, &c. By* SAMUEL LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD. Oxford: John Henry Parker. 1853.

AN eloquent and eminently practical discourse.

xxxv.—*The Manual. By* WILLIAM E. HEYGATE, M.A., *Priest of the English Church.* London: Masters. 1853.

EVERY thing that Mr. Heygate writes is sound, safe, and good. This forms no exception; and, though written especially for the poor, may be used with advantage by the rich.

## Foreign and Colonial Intelligence.

### EUROPE.

FRANCE.—*Popery in France.*—It is remarked that an extraordinary number of authorizations are daily appearing in the *Bulletin des Lois*, for the establishment of new convents, or the payment of legacies to the Church. The Council of State have in vain attempted on several occasions to reject or reduce the legacies, the Government invariably interfering, and insisting on the Council giving the necessary authorization. The Protestants, on the contrary, are subjected to proceedings before the correctional police for holding religious meetings without the permission of the authorities previously obtained.

*Provincial Council of Rheims.*—The Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims has opened a Council of his Province with great pomp in the Cathedral of Amiens.

*Paris.*—The ceremony of re-opening for Divine worship the Church of St. Geneviève (late the Panthéon) took place recently with extraordinary pomp. What were supposed to be the relics of the Saint had been torn from their shrine during the fury of the first revolution, and burned on the Place de Grève in Paris. A small portion was believed, however, to have been saved; they were deposited in the Church of Notre Dame; and not the least interesting part of the ceremony of the day consisted in translating these minute remains from the Cathedral to the Church, which stands on the site of the one whose foundation tradition assigns to herself. At nine o'clock in the morning, the *cortége*, consisting of the Chapter of Notre Dame, and representatives from many parishes within and without Paris, issued from the Cathedral, preceded by the Cross. The reliquary was borne by Deacons clothed in dalmatics of cloth of gold; they were followed by the body of the Clergy in surplice and stole, the students of every ecclesiastical seminary in Paris, and the Canons of Notre Dame, arrayed in vestments rich in gold and embroidery.

They passed along the Quai Montebello, the street of the Bernardines, the Place Maubert, and the street of St. Geneviève, stopping for a space at the Church of St. Nicolas de Chardonnet, whose clergy joined the procession; and again at St. Etienne du Mont, where the shrine of St. Geneviève is still kept. Their passage was in the midst of an immense multitude, and though it lay through streets which had furnished the fiercest combatants in the insurrections of twenty years, the multitude looked on with respect, and uncovered or knelt as the procession passed by. It reached the entrance of the Panthéon about

a quarter to ten o'clock ; the posts of the twelfth arrondissement turned out and paid military honours, and the drums beat to arms. Before the martial sounds had yet died away, the Archbishop of Paris appeared at the door of the church, with his clergy, to receive the relics of the "patroness" of the capital. The reliquary, fixed on a species of framework, was deposited before the high altar. At ten o'clock high mass was performed by the Archbishop with the usual imposing ceremonial.

During the performance by the choir of the "Gloria in Excelsis," the Archdeacon arose from his place, proceeded to where the Dean of the newly-appointed chaplains was seated, conducted him to the altar, and placed the stole, the symbol of his mission, round his shoulders, presented him to the Prelate, who blessed him as he knelt, led him back, and placed him in his stall. The same ceremony was practised, the "Gloria in Excelsis" being still chanted, with the other Chaplains, until the whole six were installed. After mass, the Archbishop, arrayed in a cope of cloth of gold, and a mitre of the richest material, his crosier borne by his assistant, ascended the pulpit, and delivered an allocution rather than a sermon, in which he gave an historical sketch of the church now again reopened for Christian worship. In the course of his address he took occasion to pay several compliments to Louis Napoleon, for his decree of the 6th of December. The "Te Deum" was then chanted. The Archbishop then pronounced a solemn benediction and retired.

The following notice is affixed at this moment to the doors of certain churches in Paris :—"Plenary Indulgence accorded by our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth.—A plenary indulgence is accorded to all the faithful, who, having confessed and communicated, shall visit the church where the holy sacrament is exposed, and pray during a certain time for an agreement among Christian Princes for the extirpation of heresy, and for the exaltation of our holy mother Church." This indulgence has been, at the request of the Archbishop of Paris, extended from the churches of Rome to those of Paris, by letters apostolic from Pope Pius IX., dated July 16, 1851.

The Court of Rouen has sentenced a lad of seventeen, to six months' imprisonment for "sacrilege;" his offence being that he presented himself at the communion during a midnight mass, without having previously been to confession, or having been regularly admitted to his first communion.

The following history of persecution in a nunnery in France is given by the Paris correspondent of the *Christian Times* :—"The Superior of a convent of nuns of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, having, in the course of her visits to a poor family, seen a Bible, and become an ardent student of it, with seven of her nuns, and this practice having been discovered by the popish authorities, every means were tried to repress the spirit of inquiry by coercion. Constraint, however, had no effect; persuasion produced the reverse of the effect intended. Four of the sisters, who persevered in the faith, were then sent more than



a hundred leagues distant; they promised to write to a certain address in Paris: four months have passed away, and not one word has been received. The superior was roughly thrown into prison, after a violent scene, in which the Bible and tracts were burnt. Since then not a word has been heard of her."

The *Moniteur* contains a decree, regulating the form and inscription of the cross worn by the canons of St. Denis, with the view of making it an appropriate symbol of the "past and the present." It is to be of the size of the present cross, but with eight points in place of four, each point being enamelled in white and violet, and having four golden bees on the white. The Chapter of St. Denis is to have for seal three golden bees on a field azure, with the inscription *Capitulum Imperiale Sancti Dionysii*.

The following letter which has recently appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*, comprises much interesting information as to the position of Protestantism in France:—

"Sir,—The verdict of the House of Commons has been delivered against a petty sovereign in Italy, arraigned at its bar for the wilful slow murder of one Madiari and his wife, on pretence that they did read the Bible in their own private house, and made a proselyte of a little maid, and showed sundry signs of attachment to the pure gospel (*puro Vangelo*), the whole being contrary to the peace of the said sovereign lord of the 'Etrurian Athens.' It remains now that the free countries of Europe and the United States conjointly do pronounce judgment upon the Tuscan delinquent, and send him to 'Coventry.' But, sir, there is more work preparing for that tribunal of public opinion, when it may be hoped that the voices of advocates of popular progress will be heard in favour of religious liberty, for we do not yet know whether some of these gentlemen are with Lucas or Kinnaid, any more than we know how Mr. Drummond would have voted if the matter had come to a division. A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted has recently been on a tour of inspection in France, and has discovered that in several places where the Reformed worship had been established for two, three, and more years, it has been put down by force, and that there are at this moment several Protestant places of worship closed by the arbitrary decree of a *prefet* or a mayor. In one of Mr. Cobden's famous letters, translated by order of the Emperor, and published in the '*Moniteur*,' the astonished Protestants (who are looking for a renewal of the times of Louis XIV.) read thus: 'All people are treated alike in France, every religion is put upon a perfect footing of equality!' And even Lord John Russell appears to be ignorant of the revival of penal laws against the Reformed religion: You, sir, have fearlessly taken up the cause of religious liberty, and I beg to consign to your columns a few examples of that 'perfect footing of equality' which has drawn forth such admiration.

"1. In June, 1851, in the communes of Estissac and Thuisy (Aube), 500 persons declared themselves members of the Reformed church of

France, and addressed a memorial to the pasteur at Troyes, a few leagues distant, praying the consistory of Meaux to send them a minister, for whom they would provide a lodging and a place for divine service, until a suitable edifice should be erected. For a whole year, like the Christians at Antioch, they assembled themselves together, and in November last they had completed their new church, with school-room, and a residence for the pasteur, but before the church could be consecrated the poor pasteur and his colleague were arrested and taken before the tribunal at Troyes, and condemned to pay a fine of sixteen francs each and all costs for having held meetings contrary to law, the law being that of the 25th March, 1852, which prohibits any meeting whatever from being held, above twenty persons, without the express permission of the authorities. The fine was reduced to sixteen francs on account of extenuating circumstances. An appeal was made to the Imperial Court at Paris, and the judgment of the provincial tribunal has just been confirmed. The chapel, which the Protestants at Estissac have built at considerable cost without any grant from the public funds, remains closed, and 500 of the inhabitants of the communes of Estissac and Thuisy are without either minister or public worship; the Bishop of Troyes is frantic with joy, and the Abbé Bernard has published at his press a '*Catéchisme Protestant à l'usage des hommes de bonne foi*,' in which he proves the immorality of Protestantism.

"2. St Maurice aux riches hommes is a small rural bourg, not far from Sens, where Protestant worship and a school were established in 1846. During the days of the siege a colonel of the Lancers ordered the school to be closed because there were 'no Protestants at St. Maurice,' but he did not extend his prohibition (probably an oversight) to the celebration of the Protestant service on Sundays. A humble petition was addressed to the *prefet* (or *pasha*) of the department of the Yonne et Auxerre, a few days ago, praying him to permit the children of the Protestants to resort once more to their beloved school, the teacher being ready to receive them; the answer to this humble request was not only a refusal as to the school, but an order for the immediate closing of the worship! And when the pasteur Trivier went from Sens as usual on the Lord's day to perform his sacred functions, the *gendarmes* of the *prefet* arrived two hours too late to arrest the poor pasteur, who had walked a distance of fifteen miles to feed the flock in the wilderness. The Protestants of St. Maurice, after having enjoyed the blessing of a reasonable service for seven years, are now mourning over the desolation of their Zion!

"3. Mamers is a small town in the department of the Sarthe, and a large portion of the inhabitants have for some years been attached to the Reformed worship; a handsome chapel has been formed out of a building originally made for another purpose; a pasteur was fixed at the place, and the peaceful demeanour of the Protestants was the admiration even of their Roman Catholic neighbours. Not quite fifteen days ago, an order from the *prefet*, without assigning a reason or preferring a charge, demanded the immediate cessation of Protestant wor-

ship! The pastor is now become a scripture reader in the houses of his friends, until another order shall be issued for his arrest and banishment.

"4. There is not a more interesting page in the history of the propagation of Christianity than that which the hamlet of St. Opportune, eight leagues from Elbœuf (Lower Seine) affords. Every inhabitant of the place without exception, including the mayor, deliberately deserted the Roman breviary for the Bible, and a pasteur was sent to them at their particular request from the consistory of Rouen in March, 1850. The poor peasants prepared a shed for their place of worship, and have at their own expense a school in which their children might be taught the Scriptures; a specimen of these decrees which are now 'making havoc of the churches,' may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to your readers:—

" 'We, rector of the Academy, &c.

" 'Seen the report of the Inspector of Schools.

" 'Seen (vu) the complaint of M. le Prefet de l'Eure.

" 'Considering that the establishment of a Protestant school in a commune up to this time exclusively Catholic (it is in fact almost exclusively Protestant), is an act so much the more serious, inasmuch as it is but a violent opposition to the authorities (i. e. the Bishop of Evreux and the priests). Considering, &c.

" 'We have decreed, and do decree, what follows:

" 'Art. 1. A formal opposition to the opening of the said school which the Sieur Bas proposes to establish in the commune of St. Opportune.

" 'Art. 2. The mayor of the said commune is charged with the execution of this present decree.

" 'Done at Evreux, Dec. 20, 1852. Signed, &c.'

"5. In the department of the Haute Vienne, in the course of last month twelve teachers were summoned from their rural schools to stand before the tribunal at Limoges; those schools had been established for many years, and were beyond all question the best institutions in the country. By a similar decree these teachers are all suspended, and their schools closed, because they were teaching the Scriptures to the children, and were not acting under a religious body recognised by the State; the Evangelical Society, at Paris, which was established in 1833, not being considered as a recognised body."

"These instances might be extended to a great length, but the above may serve to show to the admirers of the empire what the meaning of religious equality is in France.

"It will be observed that there is no distinction made between pasteurs who belong to the consistorial bodies (which are legalised corporations according to the existing laws of France), and pasteurs of the independent class who receive no salaries from the State. Estissac was a consistorial church dependent on the Consistory of Meaux. Mamers was an independent chapel connected with the Société Évangélique de France. The authorities spare neither when they attempt to go

beyond the limits of the town in which they are permitted to exist. These acts of the empire have thrown the Protestant bodies into consternation, and they are now consulting together as to the course they ought to take to secure the rights of conscience. It is not quite sure that these Tuscanic proceedings are known to the Emperor. They are supposed to be the work of the bishops acting upon the *prefets*; a petition is, therefore, preparing among the consistorial bodies, as well as among the free Churches who are acting in unison, to beseech the Emperor to interfere, and not allow France to become again the scene of a Huguenot slaughter.

"If these things should not be redressed, and the Minister of Public Worship should unfortunately continue to encourage his *prefets* in putting down the Protestants, we may soon hear of *Madiais* in France as well as in Italy, for the pastors and the faithful descendants of the heroes of Cevennes have resolved to imitate their forefathers, and meet in caverns, if they cannot meet for edification in their chapels, and to submit to imprisonment, and even to death, rather than deny their God and Saviour. Pray, sir, put an end to this cant of 'religious equality;' it cannot exist in any Roman Catholic country, and even Napoleon III., as long as he has need of the Jesuits, has not the power to secure it."

French Protestants are at present mainly divided into two parties, popularly called the Methodists and the Liberals. The former, though owing their origin to the Wesleyan sect, from whom they received their first religious impulse, have now little in common with them save the name. They are Calvinists, though without holding the doctrines of Calvin on predestination—a doctrine now repudiated by French Protestants. But these *Méthodistes*, or Calvinists, call themselves the orthodox party, because they refuse to accept, as final, any organization which does not start from a dogmatical basis. They demand, as the first step in such organization, a new confession of faith, with the expulsion from their community of those who refuse to subscribe to it.

Their opinions seem to be very nearly those of our own Low Churchmen, and their confession of faith would probably be something like that to which Low Churchmen in England would wish to reduce our Articles. Their English sympathies and connexions are almost wholly with Low Churchmen; not with Dissenters, even of that body from whom they take their popular denomination. They prefer themselves the title of Evangelical to that of either Methodists or Calvinists, and they still continue members of what is called the Reformed Church of France—an establishment closely connected with, and paid by the State, and all seceders from which are designated as Dissenters.

They are, as a party, throughout France, numerically in a minority; but in the north, where the English missionaries first sowed the seeds of them, and even in Paris, they are equal to their opponents, and

better drilled. There are amongst them many talented, sincere, and earnest men. The head of this party is M. Adolphe Monod, brother of M. Frederic Monod, one of the pastors of Paris, a man of great learning and attainments, of undeniable religious sincerity, and a preacher of considerable power.

The Liberal party includes all who do not belong to the Methodists, and embraces, of course, considerable varieties of opinions. By the Methodists they are stigmatised as Rationalists. In their own estimation they consider themselves more orthodox and High Church than the other party, for they say "*nous avons les traditions de notre Église.*" They hold themselves as the direct and legitimate descendants and representatives of the old French Protestants, and of their opinions, modified by the influence of the age, and regard the others as a foreign novel importation from England. Notwithstanding the laxity of their dogmatical views, the party adhere very strongly to the title of a National Church, and to the maintenance of a strict union between Church and State. They also hold themselves aloof from, and have no sympathies with dissent or Dissenters in their own or other countries. In this they differ from the Methodists, who rather disinclose from a State connexion, appear often on the verge of dissent, and seem to look upon separation as eligible or not, only as they may deem it more or less advantageous to the advancement of their own principles. The Liberal party are much less inveterate against Romanism than the Methodists, and on this, and on account of their position as the adversaries of what may be called French Evangelical, their sympathies are with and for English High Churchmen. Their present leader, M. Athanase Coquerel, a good many years ago, was on the point of taking orders in the Church of England. An eligible opportunity offering itself, and M. Coquerel, though one of the most eloquent preachers in France, being equally master of both languages, and feeling himself conscientiously able to enter our Church, he did not hesitate to embrace it; but finding it to be a compulsory preliminary to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, he could not reconcile this formality to his principles, and remained a French minister."

The Archbishop of Paris has just fulminated a *mandement* against the "Univers," which runs as follows:—

"Art. 1. We renew the warning we have already given to the 'Univers,' and the censure we pronounced on it on the 24th of August, 1850.

"Art. 2. We prohibit all ecclesiastics and all religious communities of our diocese from reading the 'Univers.'

"Art. 3. We prohibit, under pain of suspension, all ecclesiastics of our diocese, or residing within it, from writing in the 'Univers,' and from taking any part whatever in the editing of it.

"Art. 4. We prohibit the 'Univers' and other religious journals, as also all Catholic reviews published in our diocese, from repeating, in the sense of insulting epithets, the terms 'Ultramontane' and 'Gallican,'

and we recall to the memory of Catholic writers that publications relative to the delicate question of theology ought not to be made except under the superintendence of the ordinary, conformably to the canons.

"Art. 5. The Vicar-General of our diocese is charged with the execution of the present ordinance."

The immediate occasion of this interference with the freedom of discussion is a series of articles criticising a review of a work patronized by the "Univers" in the "Ami de la Religion." The Bishop of Viviers has fulminated a similar decree against the "Univers."

The *Daily News* has published the following from a correspondent at Paris :—

"An ordinance of ecclesiastical censure just issued by the Archbishop of Paris, against the Jesuitical and Ultramontane journal the 'Univers,' contains some extraordinary disclosures relative to the present state of the Church in France. If any open enemy of the Roman Catholic Church had drawn such a picture of its divided state as is now authoritatively promulgated, he would have been set down as an infamous calumniator. It is admitted by the Archbishop that the Church in France has long been delivered over to agitation and trouble; that vain contentions and violent disputes have taken the place of pacific controversy and scientific and charitable discussion; that the spirit of irreverence and contempt which characterises the age has at length installed itself in the Church; that dissensions, too often public, scandalise the faithful, and foment and encourage Presbyterian tendencies in the clergy; that the younger members of the clergy proclaim loudly that, with the aid of journalism and Rome, they will make the bishops move; and that the germ of an ecclesiastical revolution has developed itself in formidable proportions. For this state of things his Grace avers that the writers in the 'Univers' are mainly responsible. The immediate cause of the censure now fulminated against the 'Univers' is a series of articles lately published in that journal, criticising with great severity a hostile review written by the Abbé Gaduel, Vicar-General of Orleans, of a theological work recommended by the 'Univers.' The Abbé Gaduel's review appeared in a Gallican publication called 'L'Ami de la Religion,' between which journal and the 'Univers' a holy war has long been raging. The 'Univers,' that famous champion of the Catholic Church, is accused by the Archbishop of having insulted the person of the Abbé Gaduel, and calumniated his faith, of indulging in sarcastic and scandalous declamation against theological teaching, of heaping insults upon certain bishops, and of having, under the pretext of refuting the Abbé Gaduel, held up to ridicule, in a style imitated from Voltaire, those priests and theologians that defend the Church and free opinions in the Church in a manner consecrated by the constant and universal custom of the Catholic schools of the world. But it appears that, although the Archbishop now speaks out at the instance of the Abbé Gaduel, vast numbers of his clergy, including several bishops, have during the last three years wearied their Metropolitan with bitter complaints against the self-elected lay cham-

pions of the faith, who persist in serving in the Church after their own fashion in the columns of a newspaper. The aid of laymen, they say, may be very useful when proffered in a humble, submissive spirit; but of the writers in the 'Univers' they exclaim, *Non defensoribus istis tempus eget*. They particularly complain that the 'Univers' pays no attention to the rules of ecclesiastical controversy. A priest cannot publish a theological argument, conducted according to the approved system, but lo! the 'Univers' attacks him with an utter disregard of all the canons of Church fencing. Like the chambermaid in the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' the 'Univers' thrusts in tierce while it ought to thrust in carte, and has not patience while its adversary parries. In 1850, the Archbishop gave this journal a warning, and obtained from it an admission of his jurisdiction to restrain the excesses of the religious press, and a promise that it would be circumspect in future and moderate its language. This promise having been, as the mandate states, wholly disregarded, the Archbishop now renews his warning, prohibits all the Clergy and all religious communities in his diocese from reading the 'Univers;' prohibits, under pain of suspension, any priest belonging to or residing in his diocese from writing in the 'Univers,' or in any manner taking part in its publication; and lastly, prohibits not only the 'Univers,' but all other religious journals and Catholic reviews printed in the diocese, from using in a reproachful sense the words 'Ultramontane' or 'Gallican,' and reminds Catholic writers that nothing relative to delicate theological questions should be published without the consent of the ordinary, according to canonical prescriptions. The decree, moreover, threatens the 'Univers' with the utmost severity of canonical punishment if (which God forbid!) it should dare to discuss the present sentence. It is easy to collect, were the fact not otherwise known, from the tone of part of the mandate, that, in attacking the 'Univers,' the Archbishop feels he is provoking a formidable adversary, and not censuring a subordinate out of the plenitude of his authority. He admits the probability that many bishops will not take the same view that he does as to the propriety of the present measure; but he reminds them that they, as well as the 'Univers,' have an appeal to Rome. It is essential, by the way, in order to show the present aspect of this very pretty quarrel, to mention that M. Louis Veuillot, the principal editor of the 'Univers,' and the writer of the articles now incriminated, is at this moment, accompanied by an eminent Jesuitical prelate, in close consultation with the Pope at Rome, where, doubtless, he is contriving schemes for the furtherance of ultramontane principles.

"The Bishop of Viviers has also denounced the 'Univers' in his diocese."

Two of the French bishops have come forth in favour of the "Univers," and, consequently in opposition to the recent prohibition of the Archbishop of Paris. In one diocese it is an ecclesiastical offence even to read that journal, and in another the Bishop sets the example of reading it.

Monseigneur Mathias, the Archbishop of Avignon, has pronounced in favour of the "Univers;" meanwhile the religious war rages as hotly as ever. The Archbishop of Paris has appealed to Rome against the last pastoral letter of the Bishop of Moulins.

The Archbishop of Avignon and the Bishop of Chalons have warmly embraced the cause of the "Univers." The "Univers" itself contradicts the report that its existence is endangered by the measures taken against it by the Archbishop of Paris, and maintains that its doctrines are identical with those of the Roman journal, the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," which has recently received the direct approbation and encouragement of the Pope in a letter addressed to its editors. M. Veuillot, the chief editor of the "Univers," has had a private audience of the Pope.

GERMANY.—It is announced by the 'Univers' that a Concordat is on the eve of being concluded between the Roman See and the Austrian Government.

The Romish party in Prussia have lately organized themselves politically, in order to make aggressions in the Chambers, for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Church of Rome.

The election of a permanent President and two Vice Presidents for the remaining portion of the Session, which took place in both Chambers immediately on their meeting again after the Christmas holidays, ended in the re-election of Graf Rittberg, President; Geheimerath Dr. Bruggemann, First Vice President; and Graf von Itzenplitz as Second Vice President of the First Chamber; and in the Second Chamber in the election of Graf Schwerin as President, the re-election of Baron von Waldbott-Bornheim as First Vice President, and Herr von Engelmann as Second Vice President. The Dr. Bruggemann mentioned above is a Geheimerath, high in office in that branch of the Ministry of Public Worship and Education to which all secular matters connected with Roman Catholic worship and the school provision for Roman Catholic youth are referred; he is also himself a Roman Catholic. The Herr von Waldbott, the First Vice President of the Second Chamber, is also a Roman Catholic, and, although till this Session unknown in parliamentary life, has been elected and re-elected Vice President, and charged by the Roman Catholic party with the bringing in of a motion, the passing of which would overthrow the policy hitherto observed by the ministry towards the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia, and either compel their resignation or a dissolution of the Chambers.

The government had found it necessary in the course of last year to call the attention of the provincial authorities to the agency of Roman Catholic missionaries in localities where Protestant populations had the preponderance, and to point out that where their public preaching was of a nature of itself, or by reason of the attendant circumstances, calculated to cause a breach of the peace, or where in any way a political or social misdemeanour was thereby committed, the authorities were required to interfere to prevent such occurrences, even, if necessary, by forbidding the missionaries the spot. The previous toleration on the



part of the authorities was not reproved, and the greatest discretion and delicacy in the execution of these orders enforced upon them. Further, the government had found reason to refuse to a student of divinity its permission to visit the Collegium Germanicum at Rome (which it was empowered to do by an edict of the late king), and in general to refuse to Jesuits and other clerical persons who had studied in Jesuit establishments permission to take up their abode in Prussia. The motion made by the Baron von Waldbott was for an address to the King, petitioning him to reverse these orders, on the ground that the first of them is in direct contravention of the 12th Article of the Constitution, which guarantees the freedom of religious confession, the right of association for religious purposes, and of meeting for domestic and public religious exercise; and that the edict of the late king, which was made the ground of action in the second order, has been virtually repealed by certain articles of the Constitution quoted; and furthermore, that ministers had themselves adopted this view in their own instructions to the provincial authorities on a previous occasion. The motion was signed by seventy-three Roman Catholics, and backed by thirteen Polish members of the same persuasion.

This forms the vanguard of an aggressive host of demands and encroachments on the Protestant Church which a Protestant State cannot satisfy or submit to without sacrificing its character and standing as such. With other tactics, suited to the different position it occupies here, the Romish Church is carrying on the same campaign in Prussia as in Ireland. It proclaims the injustice of a State Church, the right of all forms of faith to equality of protection and patronage; advocates the admission of Jews to equal rights with those accorded to all denominations of Christians; claims the restoration of lands formerly belonging to the Romish Church, since secularised, and now appropriated to the maintenance of educational establishments, to which Roman Catholics and Protestants are admitted indifferently; aspires to the appointment of a special Minister for Catholic Public Worship and Education, who shall have a seat in the Cabinet; and, as we have seen in the parliamentary motion described above, petitions the King for the readmission of the Jesuits, and every facility for this order extending its numbers and influence.

In no Protestant country is the Romish Church so well placed as in Prussia—here are no political or municipal disabilities; Romanists meet with no sectarian bigotry amongst their fellow-subjects, for the greatest liberality and even latitudinarianism exists: serious Protestants, Anythingarians, Lutherans, sceptics, and infidels all agree to leave every man's religion to himself and his God.

In spite of this favourable position the language of the Romanist organs frequently equals in virulence the choicest productions of the Irish press in the days of O'Connell's agitation. We read of "wrongs done to Holy Mother Church," "violations of justice," "necks bared to the yoke," &c.

The moment for this attack on the Protestant Church was as well

chosen as the locality. The present Constitution of Prussia, that of January, 1850, is as liberal a political charter as it is possible for a King to govern with. For the landed aristocracy, or "squire party" as it is here called, its provisions are by far too democratic, and it finds its defenders on the left side of the two Chambers, to whose numerically weaker forces the appearance of an auxiliary troop in the shape of the Roman Catholic party is a most welcome aid for their constitutional purposes; the latter, however, reckon on the aid of the Liberals in return for the furtherance of their own subversive views. Thus we have Liberals who act as Conservatives of the existing order of things; Tories, who strive after Radical Reforms in a reactionary sense; and a Romish party lending its aid to the Liberals in opposition to a High-Church party.

The present King, who as Crown Prince was known to lean towards toleration for the Romanists in opposition to his father, who was a rigid, if not bigoted, Protestant, is believed to have indulged for some of the first years of his reign in a dream of the possibility of fusing the Romanist and Evangelical Churches in Prussia, by uniting them on a basis of doctrine and ritual common to them both—something similar to what his father had done between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, which still goes by the name of "the Union." With this was connected the equally amiable dream of German unity, and which has of late been put forward again most openly by General von Radowitz—the man after the King's own heart—the man whom he dignified with the title of his *friend par excellence*—as only to be attained by the adoption of the Catholic faith in Prussia, and thus throwing down at once the great wall of separation that divides it from Austria and the south of Germany. If the King ever had these two dreams, as it is not improbable, it is still more probable that the events of the last few years have dispelled them, and, to all appearance, he has cordially adopted the policy which Prussia has followed for the last year and a half, viz., to make Prussia a substantive Power in Germany beyond the control of Austria, by means of a liberal and constitutional form of government, a gradually relaxing commercial system, and the maintenance of the Protestant faith.

The Roman Catholic motion for an address to the King, praying him to order the recall of certain Ministerial instructions of last year, for the better preservation of the peace at "stations" held by Jesuit Missions in the midst of Protestant populations, and circumscribing the liberty of visiting the Collegium Germanicum or any foreign educational establishment conducted by Jesuits, was brought on in February; and, after a very animated debate of more than seven hours, was rejected by a majority of 175 to 123. This motion, which at its first introduction created so much interest and not a little apprehension, from the novel phenomenon of a Roman Catholic party in the Chamber, bound together by severe discipline, observant of strict Parliamentary tactics, and headed by the Baron von Waldbott, who, though personally nearly a stranger in Berlin, was favourably known here by reputation from the

active part he had taken at the Landtag of the Rhine province, had already previous to its discussion lost much of its interest in the course of the preliminary debates in the *bureaux*. The extremely mild and liberal treatment which the Romish Church in Prussia has experienced at the hands of every Ministry since the present reign had been clearly exposed there, and it had even been shown that in many cases—for instance, the obligation of every male subject to serve in the *raufs* for one or three years as the case may be—a degree of indulgence had been accorded to Roman Catholic students of theology preparing for ordination which offered a marked exception to the usual strictness with regard to the enforcement of this duty. The Herr Von Gerlach, who brought up the report of the Committee on the motion, remarked very much to the point, “to what a great extent must not freedom and justice be apportioned to the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia when complaints such as these are the main grievances she has to bring forward.” He asked, “where would petitions on matters of religion, as these are, meet with such an impartial, just, and reasonable public discussion as this motion will here to-day? Would they in Austria, in France, or in Spain, not to mention Tuscany? It is the boast and glory of Protestants in England and Evangelical Prussia that they allow such an extensive amount of freedom to the Roman Catholic Church.” The same speaker went on to show that the limitations on the liberty of visiting the Collegium Germanicum at Rome were originally made at the urgent instigation of a former Archbishop of Cologne, and that the most earnest protest against the readmission of the Jesuits into Prussia had been made by the Herr Von Radowitz, himself a zealous Roman Catholic, during a debate in the German Vorparlament, in St. Paul’s Church, at Frankfort. He had said, “If from any side the proposal were made to introduce the order of the Jesuits into any German land, *we* would, in the interests of the Church itself, most energetically oppose the execution of any such plan.” The *we* used here was shown afterwards to have meant several of the Romish Bishops and many of those who had supported this motion brought in by the Baron von Waldbott.

The minority contained the whole Roman Catholic party, the whole left side, and a few members of the right side; the majority consisted of the right side, the Ministers, and the party of Bethmann-Hollweg; the latter had proposed, as a compromising amendment, to reject the motion for an address to his Majesty, but to refer the subject-matter of the grievances back to the Ministry for reconsideration, but on finding the turn the debate took he withdrew it, and with his party voted unconditionally against the motion.

According to the last official statement of the various religious confessions of the population of Prussia, the Roman Catholics number 6,063,186; the Protestants 9,987,277; and Mennonites, members of the Greek Church, and Jews, 234,551: together 16,285,014. Since this census the population has increased to within a very few of 17,000,000.

The miserable Rationalistic sect, founded, under the name of the "German Catholic Church," some years ago by Dr. Ronge, has at length expired of inanition: the contributions of the members towards the support of their Ministers having become scantier and scantier, till the last of them, Dr. Bergmann, of Erfurt, after expending nearly 8,000*fl.* of his own to defray the rent of the building where the meetings were held, has been obliged to accept the situation of a travelling agent for a life assurance company.

HOLLAND.—It is intimated by the French and Dutch journals that in consequence of some negotiations which have been for some time going on between the Dutch Government and the Roman See, the Popish hierarchy is about to be re-established in the kingdom of the Netherlands.

ITALY.—The Bishops of Piedmont have issued an encyclic against the Civil Marriage Bill, the conclusion of which is as follows:—"1. No civil law can ever be considered to innovate, change, or annul any thing sanctioned, ordered, or defined by the Church, and especially by the Holy Council of Trent, in so far as marriage, its celebration, obligations, impediments, motives, and dispensation, and manner of obtaining them, or ecclesiastical judgments on matrimonial cases, are concerned. 2. Any of the people of our diocese professing, defending, or teaching, with respect to the sacrament of marriage, doctrines contrary to those of the Holy Catholic Church, especially as defined in the Holy Council of Trent, and in the dogmatic constitution *Auctorum fidei*, shall be considered as having separated from the communion of the Church, and incurred all the penalties fulminated by the said constitution against heresy and its followers. 3. Any of the people of our diocese contracting marriage, otherwise than prescribed by our Holy Mother Church, shall incur the highest degree of excommunication. 4. Hence all those guilty of the offences named under the above second and third heads, shall be considered deprived of the right of participating in the sacraments, whether in the course of their lives, or on their deathbed, unless they have previously retracted their errors, repaired the evils resulting from them, and had their marriage legitimated according to the prescriptions of the Church, or separated from the woman whom the Church can only consider as a concubine. 5. Also, any person guilty of the above offences, without having previously reconciled himself with God and the Church, shall be deprived of ecclesiastical burial. 6. The children born of a union contracted otherwise than according to the rites of our Holy Mother Church shall, as the fruits of a real concubinage, be considered illegitimate for all the effects and purposes which, according to the enactments of the holy canons, can only arise from marriages validly contracted."

The parish Priests of Genoa lately read from the pulpit a new pastoral letter of the Bishops of the province of Genoa, anathematizing the Civil Marriage Bill, the press, &c.

The system of persecution for the "Extinction of Heresy by Princes," has been extended to Sardinia. Four persons, three men and a woman, of the name of Cereghini, have been committed to the prison of Chiavari, to take their trial on a charge of Protestant propagandism. In this case, however, it is hoped that the King will interfere, though an interpellation on the subject in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 28th ult., did not elicit a single word of explanation from the Minister.

The following letter has been addressed to a contemporary by the Secretary of the "Evangelical Alliance:"—

"SIR,—The following remarkable incident is instructive, in exposing the tactics of Popery, and encouraging, as evidence of the advance of Protestantism in the north of Italy.

"About three years ago, by the orders of the Bishop of Nice, a printed 'list of cases reserved' was ordered to be hung up for the use of the faithful who frequent the various confessionals. These 'cases' are numbered 1, 2, &c., and include—'Blasphemy against God or the Blessed Virgin,' 'Incest,' 'False witness,' 'Postponement of baptism,' &c. At the end the following are found, as—

"*Casus reservati ratione adnexæ excommunicationis ipso facto incurrendæ* :—

"1. Ingressus in Protestantium templum vel, &c.

"2. *Biblicæ Societati, vel cuilibet alteri pro pravis diffundendis libris initæ facta adscriptio, aut iisdem præstitum auxilium.*'

"But in these later times the 'attendance at Protestant meetings,' and 'assistance to the Bible Society,' have become crimes so prevalent among the more enlightened inhabitants of Nice, that it is found necessary to remove them from the list of those offences which incur excommunication *ipso facto*, and the lower part of the paper above mentioned has been accordingly cut off by the authorities who regulate the sins of the people.

"All this is denied by the Bishop of Nice, but I have now before me one of the original documents, bearing as imprimatur '*Nicææ ex Societate Typographica*,' and a visit paid lately to the cathedral by a trustworthy informant enables us to assert that the list suspended in the confessional there has been treated as I have mentioned; so that Rome is compelled to suppress in her catalogue of crimes all mention of those acts of disobedience which she has denounced of old, but is now happily unable to abate."

The Abbé de Col has published a letter announcing his profound penitence for having had any dealings with "the Anglican Ministers," his "submission to the Apostolic Throne," and his consequent "absolution" by a decree of "the Holy Office," in accordance with which he has prepared himself by a course of spiritual exercises for the resumption of his priestly functions.

The "Roman Journal" has the following announcement of the progress made towards erecting a vast Roman Catholic church in the centre of London :—

"The congregation founded in Rome by the servant of God, D.

Vincenzo Pallotti, after having met with opposition and difficulties for the space of six years, has finally achieved in London, through one of its priests, D. Raphael Melia, the purchase of ground in a central part of the city, sufficient to erect a vast church, especially for the benefit of Italians, with a cloister annexed for the priests of the congregation. On the 16th of December last, the contract was stipulated and the deed executed, the ground being paid for at the price of 7500*l.*, that is, about 37,500 scudi. Many princes and many dioceses, especially of Italy, have aided by their alms this work, so useful for the Catholic religion. The reigning high pontiff, Pius IX., besides having contributed abundant alms, has manifested his will that the Church be officiated in the Roman manner (*al modo Romano*), and that it be dedicated to St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles; and in the audience of the 18th of June, 1848, through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, on the favourable information and wish of the Most Eminent Wiseman, Ordinary of London, he granted to the above mentioned servant of God, D. Vincenzo Pallotti, then living, and to the priests of his congregation, the property and direction of the Church, the right of administering its funds, and celebrating ecclesiastical rites in it. Signor Francesco Gualandi, of Bologna, will be the architect of the new edifice, assisted by another English architect. In this church, wherein the faithful of every class and condition will be able to satisfy their devotion and the duties of religion, there will be confessors to hear confessions in all languages; there will be preachers to announce the divine word in the principal idioms of Europe, and there will also be schools for both sexes. It is hoped that at such joyful intelligence the piety and charity of all Catholics will be put in motion, and especially of Italians, to supply new and abundant alms for the continuation and completion of the grand work, since the great expense encountered in purchasing the land has exhausted the collections hitherto made."

The "Roman Journal" announces the departure of the King of Bavaria from Rome for Naples. King Maximilian has not left a very favourable impression on the court of Rome. In his interviews with Pius IX., instead of kissing the hand of the Pope, a tribute of respect which even Nicholas of Russia did not withhold, the king maintained a stiff, soldier-like bearing, and contented himself with paying ordinary civilities to the Sovereign Pontiff. The Roman Catholic journals denounce him as half a Protestant, and the native Roman nobility have absented themselves from his levees.

The following statement, abridged from the *Christian Times*, throws light upon the system of proselytism pursued at Rome towards Englishmen of distinction :—"The Hon. Mr. West, son of Earl Delawarr, who has been passing the winter at Rome, was marked out as an object of the efforts of the Vatican. The Rev. Mr. Pollen (late Proctor at Oxford) and Mgr. Talbot, the Pope's Chamberlain, used the utmost efforts to pervert him, but he always declined controversy. On January 31st they offered to introduce him to the Pope. During the audience the

Pope, laying his hand on his shoulder, said he was very glad to hear of his good disposition to the Church, and suggested to him to profess the true faith publicly on the 2nd of February, when the Pope would be at St. Peter's to bless the candles. Mr. West, being taken by surprise, made no reply, but did not go to St. Peter's on the 2nd. On the following day Mr. Talbot requested him to call upon him at his rooms in the Vatican, when he and Mr. Pollen submitted to him a parchment which he called 'a faculty,' in which Mr. West's name was written in full, and Mr. Talbot said that his Holiness had given him a dispensation to receive him at once in his own room into the bosom of the Church. Mr. West protested that he had not the slightest intention of becoming a Roman Catholic, and ultimately, not without difficulty, left the Vatican."

The Roman correspondent of the "*Bilancia*" of Milan, whose letter is reproduced by the "*Univers*" and the "*Tablet*," states that a special commission has been appointed for the examination of the question of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, consisting of Cardinal R. Fornari, Mgr. L. Pacifici, Canon G. Audisio, Fathers Spada, Dominican, Perrone, and Passaglia, Jesuits, and Jonini, Minor Conventual, who has since died, and will probably be replaced by another Franciscan, the members of the commission thus representing the opinions of the various theological schools on the subject. The question as proposed to the commission is to the following effect:—"Is the doctrine or proposition which affirms the Conception of the Most Holy Virgin exempt from original sin, true as a theological truth, or as a revealed truth?" The writer adds the expression of his own conviction, that "the labours of the commission are in a way of attaining a happy issue," that is to say, that the delusion in question will be authoritatively declared as a doctrine of the Church.

The Canons of the Church of St. John of Lateran have signed an address to Napoleon III., praying him to accept the title usually borne by the ancient Kings of France, of first Canon of that Cathedral, which is denominated "the Head and the Mother of the Holy Church."

Matters of great importance are understood to have occupied an extraordinary congregation of the "Sacred College" recently convoked. The journey of the Pope to France is said to have been discussed, and negatived. A project for the sale of part of the Pontifical States to the King of Naples is said to have been likewise rejected.

A memorial has been addressed to the Duke of Newcastle from Protestant British residents in Malta, remonstrating "against the slight and indignity put upon the Church of the Sovereign, by withdrawing and excluding from the articles of the new penal code any mention of the Church of England by name;" and further complaining that "in the letter of the Chief Secretary in reply to the memorialists, they are told that the Church of England is included with others under a general phrase." The memorialists pray that the passages of the new criminal law complained of may be altered and amended.

**NORWAY.**—In Norway, where not only all Christian sects, but the Jews likewise, enjoy free toleration, the Government has decided that the Mormons, not being Christian Dissenters, shall not be permitted to perform any public act of worship or instruction in the Norwegian kingdom, or be allowed to make oath before any Court.

### ASIA.

A protest has been entered by the Russian Envoy at Constantinople against the concessions recently made to the Latin Church on the subject of the Holy Places.

The manner in which the Turkish Commissioner has thought proper to terminate the differences at Jerusalem has displeased all parties. On the top of the grotto at Bethlehem there had always existed a silver star, indicative of the exact spot of the Holy Nativity, but some years ago this star had disappeared during a quarrel which took place between the various Christian congregations, and it became a question who was to replace it, which was in some sort establishing a right of possession, and now at last the Commissioner of the Porte has determined on replacing it himself, which at first seemed to satisfy everybody. But, unfortunately, the new star bore on the back an inscription in Latin, at which the Greeks and Armenians took offence, and refused to assist at the ceremony of the erection. Then the Roman Catholics, who possessed the key of a small door of the church of Bethlehem, insisted on having the key of the principal door, and permission to construct in the church a separate altar and a vestry-room. The Commissioner gave them the key of one of the three front doors of the church, and the permission to build a vestry in the outer court. He attempted also to regulate the hours of the respective services; but in this he failed, as each of the different communions insisted on being first, and the Greek Patriarch, considering all these concessions as attacking the long-recognized rights of the Greeks, left Jerusalem, and went to protest at Constantinople. Russia has taken up the question.

It is said that the King of Prussia is erecting a dwelling-house at Jerusalem for the Bishop of the English Church there.

It is stated by the "Patriot" that a remarkable movement is in progress among the Jews throughout the world, a paper being extensively circulated by an influential Rabbi, in which he proves from Scripture that the time has come when the Jews must prepare for returning to the land of their fathers. The document has been printed in Hebrew and English, and a society has been formed to promote the movement.

### AFRICA.

Exertions are being made to complete the English Church at Alexandria, in Egypt. The foundation-stone was laid in 1839, and 8000*l.* were expended upon it, but the funds became exhausted, and it is not yet finished.



It is stated that the consent of Her Majesty's Government has been obtained to the immediate creation of an English Bishopric at Natal, which is at present under the Episcopal jurisdiction of the Bishop of Cape Town.

### AMERICA.

The Bishop of Fredericton having been requested, by the Clergy of every deanery in his diocese, to convene a diocesan meeting, to consider Mr. Gladstone's Colonial Churches Bill, his Lordship issued a circular, proposing, as a more practicable mode of procedure—

"That each Clergyman should call a meeting of the habitual attendants at his parish Church or Churches, and take the sense of the persons assembled—being of course understood to be *bona fide* members of the Church of England—whether it be expedient that the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity, in communion with the Church of England, should be empowered to meet in Diocesan or other Synods, and make regulations for the management of their internal ecclesiastical affairs."

An affirmative answer to this proposition has been returned from Carleton, a negative one from Portland, and meetings have been held in other parishes, but the result in them is not stated.

The Bishop of Quebec has issued a pastoral address to his Clergy, prior to leaving for England as Senior Bishop of the North American provinces, to consult with the Bishop of Sydney and the Home authorities upon matters affecting the interests of the Colonial Church. We need not say that the chief of these is the necessity for Synodical action. His Lordship says :—

"The difficulties, peculiar in their character, which attach in different ways to the administration of ecclesiastical affairs in the Colonies, and the desire felt, in common with other colonial Prelates, by the Bishops of these North American dioceses, to procure the formal and legal co-operation of the Clergy and laity in the management and regulation of such matters, have already been placed before you in the Minutes of the Episcopal Conference, held at Quebec in September, 1850. In the tenor of these Minutes I have authority for saying, that the whole of the North American Episcopate are agreed—the two Bishops who, out of the seven, were unavoidably absent, having, subsequently to their reception of copies of the Minutes, put me in possession of their sentiments on the subject."

A Convention of Clergy and Lay Delegates of the diocese of Montreal assembled in that city on the 19th of January, at the call of the Bishop, the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, having requested his opinion of the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. A report from the Convocation Committee, on the subject of the bill, suggesting various alterations in it, was read, and the following resolutions adopted :—

"That this meeting are decidedly of opinion that unless the amendments now proposed are faithfully adopted in the bill, it will not be satisfactory to the Church in this diocese.

"That the bill with its amendments be adopted, and that his Lordship the Bishop of the diocese be respectfully requested to forward the same to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, with such observations or remarks as to his Lordship may seem appropriate."

The Bishop of Montreal, in transmitting these resolutions and the amended bill, accompanied it with explanatory observations, on the grounds of the opposition which it had encountered, and the reasons for the alterations introduced, concluding with the following statement:—

"One thing is certain, that in any system to be adopted for the Church in these colonies, we must seek to organize it on a broad and firm basis: and must earn the respect and affection of the working laity by serving them faithfully in the work of the ministry, and by inviting their aid and co-operation in the internal administration of our system. During a recent visit at New York, I made many inquiries respecting their system of Church discipline and government, and the effects of lay influences in their conventions. I was told, by what may be termed High Churchmen, that the admission of the laity had been with them a matter of necessity; but that, whatever might have been the *à priori* opinions held on the subject, its operation had been so successful that it would now be adopted as a matter of choice."

Dr. Feild, the Bishop of Newfoundland, is in London, having left St. John's on the last day of last year, with the intention of proceeding to Bermuda to hold his visitation. On his arrival at Halifax, whither he had to proceed in order to obtain a passage to Bermuda, he found that he should be detained upwards of a fortnight, and that he would probably save time by making a long-projected journey to England in the Boston steamer. This circumstance forcibly illustrates the inconvenience of uniting in one diocese Newfoundland and Bermuda.

Bishop Wainwright, of New York, has put forth a pastoral letter to his diocese, which is highly praised by the American Church press for its spirit and temper, as well as matter, and for the seasonableness of the appeal which it contains on behalf of unity and vigorous action among Churchmen.

The sermon preached by the Bishop of New Hampshire at the consecration of Bishop Wainwright has been published, at the request of the Bishops who were present. The American papers enable us to give some extracts from the discourse. The text was 1 Tim. i. 15. "In this brief sentence," says the right rev. author, "we have the comprehensive SAYING of revealed religion. It is the ultimate and perfect formulary for expressing and revealing the mercies of God in the blessed work of redemption. It is that true and precious treasure which was said by the holy Apostle to be had by the ministers of Christ in earthen vessels—which by His ministers, of all orders and functions, is still held as a sacred trust, in the same manner and for the same glorious ends. . . . If Christ has instituted a Church, let no one presume that he lives under the approbation of that Shepherd and Bishop of souls, or

has a right to hope for His gracious word of acceptance in the end, while he stands afar off, and makes light of its privileges, and disregards the ends for which the glorious institution was designed. If He has appointed an unchangeable Priesthood, beginning with Apostles, and authorizing them to bring into the work subordinate helpers, and to convey the Divine Commission along, under the promise of His presence to the end of the world,—it cannot be right, it cannot be safe, to depart from that ministry, or to change that priesthood. Let no one flatter himself with the delusive idea, that ‘the faithful saying’ will long survive and be faithfully preached, or that Gospel doctrines can long be saved, after the wreck of Gospel institutions. Christ intended the one for the preservation of the other. Do not imagine that faith, and love, and piety, can live on in vigour and purity, when the permanent institutions of the Gospel have fallen into desuetude and contempt. Such a thing cannot be. Let it satisfy us that thus, and not otherwise, it has pleased Him to set in order His Church, to propagate His truth, and to govern His people.”

We learn from the “New York Churchman,” that the proceedings for the trial of Bishop Doane, at Burlington, terminated in the following resolutions:—

“Whereas, Previous to the making of the presentment now before this court, the Convention of New Jersey had investigated most of the matters contained therein, and had determined that there was no ground for presentment: therefore,

“Ordered, That, as to the matters thus acted upon by said Convention, this Court is not called upon to proceed farther.

“Whereas, The diocese of New Jersey stands pledged to investigate any charges against its Bishop that may be presented from any responsible source; and whereas, a Special Convention has been called, shortly to meet, in reference to the new matters contained in the presentment now before this Court: therefore,

“Ordered, That this Court, relying upon the said pledge, do not now proceed to any further action in the premises.”

These resolutions were carried by a majority of eight to six, the minority being Bishops Hopkins, Smith, Lee, Johns, Eastburn, and Potter. The presenters subsequently tried to fall back upon the first presentment, but this attempt was frustrated by the unanimous voice of the Court. The excitement occasioned by these proceedings has caused a serious attack of illness to Bishop Doane, who was seized during his visitation at New Brunswick with a nervous prostration, to which he has been subject since his dangerous illness in 1848.

The “New York Churchman” complains of the inadequacy of the support given to the Societies recognized by the American Church as her authorized agents. The Tract Society having spent during the year the pitiful sum of 1683 dolls. 22 cts., is deficient by 721 dolls. 33 cts., and the Report states that during the forty-three years of its existence the Society’s income has gone on decreasing. The Bible and Prayer Book Society, though not in debt, is yet, according to the

Report, miserably circumscribed in its operations by the insufficiency of its means ; 863 Bibles and about 9000 Prayer Books being the sum total of its distributions for one year, and 3618 dolls. 67 cts. the amount of its income.

The "Univers" gives the following details of the perversion of Bishop Ives, of North Carolina :—

" Dr. Ives left America some weeks ago to go and make his solemn abjuration of the errors of Protestantism at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. Before his departure he gave his retractation into the hands of the Archbishop of New York, and participated in the sacraments of the Church ; but the venerable convert wished this act to be kept secret in order to procure from Pius IX. the sweet consolation of himself receiving him into his flock. However, considering the possibility that he might be lost on his voyage, Dr. Ives gave to Archbishop Hughes his abjuration in writing, furnished with the most incontestable characters of authenticity, in order that this document might be made public in case of accident. . . . .

" Dr. Ives having arrived at Rome, put himself in communication with his Lordship the Bishop of Virginia (Right Rev. Dr. Gill), and he addressed him to Mgr. Talbot, *cameriere segreto* of his Holiness, in order to make his solemn abjuration, and publicly to profess the faith. The Holy Father, being informed by Mgr. Talbot of these happy dispositions, hastened to give that Prelate the necessary faculties for receiving the abjuration ; and the Anglican Bishop, with sentiments of the most lively joy and the most tender piety, made the profession of the Catholic faith in the hands of this former Anglican Minister, like himself a convert to the true faith. The Holy Father was pleased himself to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to the new Catholic, and this ceremony took place on Dec. 26th, in the private chapel of his Holiness. They say that the former Protestant Bishop, in placing his cross and ring in the hands of the Holy Father, said to him, ' I return to you, most Holy Father, the insignia of a dignity which I had usurped.' "

The "Univers" adds that the Bishop is accompanied by his wife, who has not followed his example, and by two other ladies belonging to the first families of North Carolina, who have likewise made their abjuration. The following reflections made by the "Univers" on the occasion are, in more than one sense, instructive :—

" Of the thirty-two Protestant Bishops of the United States nine are considered as approaching singularly near to the '*Papists*,' and the ministry of the pulpit, in the States of New York and North Carolina, has very decided Catholic tendencies. Dr. Ives was the oracle of this, the most respectable and enlightened fraction of Protestantism. During the twenty-one years he has governed the diocese of North Carolina, he has formed a school in it ; several of his disciples have preceded him into the bosom of truth, and are at this moment exemplary priests. He had founded a monastery, called ' The Valley of the Cross ; ' he there instructed young people for the Ministry, and recommended to

them, as very laudable, celibacy and confession. He himself confessed for several years past, and his director was Dr. Forbes, at present Rector of one of the principal Catholic parishes of New York. But these reforms could not be carried through without resistance, and the rooted Protestants got up a cabal against their Bishop.\* A convention, of which two-thirds of the members were laics, was convoked in May, 1851, to judge of the doctrines of Dr. Ives, and some promises were exacted of him to be a better Protestant for the future.

"One sees that this intrusiveness and violence could have no other result than to open the eyes of the Protestant Prelate by demonstrating to him the impossibility of securing his salvation in Anglicanism. In the month of May last, he wrote to Dr. Forbes, asking him if he still remembered their friendship, and if he would still consent to enlighten some doubts which were on his mind. In consequence of this opening, Dr. Ives went to pass some time incognito with his former spiritual father, who became more than ever the guide of his actions. More than one conference took place with the Archbishop of New York, always in secret, in order not to awaken anew the cabal of the Episcopalians. Already, six months ago, prayers were asked, at High Mass, in all the churches of New York, for a conversion which would be a great consolation to the Church. It was for that of Dr. Ives. Finally, in October last, the heretic Bishop was reconciled to the Church. Since the time of Luther, this is the first Protestant Bishop who, in the full exercise of his functions, has given this ineffable joy to religion."

It appears that Bishop Ives, whose perversion to Popery has been so much gloried in by the Popish prints, has been for years past in a strange state of mind. In early life he was insane, and an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Four years ago he had a violent attack of yellow fever, which affected his brain, and from which he never fully recovered. At that time he made a declaration in favour of Rome, which, on coming to his senses, he retracted. Subsequently he advocated opinions with regard to confession and the worship of the Virgin, which caused much controversy in his diocese, and at a meeting of his convention he acknowledged that he had been wrong, alleging his bodily health as an excuse. It appears, moreover, that before leaving his diocese, he drew his salary for a year in advance, to pay the expenses of his tour in Europe, artfully concealing his intentions, which it is supposed were fully formed before he started.

The following letter is published in the United States' papers:—

#### RESIGNATION OF BISHOP IVES.

*Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of North Carolina.*

*"Rome, Wednesday, Dec. 22, 1852.*

"Dear Brethren,—Some of you, at least, are aware that for years doubts of the validity of my office as Bishop have at times harassed my mind and greatly enfeebled my action. At other times, it is true,

circumstances have arisen to overrule these doubts, and to bring to my mind temporary relief. But it has been only temporary, for in spite of resolutions to abandon the reading and the use of Catholic books,—in spite of earnest prayers and entreaties that God would protect my mind against the distressing influence of Catholic truth,—and in spite of public and private professions and declarations, which in times of suspended doubt I sincerely made to shield myself from suspicion and win back the confidence of my Diocese, which had been well-nigh lost,—in spite of all this, and of many other considerations which would rise up before me, as the necessary consequence of suffering my mind to be carried forward in the direction in which my doubts pointed, these doubts would again return with increased and almost overwhelming vigour, goading me at times to the very borders of derangement.

"Under these doubts, I desired temporary relief from duties that had become so disquieting to me, and determined to accompany Mrs. Ives, whose health demanded a change of climate, in a short absence abroad. But absence has brought no relief to my mind. Indeed, the doubts that disturbed it have grown into clear and settled convictions; so clear and settled that, without a violation of conscience and honour, and every obligation of duty to God and His Church, I can no longer remain in my position.

"I am called upon, therefore, to do an act of self-sacrifice, in view of which all other self-sacrificing acts of my life are less than nothing; called upon to sever the ties which have been strengthened by long years of love and forbearance, which have bound my heart to many of you, as was David's to that of Jonathan, and make my heart bleed as my hand traces the sentence which separates all pastoral relation between us, and conveys to you the knowledge that I hereby resign into your hands my office as Bishop of North Carolina; and further, that I am determined to make my submission to the Catholic Church.

"In addition (my feelings will allow me only to say), as this act is earlier than any perception of my own, and ante-dates, by some months, the expiration of the time for which I asked leave of absence, and for which I so promptly received from members of your body an advance of salary, I hereby renounce all claim upon the same, and acknowledge myself bound, on an intimation of your wish, to return whatever you may have advanced to me beyond this 22nd day of December.

"With continued affection and esteem, I pray you to allow me still to subscribe myself,

"Your faithful friend, &c.

"L. SILLIMAN IVES."

Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, having been ordered to Italy for his health, a suspicion has been excited of "intentions Romewards." The Bishop, in a letter addressed to the "Southern Churchman," repudiates the insinuation, declaring that he rejects the decrees of the Council of Trent, and the creed of Pius IV.; that he holds the

Romish communion "to be defiled by damnable idolatries and most foul corruptions;" that he conceives the condition of those who join it to be "perilous in the extreme;" and the Church of Rome herself to be in a state of "most sinful schism."

### AUSTRALASIA.

In an account of a recent visitation tour to Western Australia (part of his diocese), the Bishop of Adelaide says:—

"On landing at Fremantle, June 18th, I wrote to you *via* Singapore, giving an account of my voyage from Adelaide, and visit to Albany, King George's Sound. I now resume the narrative of my visitation from Fremantle, while enjoying the calm sea, and favourable wind, and balmy sky, which do not usually prevail at this season of the year (midwinter) in this generally supposed stormy locality. Of four voyages, however, round the Lewin, I must say that in three I have met with the same sort of weather, and the same blue tranquil ocean near the Cape itself. We hope to make Albany to-morrow, so as to enjoy Sunday, the 8th, on shore, when I shall have the opportunity of again assisting the archdeacon in his duties.

"Returning, however, to Fremantle for the present, on Saturday, June 19th, I inspected the government school, conducted by Mrs. Pengilly and daughter. Of 100 children on the books, about 70 were in attendance, which, as in most colonial schools, is, from the demand for labour, irregular. The children, as usual, quick and lively; but there was evidently need of a good schoolmaster for the elder boys. This want, I am happy to say, has, by an arrangement since made by his Excellency the Governor, Capt. Fitzgerald, been supplied. From the school I went to the church, and, meeting there the trustees, suggested a new arrangement of the pulpit and reading-desk, by which thirty sittings might be gained, if not more. This being assented to, I proposed to preach for this object on the following evening. My duties accordingly on Sunday, the 21st, were as follows: Morning service at the church; I confirmed and preached. At four, service at the convict establishment, when I preached to the 300 prisoners from 2 Cor. v. 20, 'We pray you,' &c. It is an affecting sight, so many fellow-men under sentence for crimes! And when psalmody burst forth from a trained body of them the effect to me was quite overpowering; to hear the sounds of praise issuing from lips trained perhaps to blasphemy, and poured forth, I would fain hope, from hearts once hardened in ignorance and sin. God grant that some at least may be led to know the things which belong unto their everlasting peace. At seven in the evening I preached again for the improvements in the church. The collection amounted to nearly 20*l.*, sufficient to make the proposed alterations. Instead of being placed behind the communion-table, the reading-desk and pulpit will now stand on the right and left of it; while a panelled screen for the commandments will hide the vestry door and stairs to the pulpit. These are trifles, but they serve to show how, on the settle-

ment of a colony, the usual and proper arrangements of a church are apt to be put aside for some fancied convenience. In addition to these arrangements his Excellency has agreed to advance money to liquidate the debt, which will relieve the trustees from the payment of interest, and also to recommend a grant from colonial and imperial funds to provide accommodation for the ticket-of-leave men in and about Fremantle. Mr. Postlethwaite's health requiring leave of absence, I made arrangements with him to send an assistant-chaplain to Fremantle, where there is ample employment between the town and convict establishment (at present without a chaplain) for two clergymen. For this purpose I propose to devote 50*l.* of the Society's annual grant, to meet a like sum guaranteed by some of the principal seat-holders for three years, at the end of which time the pew rents will become available for stipend, the debt having been then liquidated. Mr. P. makes over to the assistant-chaplain 100*l.* received by him from the local government. The expense of living and house-rent render 200*l.* per annum barely sufficient maintenance for a clergyman. An allowance must also be made for his passage from Adelaide. I mention these particulars to show how utterly my power of assisting Western Australia would be crippled without the aid of the Society. At present from Mr. King's stipend the archdeacon receives 50*l.* for his visitation expenses; Messrs. Mears and Williams 25*l.* each in aid of their scanty stipends; the assistant-chaplain of Fremantle 50*l.*; and the balance will be absorbed in passage-money and other aid required by the clergy in their several districts.

"When the Society learns that the Roman Catholics, numbering about 600, have at this time an archbishop, Dr. Polding, two bishops—Dr. Brady and Dr. Serra, four priests, twenty-six Benedictine brethren, and twelve Sisters of Mercy attached to the mission of Perth, it will be seen that every reasonable aid should be given towards maintaining the ordinances of our Church in full efficiency wherever it can be planted. I am happy accordingly to report that the Rev. W. D. Williams, whom I ordained priest at Perth on Sunday, the 27th, has been permanently appointed the chaplain at Guildford, with the care of the 'dépôt,' much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of that township, distant nine miles from Perth. He will still retain his post of master of the government school in the latter place, at a salary of 100*l.* per annum. It is, I think, of great importance that the normal school of the colony should be under the care of an educated clergyman, there being no more honourable or responsible charge than that of training up the youth of a newly-settled country in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

"*Albany, August 8th.*—We anchored here on Saturday at 5 P.M., and yesterday I had the satisfaction of assisting the archdeacon in the duties of the day. The church was well attended in the morning."

It is stated that the Bishop of Melbourne has applied for a loan of 5000*l.* or 6000*l.*, to import into his diocese a number of iron churches, to be set up at the diggings and elsewhere. His lordship is spoken of as going about preaching to the diggers, using the stump of a tree for his pulpit.



The "Melbourne Church of England Messenger," for October, says:—

"A few weeks since, a gentleman called upon the Bishop, and stated that he had just sold some land, which, in consequence of the change in the circumstances of the colony, had realized a very much larger sum than he expected to obtain for it. He wished, therefore, to appropriate a tenth part of the proceeds, amounting to 500*l.*, as an offering to the Lord for the benefit of the Church."

At a meeting of the Committee of the Tasmanian Missionary Society, held in Hobart Town, the following regulations have been unanimously adopted, and ordered to be printed and circulated, with the view of enlisting public support to the Society:—

"1. The Tasmanian Missionary Society was established on the 27th January, 1852; His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor being Patron, the Right Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese, President, and the Venerable the Archdeacons, Vice-Presidents; with a Committee of Management consisting of the President and Vice-Presidents, all Licensed Clergymen within the Diocese, and a number of Elected Laymen; the said Committee having power to add to their number, and to appoint their own Secretary, Treasurer, and Auditors.

"2. The objects of the Tasmanian Missionary Society are twofold:— firstly, to co-operate, as far as possible, with the Provincial Board of Missions at Sydney in promoting 'the Conversion and Civilization of the Australian Aborigines, and the Conversion and Civilization of the Heathen Races in the Islands of the Western Pacific:' secondly, to receive and forward any subscriptions given to particular missionary societies, or special missionary objects, approved by the Committee.

"3. It shall be the duty of the Committee to promote these objects by collecting subscriptions throughout the diocese, and applying the same according to their discretion, rendering to the subscribers, at the close of each current year, an account of the receipts and expenditure.

"4. In order to interest the community in the work to which they are to be invited to subscribe, the Committee shall maintain a constant communication with the Provincial Board and with the Missionary Bishops, and shall circulate in Tasmania any information thus obtained.

"5. The clergy of the several districts of the diocese shall be requested to promote the cause of the Society by annual sermons, branch associations, or any other means that may seem to them most likely to prove effective.

"6. An Annual Meeting of subscribers shall be held at such time and place as the Committee may appoint, when the report of the preceding year and audited accounts shall be presented, and the Committee for the ensuing year elected. The report, as approved by the Annual Meeting, shall be printed for the use of subscribers.

"7. The Committee shall meet on the last Monday in January, April, July, and October; five to form a quorum. A Special Meeting of the Committee may be called at any time by the President or the Secre-

tary, or by the latter, on his receiving a requisition to that effect from five members of the Committee. All meetings shall be opened with prayer."

Some of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 99th Regiment have forwarded 3*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* as their contribution to the funds of the above Society.

The following Declaration has recently been circulated in the diocese of Tasmania, under the authority of the Archdeacons:—

"Whereas certain statements have been publicly circulated in Tasmania and the neighbouring dioceses, and forwarded to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other high authorities of the Mother Church in England,—statements that are too likely to compromise seriously the character of the Clergy of the diocese of Tasmania, or many of them, and to lead the members of the Church at large to suspect their faithfulness to the true principles of the Church of England, their moral honesty of purpose, and the willingness of their obedience to the Bishop,—We, the undersigned Clergymen of the said diocese, do hereby declare—

"I. That we are stedfastly resolved, by God's help, faithfully to act up to the true spirit of the English Reformation: believing that it has not only preserved and perpetuated among us the fellowship and doctrine of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church of the first and purest ages, but has laid upon us the solemn obligation of protesting against many corrupt doctrines and practices, introduced, at a later period, by the Church of Rome.

"II. That, while we maintain the right and recognize the duty of every Christian to use all the powers which God has given him in examining the grounds of his religion, and while we firmly believe (with the sixth Article of our Church) that 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation,' we yet no less earnestly believe and maintain (with the twentieth Article) that 'the Church hath power to decree Rites and Ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith.'

"III. That, although we desire to see the resources of our Church developed, in the practical operation of her existing system—parochial, diocesan, and provincial—we do not desire, but earnestly deprecate, any radical change in her constitution: and especially, and in the strongest manner, repudiate the attempt or intention that has been publicly broached in this diocese, of establishing, under any possible circumstances, '*a Church in opposition to the Bishop.*'

"IV. That, so far from our being '*in reality reluctant*' to the Church's obtaining the powers necessary for the development of her constitution, we sincerely and honestly re-affirm (so far as any of us took part in originally affirming) the opinion expressed by the Bishop and Clergy in January last—namely, that it is desirable for the clergy and laity of the Church to possess adequate synodical functions; and we claim our right to be believed in this our affirmation.

"V. That the imputation to 'the Bishop and' some persons termed 'his party,' of a systematic design to 'Romanize the Church,' and to

procrastinate the procuring of synodical functions until the completion of the Romanizing process is, in our belief, utterly indefensible: that such a design, if the Bishop or any of the Clergy were capable, ever so remotely, of entertaining it, would be worthy only of abhorrence; and that a charge, so unwarrantable in the first instance, ought, now that it is thus publicly repudiated, to be as publicly withdrawn and atoned for.

“VI. That desiring, in the due fulfilment of our solemn vow, ‘reverently to obey our Ordinary, unto whom is committed the charge and government over us,’ and believing that this vow is best observed by respectful demeanour towards our Chief Pastor, and quiet diligence in the work which he, under Christ, has appointed to us, we protest against the wrongful dealing of those who would charge us with sycophancy or hypocrisy, as though any of us could, on the one hand, ‘surround the Bishop with flatteries,’ or, on the other, through fear or mental thralldom, suppress the conscientious convictions of our hearts.

“VII. That we are deeply grieved at the aspect of division under which our Diocese has for some time past stood forth to the world. That if (as it may be in God’s sight) any of us, by word or deed, have caused ‘any brother to stumble or be offended,’ and thus have borne a share in promoting this division, our grief and our desire for pardon must thereby be deepened and increased. And that, for the work which may henceforth lie before us in the Church of Christ, it is our earnest and humble prayer that we may, one and all, faithfully and in brotherly love, follow ‘the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.’”

Few events have caused a deeper and more painful feeling among Churchmen, than the recent death of Dr. Broughton, Bishop of Sydney, and Metropolitan of Australia, coming as it did so close to the interesting meeting of the Propagation Society, in honour of one who had so nobly borne the banner of the Cross among the heathen natives—who had so ably defended the sacred rights which accrued to his office as Metropolitan—who had secured to himself, and in so remarkable a degree, the love and affection of all those, whether Clergy or laity, over whom he had been placed in the Lord,—occurring, too, so shortly after his return to visit, for the last time, the shores of his native country.

The remains of the Bishop lay in the Chapter-house of the Cathedral of Canterbury, on Friday night. At eleven A.M. on Saturday, the funeral procession moved to the Chapter-house as follows:—The King’s Scholars, the Choristers, the Lay Clerks, the Minor Canons, the Canons, the neighbouring Clergy, the Students of St. Augustine’s. Having arrived at the cloisters, the procession was formed by the pall, coffin, and chief mourners, and proceeded to the nave by the north door of the Cathedral, the choir singing the sentences. The vault was in the south side aisle of the nave. The Lessons were read by the Venerable Archdeacon Harrison, who preached an affecting sermon on the following day, giving an account of the Bishop’s early life and education at Canterbury, the name of which, he used to say in later days, was “as music in his ears.” The preacher traced his career through the arduous

duties of his professional life, as Archdeacon, Bishop, and Metropolitan, to the period of his voyage to England in the *La Plata*, where his Christian courage and charity were proved in a remarkable manner, and to the last peaceful moments of his death, when he sank into a sweet sleep, with the words on his lips, expressing the aim of his life,—and to realize which, according to his powers, he died almost a martyr's death,—“The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea” (Hab. ii. 14).

May all who shall be hereafter called to the “office of a Bishop,” exercise the same amount of love, and energy, and self-denial, in their high and holy calling, which were so remarkably exercised by this good and great Bishop.

We extract the following from the Report of a Missionary in New Zealand, the Rev. R. Maunsell :—

“Through the most gracious arrangements of my good Master, more help has been supplied to me during the past year, in this time of my need, than I ever had before ; and every thing goes on with a quiet, uniform, steady pace. My institution consists of three departments—the girls'-school, the boys'-school, and the adult-school.

“For the girls'-school God has mercifully supplied me with a matron whose equal it would, I think, be difficult to find in this island—Mary Ngataru, the widow of Erueti Ngataru, whose death was mentioned in one of the ‘Records’ about eight years ago. She has been a widow since then, maintaining a most irreproachable character. Having lost her two children shortly after her husband’s death, she devoted herself to teaching the children of the village in which she dwelt. About four years ago she joined our institution. At first we had some difficulty with her, from her unformed, undisciplined, unbroken character. A lady of the highest rank on this river, she found it difficult to submit to the regulations which we considered it necessary to enforce. Her high mettle and spirit, only partially controlled, often seriously endangered our struggling institution, then very much dependent upon her support. As all this has now passed away, I will mention one or two instances, to enable you to form an idea of the difficulties with which we had to contend. I ventured one day to hint to her that her fowls should be sent away, as they were breaking the windows of the school-room. ‘If my fowls go,’ she replied, ‘I’ll follow them.’ At another time she wished that a slave lad of hers, to whom I had some objection, should be taken into school ; and, on my demurring, she hinted pretty clearly, ‘If he does not come, I’ll go.’ Though of a strong, unbending self-will, she—as is the case with, I believe, every native in the island—was totally unable to bend the wills of her girls ; and when I used to urge her to enforce obedience, she would make the most extraordinary speeches before them, telling me that they would not obey, that if dealt with hardly they would leave, and that the parents would be angry. Unpromising, however, as were our materials in some respects, we were obliged, from necessity, to use patience ; and, with deep thanks

to God's grace, I record that we have been most amply rewarded. I may here say, that, in the management of New Zealanders—and, I suspect, of all undisciplined people—the true rule is, patience and perseverance. Marked irregularities in government, one way or the other, they cannot stand: a constant, steady pressure, and a pressure in love, will, where the material is good in the substance, be sure to form them into very valuable agents in our work. All my friends that come here are struck, not only by Mary's own personal carriage, but also by the way in which she manages her department. Her powers of command, even over the full-grown women, are now considerable. Possessed of great energy, she shrinks from no kind of work; and I have often to reprove her for carrying the heavy loads she sometimes does on her back. Whenever I visit her house, I find the rooms clean, and every thing else neat, and in its proper place. Her punctuality, also, is remarkable: formerly, we were much troubled with her irregularity in this respect. Now, as soon as the bell rings, she, with her girls, is ready to proceed immediately whether to school, or to sewing-class, or to work. Formerly, I used to find, on going unexpectedly to her house, that she had gone away on a visit to the village, leaving the girls to themselves. Now, she never thinks of leaving the settlement without obtaining my permission. Being a woman of high rank, she not only stamps a high degree of respectability upon our establishment, but also exercises a strong influence for good over our young people of both sexes. About two years ago, she overheard me speaking in a determined and angry tone to the native teacher, telling him that if a certain lad did not do what I had appointed for him, he must immediately leave. Without my knowledge, she went directly to the lad, and reasoned with him, telling him that obedience was the first condition upon which he entered the institution; and that, while here, he ought to comply with the directions of his 'father.' I heard no more of it. He felt the force of her remarks, and obeyed. Since that time he has been a well-behaved, industrious lad, and left only a month ago, for a short time, to teach his people how to break in their cattle and to plough their land. I do humbly and honestly believe that Mary is a genuine child of God, and that it was his grace which made her, like the softened wax, fit to receive the impressions that we have been enabled to make upon her. She is now my right-hand, and most materially relieves my labours in the institution.

"In the other departments of my establishment great assistance has been supplied to me this year. A young German friend attends to a most deeply-important branch of our labours—the education of the boys. I have charge of the adults, and a general supervision of the establishment. In the boys, however, our great hopes centre. To prepare really useful men, we must begin with the children when very young. All the boys, therefore, under twelve years of age, are under the charge of Mr. Volkner, and are brought up, under a strict discipline, in civilized habits. To assist Mr. Volkner I have another promising European. I have also secured the services of a steady European woman for the

sewing-classes ; so, with our carpenter and agriculturist, I am now, thank God ! strong in help. You will be pleased to hear that the services of the carpenter and agriculturist have been granted to me by the government. We are now very busy putting in our crops and fencing. We hope to get a larger crop this year than in all the former years put together.

“Our work in this district is steadily advancing. The good feeling excited at the Confirmations, on the 28th of March, will, I hope, continue. Upwards of twenty adult candidates for baptism have been already received, and our Thursday-evening meetings for the native teachers and the more advanced scholars are well attended. Almost every Thursday evening I have the pleasure of seeing native teachers who have come from a distance, from one part or other of my district, to attend the meeting. I have lately adopted a new mode for the instructions of that evening, which has excited much interest. I have translated into Maori a very valuable little book, ‘Scripture Studies,’ by Mr. C. Bridges. The analysis of the passage, and the finding out the references in the Bible, are highly interesting to the class ; and, practised as I am in turning over books, I often find that they have been quicker than myself in opening upon the passage. This precious little work I hope soon to send to the press, and I doubt not that it will be hailed with pleasure by those of my brethren who have such classes for instruction. One immense benefit to be derived from it will be, to lead our teachers to give more systematic discourses, and to follow more intelligently the discourses they hear. At present, while it is true that their prayers and discourses contain bright and striking flashes, it is also, in a great majority of cases, undeniable that they are very irregular and unconnected. Indeed, the native mind seems to feel great difficulty in fixing its attention or thinking connectedly. An elaborate argument with a native congregation would be labour lost. Nothing but what is concisely and strikingly put will arrest their wandering thoughts, and rouse them from the state of torpor into which they are apt to sink. In addition to their want of education, there is, I think, another cause that helps to form in them peculiarly this habit of mind. Though an active people, they are not nearly so energetic as the European. On wet or cold days, therefore, when they are unable or indisposed for active exertion abroad, you may see them, in parties of twos or threes, talking for hours together upon some light, frivolous subject, or else sitting in quiet solitude over the fire in a dark, smoky hut, allowing the hours to pass unheeded over their heads. The European lad will rush into the cold and warm himself by active exertion ; the native boy will cower over the fire and contentedly amuse himself for hours in musing over its smoking embers, or roasting grains of Indian corn. In this respect they have a great advantage over the European traveller when detained by bad weather. A detention of three or four hours, whilst waiting for a canoe, would be nothing to a native. He would either go to sleep, or allow his mind to sink into a kind of animal vacuity, so as to be quite unconscious of the lapse of

time. This habit of mind is a great trial to us in our school ; and I am oftentimes obliged to adopt what an European would consider a very *outré* means for arousing their attention, and compelling them to think. I often think, when preaching my Maori sermon, how strange my discourse would appear to an Englishman if delivered to him in English, with the corresponding action. A native congregation, on the other hand, would very soon show the English preacher that they had no relish for his polished periods. All elegant and far-fetched figures must be laid aside : every thing must be simple and striking.

“ To enable you to form an idea of the nature of a Maori sermon, I will give, as far as I can recollect, a faithful translation of part of one which I delivered a few Sundays ago in a remote congregation of this district. I found at the place, Opuatia, by the side of a deep stream much swollen by the rains, a small congregation of three men and about twenty women, the other men being absent further down the Waikato. I soon saw, by the fixed glazed eye of the old ladies, that I had very little chance of getting an idea into their heads, unless I had recourse to some expedient for disturbing the torpor into which their minds were disposed to sink. My object was, to set forth the sufficiency of the Lord Jesus. ‘ What do you think, my good ladies, of our going, after prayers, and gathering all the calabashes we can find in the kainga (settlement), all the iron pots, and my tin pannikin, and baling the water out of Opuatia ? It will be a most excellent thing ; for we shall then be able to walk across the river, and shall also, no doubt, find a large number of eels ? ’ I had now gained my point. Even the oldest lady began to stir, amused, no doubt, with the many absurdities involved in such a proposition. ‘ Do you think we shall succeed ? Well, I fear not. But I have got another plan. Here it is. What if we were to get all the Europeans in Auckland, and all the Europeans at tawahi (abroad), with their spades, and shovels, and carts, and make them dig a channel from the source of Opuatia across the mountains into the sea ? Now, you tell me that you can empty your heart of its sins. Go and bale the water out of Opuatia. More easily could you exhaust that stream, than dry up the fountain of your unholy thoughts and actions. No, you must get some one to dig another channel for you, and that channel has been dug. Ask Christ, and He will turn away the stream of your sins from Opuatia into the fathomless ocean : ask Christ, and He will dry up the fountain of sin in your hearts.’ ”

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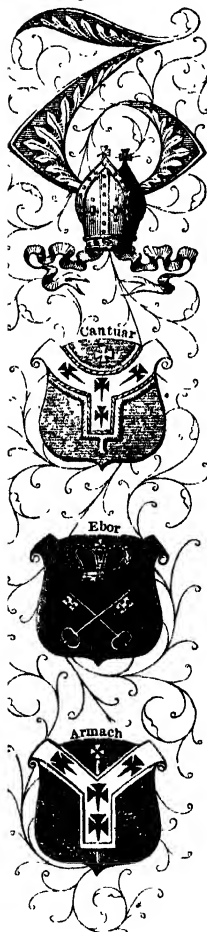
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WORKS on Practical Gardening have, for the most part, been arranged in the calendar form, with a view no doubt to render them, in the estimation of their authors, more convenient for reference. There are, however, objections to this mode of arrangement, which we think may be avoided by employing the *sectional*, or *separate* garden, division, as the operations in any of these departments may be carried on irrespective of the others—a mode of culture which is in fact practised in our largest and best-managed establishments, in all of which the subdivision of labour is found to be admirably adapted for facilitating the multifarious operations of the whole. Besides, some people have a predilection for one of these departments more than for another, and many are content with one of them only.

We had hoped that an arrangement by seasons might have been adopted, and that it would have combined all the advantages of the calendar form, and have avoided its principal defects. The attempt to carry out this scheme has, however, shown us that it inevitably involved a want of connection, and a degree of confusion, which could not be otherwise than most embarrassing to the reader, while it necessitated an amount of repetition which would have made it impossible to comprise the cultural department of the Garden in a single volume, without sacrificing that minuteness of detail which is essential to the highest value of such a work.

By the mode of arrangement we have finally resolved on, the reader will more readily find the information he seeks: each subject assumes a more connected form, when treated on as a whole, than if it were referred to in different places; and the necessity for frequent reference and much repetition is wholly done away. On these grounds we think the advantage will be sufficiently apparent, of treating on the operations of the *Kitchen or Culinary Garden*, the *Hardy Fruit Garden*, the *Forcing Garden*, and the *Flower Garden*, including *Plant Houses and Pleasure Grounds*, &c., as distinct in themselves.

In discussing the various subjects which constitute collectively any of these general divisions, we have adopted a mode of arrangement which we believe to be as complete as is possible; our great object being to systematise the whole, by bringing together, in our account of their culture, such productions as have a natural affinity to each other.

As regards the descriptive lists of the most approved *Fruits*, *Vegetables*, *Flowering Plants* and *Ornamental Trees*, *Shrubs*, &c., we avail ourselves of the present as a fit opportunity for correcting former lists, and adding those of recent introduction or origin, when of sufficient merit, to the lists of a similar nature which have appeared in practical works, such as "THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN" professes to be. This is the more important; because, with the exception of Mr Hogg's excellent work, "BRITISH POMOLOGY"—

which treats on the apple exclusively—there has been no work of a similar description to the present published in Britain since our “PRACTICAL GARDENER” and “THE ORCHARD,” both of which, in this respect, are now very far behind the requirements of the present age. The excellent descriptive “FRUIT CATALOGUE OF THE LONDON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY,” and the no less valuable “ORCHARD,” by the late Mr G. Lindley, and “THE FRUIT CULTIVATOR,” by the late Mr Rogers, stand in a similar position to the works already named. The only channels through which the new and improved varieties of *Fruits, Vegetables, and Plants of general interest*, have reached the public, (since “THE PRACTICAL GARDENER” was last revised by us more than twelve years ago,) have been the Horticultural Periodicals, and the Nurserymen’s and Seedsmen’s Trade Catalogues; although, during this period, more important additions have been made to all of these classes than during any former period of the same extent. To these additions we may add the many fine fruits of American origin, and the vast number of new ornamental plants, which, at the date of the works referred to, were wholly unknown in this country. From them, selected lists of such varieties as are suitable to our climate will be made.

The arrangement of these lists will be as follows:—

The most approved and recently introduced Esculent Seeds and Roots will accompany the articles to which they respectively belong in the Culinary Garden;

The most approved and recently obtained Hardy Fruits will, in like manner, be found in the Hardy Fruit Garden;

The Tropical Fruits in the Forcing Garden; and

The more rare, choice, and interesting Trees of Ornament, Flowering Plants, &c., will accompany the Flower Garden.

We have given some details of the practice of the London market-gardeners, who, it must be admitted, are the best culinary gardeners in the world. This is a subject scarcely hinted at by authors on Gardening since the days of Abercrombie, the merits of whose excellent works (we mean the original editions) are mainly owing to the copious details he gave of the market-gardening of his day. As nearly a century has now elapsed since he wrote his first work, and as during that period a corresponding improvement has taken place in that department, as well as in that of private gardening, a work of this kind would be incomplete without notices of these excellent modes of culture.

Throughout the whole of this department of our subject, it will be our special aim to enter into all necessary minuteness of detail; to avoid all technicalities of term; or, wherever these are employed, to append full explanations of them; and, in short, to make “THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN,” as to its cultural department, so precise and complete in all its directions, that it may suffice to the tyro as his guide, from the most rudimental operations of gardening onward, and render the amateur in a great degree independent of other assistance; while to the experienced gardener we trust it will be found the best and most practical work of reference extant.

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THE  
ENGLISH REVIEW

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JANUARY, 1853.

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ART. I.—*Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus: and ancient and modern Christianity compared.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D.C.L. In 4 volumes. London: Longmans.

THE learned and ingenious author of this work is well known to the English literary and religious world, from his intimate connexion with the late Dr. Arnold, who may almost be regarded as a disciple of the Chevalier Bunsen; and also by means of his various publications, amongst which the “Church of the Future” and the “Letters on Ignatius” hold a conspicuous place.

The eminent and influential position held for a long series of years by the Chevalier Bunsen, combined with the high attainments and abilities of which his writings afford abundant proof, have, without doubt, contributed largely to the spread of opinions amongst some portion of the higher classes in this country, which we, at least, should deprecate, as tending to introduce a class of speculations dangerous to the stability of religious belief,—in fact those which include the characteristic merits and faults of the German theologians. The Chevalier is one of those persons who are enthusiastic in their admiration of every thing German; and who are unable to tolerate the bigotry and folly, as they call it, of those amongst ourselves who do not admire Deism or Pantheism, when transmitted to us through the medium of German theology, even though Deism should perchance have taken its origin a century and a half ago in this country. The Chevalier and his friends have been labouring for many years to create a taste for German theology; and they have not been altogether unsuccessful: they may not have been desirous of promoting a taste for Rationalism; but they have, we believe, contributed materially to that result. The Chevalier is a Christian, and holds many parts of the Christian faith; but he is one of those who is always scoffing at “Bibliolatry,” or the usual notions of inspiration; and who would sweep away Creeds and Articles of faith, and very many of our principles, as mere rubbish; and would create a new Church and new religious system for the nineteenth century, founded on a system of speculation and criticism, which would set aside, without scruple, the ideas of

eighteen hundred years. Opposed as he is to many of the conclusions, and some of the principles of one class of Rationalistic authors, he appears to be one of those who indemnify themselves for their maintenance of Christian conclusions by holding most firmly the Rationalistic principles which lead to contrary conclusions, and which, under all circumstances, make Christianity so far as it is received, a variable and uncertain system of mere private opinion.

We have thought it requisite to say thus much in reference to the opinions of the author of the work before us, with a view to guard the reader against the influence of religious views, which are in many instances unsound, but are advanced with a confidence, and an ability, and, in many cases, with an apparently good intention, which tend to carry conviction along with them. Having entered this general protest against the Chevalier's principles, which we may perhaps justify in some degree in the course of the following remarks, we shall proceed to present to the reader some slight general account of the multifarious contents of the extraordinary work before us, and then notice more particularly his remarks on ancient liturgies. Its immediate object is to determine the age and authorship of a work on Heresies, recently discovered in the monasteries of Mount Athos, and published last year at Oxford by the delegates of the University Press, under the editorship of M. Emmanuel Miller. This work, which was ascribed by its editor to Origen, and described in its published title as the "*Philosophumena of Origen*," appears, from internal evidence, to be of very high antiquity—to be, in fact, a work of the third century; but its authorship has given rise to dispute: and the first volume of the Chevalier Bunsen's work is occupied by a series of letters to Archdeacon Hare, in which he maintains, with great learning and acuteness, and, in our view, with conclusive success, that the work in question was written by Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, in the time of Alexander Severus, or about the year 225 of our era. He argues that Origen cannot have been the author of this work, and that its value is greater than if it had been written by him, because Hippolytus, as a disciple of Irenæus, and twenty years older than Origen, is an earlier witness of Apostolic tradition; nor is he involved in any charge or suspicion of heresy, while as a member of the Roman presbytery he could give the most authentic details of the affairs of the Roman Church. "The book," says Chevalier Bunsen, "gives authentic information on the earliest history of Christianity, and precisely on those most important points of which hitherto we have known very little authentically. It contains extracts from at least fifteen lost

works of the Gnostic, Ebionitic, and mixed heretical schools and parties of the earlier times of Christianity. These extracts begin with the account of heresies which existed in the age of St. Peter and St. Paul, and consequently preceded the Gospel of St. John. They go down, in an uninterrupted line, to the first quarter of the third century. We have here, amongst others, quotations from the Gospel of St. John by Basilides, who flourished in the beginning of the reign of Hadrian, or about the year 117; furnishing a conclusive answer to the unfortunate hypothesis of Strauss, and the whole school of Tübingen, that the fourth Gospel was written about the year 165 or 170." (Preface, p. v.)

The letters to Archdeacon Hare enter fully on the question of the authenticity, authorship, and contents of this remarkable book. It would be impossible to follow the Chevalier in the details of his proofs; but we may take notice of some few of the passages which have particularly attracted our attention. The following remarks, in reference to the earliest heresies, show the bearing of this work on the authenticity and genuineness of the Gospel of St. John:—

"Of all this we knew next to nothing hitherto. It is now clear that we have to deal with sects which were coeval with Peter and Paul, as Simon was. But they started from foreign Judaism, mixed up with the pantheistic mysticism of Asia Minor. Hereby they were also opposed to the Valentinians, who started from Gentile ground; although, being Christians, they could not help drawing Judaism into the sphere of their speculations. Our author, as we shall see presently, derives the Valentinian principles from Simon, and brings Cerinthus, who also belongs to the first century, into connexion with them. But he distinguishes the Ophites entirely from all these, and places them at the head of the whole list, which, he repeatedly says, indicates the order they appeared in. Irenæus represents the Ophites expressly as predecessors of Valentinianism; but the schools he enumerates are evidently mixed up with this system. Nothing is more natural. The first outburst of Gnosticism sprang from a mixture of Christianity with Phrygian Judaism, imbued generally with Gentile speculations, orgies and mysteries. The Jewish element was considered as the least important. But, after Valentinus had taken upon himself to solve that great problem of the world's history, Judaism, by interpreting it as the working of the Demiurg, or the mundane evil principle, those Gnostics appropriated many of the leading speculations and fictions of Valentinianism. Thus we can explain the representation, which Irenæus, in the last two chapters of his first book, gives of the Ophitic systems. We have only now the pure, primitive Ophites before us.

"And are they really unknown to us? I hope, on the contrary, my dear friend, you will agree with me, that most probably we have

here the very heretics to whom the Apostle alludes in the fourth chapter of his First Epistle to Timothy. The 'endless genealogies' (i. 4) must be explained, as many have suggested, of the cosmological genealogies of æons or angels. Here we have them, in the very words of the most ancient sects. All that has been said against the Pauline origin of that Epistle, and of the pastoral letters in general, on the score of the allusions to heretics, thus falls to the ground. I believe I have proved in my 'Letters on Ignatius,' that the internal state of the Church, as to the organization of the congregations, leads irresistibly to the same result.

"But do you not see that the whole scheme of the late origin of the Gospel of St. John falls also to the ground, if our book is authentic, as undoubtedly it is; and if our author deserves credit for the arrangement of his historical account, and justly claims authority for his extracts from the sacred books of those Phrygian-Jewish fathers of Gnosticism? The Ophites all know the Logos, and all worship the Serpent as his symbol, or that of the Demiurg opposed to him; for on that point there seems to have been a difference among them. They refer, however, not to the Logos of Philo, but to the Logos personified in man, and identified with Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary. The only admissible alternative, therefore, seems to me to be this. When St. John, towards the end of the first century, wrote down his evidence respecting Jesus the Christ, and placed at the head of his exposition those simple and grand words on the Logos, he either referred to sects who had abused the speculations about the Logos, as God's thought of Himself, or he did not. If he did, as it seems to me impossible to doubt, he cannot have had in mind so much the philosophical followers of Philo, who abhorred the very idea of the personal union of the Logos with Man, as the Christian heretics who perverted this idea in one way or another. This being the case, I maintain that he had before him the very sects which we have now become acquainted with from their own writings, the very titles of which we did not know hitherto. At all events, then, what the Apostle says is not the Christian and popular expression of a speculative system of Valentinianism, but the simple statement of the fact, that the Logos is neither an abstract notion, nor an angel, nor an æon (if that word existed as a term), but that He is one with the Man Jesus, the Christ."—Vol. i. pp. 39—42.

The author proceeds to further proofs from the same work, in favour of the authenticity of St. John's Gospel. The whole of the remarks on the ancient heresies comprised in the second letter, are exceedingly valuable and interesting.

In the third letter we have a detail of the history of the Roman Church, at the commencement of the third century, under Zephyrinus and Callistus. The following account of the life of Pope Callistus or Calixtus, as gathered from Hippolytus, throws a curious light on the history of the Church of Rome.

"We know that in the latter years of the reign of the unworthy son of the philosophical and virtuous but inefficient emperor Marcus Aurelius, Commodus, his mistress Marcia played a conspicuous part in the history of the palace. She married, as a matter of course it would appear, the captain of the guards, and was believed to exercise a great influence on the emperor. When his brutal temper became unbearable, she was privy to the conspiracy which put him to death by poison and suffocation.

"Of this Marcia we knew already, from Dion, that she was very kind to the Christians. We learn now from Hippolytus, that she was God-loving (*φιλόθεος*), that is to say, that she had been converted to the Christian faith.

"The part she acts in the life of Callistus is peculiarly interesting. There was under Commodus, when Victor was bishop of Rome, a good Christian soul called Carpophorus, who had a Christian slave of the name of Callistus. To help him on, he gave him the administration of a bank, which he kept in that celebrated quarter of Rome called the *Piscina publica*. Many brethren and widows trusted their money to this bank, having great faith in the Christian character of Carpophorus. But Callistus turned out a rogue: he made away with the sums intrusted to him; and when the depositors wanted their money, it was gone. Their complaints came before Carpophorus; he asked for the accounts; and when the fraud could no longer be concealed, Callistus made his escape. He ran down to the harbour, Portus, some twenty miles from Rome, found a ship ready to start, and embarked. Carpophorus was not slow to follow him, and found the ship moored in the middle of the harbour. He took a boat to claim the criminal. Callistus, seeing no escape, threw himself into the sea, and was with difficulty saved, and delivered up to his master, who, taking the matter into his own hands, gave him the domestic treadmill of the Roman slave-owners, the *pistrinum*. Some time passed, and, as is wont to happen (says Hippolytus), some brethren came to Carpophorus, and said he ought to give poor Callistus a fair chance of regaining his character, or at least his money. He pretended he had money outstanding, and that, if he could only go about, he should recover it. 'Well,' said good Carpophorus, 'let him go and try what he can recover: I do not care much for my own money, but I mind that of the poor widows.' So Callistus went out on a Sabbath (Saturday), pretending he had to recover some money from the Jews, but in fact having resolved to do something desperate, which might put an end to his life, or give a turn to his case. He went into a synagogue and raised a great riot there, saying he was a Christian, and interrupting their service. The Jews were of course enraged at this insult, fell upon him, beat him, and then carried him before Fuscianus, the prefect of Rome. When this judge, a very severe man, was hearing the cause, somebody recognized Callistus, and ran to tell Carpophorus what was going on. Carpophorus went immediately to the court, and said; 'This fellow is no Christian, but wants to get rid of his life, having robbed me of much money, as I



will prove.' The Jews, thinking this was a Christian stratagem to save Callistus, insisted upon having him punished for disturbing them in the lawful exercise of their worship. Fuscianus therefore sentenced him to be scourged, and then transported to the unwholesome parts of Sardinia, so fatal to life in summer (Strabo, v. 2. § 7, 8).

"Some time after, says Hippolytus, Marcia, wishing to do a good work, sent for bishop Victor, and asked what Christians had been transported to Sardinia; adding, she would beg the emperor to release them. The bishop made out a list of them; but, being a judicious and righteous man, omitted the name of Callistus, knowing the offence he had committed.

"Marcia obtained the letter of pardon; and Hyacinthus, a eunuch (of the service of the palace undoubtedly), and a presbyter (of the Church), was dispatched to the governor of the island to claim and bring back the martyrs. Hyacinthus delivered his list: and Callistus, finding his name was not upon it, began to lament and entreat, and at last moved Hyacinthus to demand his liberation also. Here the text is somewhat obscure; but thus much is clear, that his liberation was obtained by bringing the name of Marcia into play.

"When Callistus made his appearance, Victor was very much vexed; the scandal had not been forgotten, and Carpophorus (his lawful master) was still alive. So he sent him off to Antium (Porto d'Anzo), and gave him a certain sum a month. Whether it was here Callistus fell in with Zephyrinus, or at Rome itself, no sooner was Carpophorus dead, than Zephyrinus, now become bishop of Rome, made him his coadjutor to keep his clergy in order, and gave himself up to him so entirely, that Callistus did with him what he liked. Unfortunately, says Hippolytus, Zephyrinus was not only very stupid and ignorant, but, loving money very much, took bribes. Things went on in this way until Zephyrinus died, when Callistus was elected to the eminent post he had coveted all the time. He became bishop of Rome, and the theological disputes in that Church began to be envenomed."—Vol. i. pp. 126—131.

According to Hippolytus, this Callistus favoured the heresy of Noetus, and established a school in which this heresy was taught, in opposition to the doctrine of the Church, and accordingly it is stated that Theodoret mentions the Callistians as heretics, under the head of the Noetians (pp. 133, 134).

In the fourth letter, the author produces the Confession of Faith of Hippolytus, and subjoins a commentary, in which by a process of reasoning, which appears perfectly unaccountable and most inconclusive, he arrives at the conclusion that Hippolytus was a Rationalist, and then proceeds into a long declamation against those who do not interpret Scripture in accordance with reason, or refuse to deal with it on Rationalistic principles. The Formularies and Creeds of the Church also, according to him, must be rejected, wherever they are opposed to reason (p. 174).

On the whole we must award to the Chevalier the praise of great literary research and ability in this series of letters on Hippolytus.

The second volume contains a development of the author's views on theological subjects, which abound in the mysticism of German ideas and in intolerant attacks on all who do not agree with him. The latter part of this volume comprises most important matter, in reference to the various texts and forms of the Apostolical Canons and Constitutions, and amply deserves an attentive examination by all who are interested in the state of the primitive Church. There is also much in the third volume which is equally curious and valuable, mixed up with a number of unsound notions. The Chevalier here presents his own reconstruction of the whole discipline and worship of the Church, in the second and third centuries, founded on the Apostolical Canons. He describes the constitution of the Church as Episcopal, a bishop being placed in each town, aided by several presbyters and deacons; but all questions of importance being submitted to the decision of the whole congregation of the town. In this view we believe the Chevalier is quite correct, as he is in stating that the bishop was ordained by the bishops of neighbouring towns, and the presbyters and deacons by the bishop; and that bishops acknowledged a certain precedence in the bishop of the metropolitan city of each province; and that the village congregations were presided over by Chorepiscopi, or rural bishops. To reduce our episcopal polity to the primitive model, each of our bishops ought to be a metropolitan, and every large town in the diocese, where there are three or more incumbents, should be an episcopal see.

We regret that our space prevents us from taking more than a cursory survey of the contents of M. Bunsen's work, which furnishes material for extensive and interesting discussions, and is altogether one of the most remarkable productions of modern times. We hasten to that division of his work which possesses special interest for us, because it appears to be the most carefully elaborated, and that to which his attention has been the longest directed. We allude to the second part of the fourth volume, which comprises the results of his researches on the subject of the early Liturgies.

In reference to this part of the Chevalier's work, we cheerfully recognize in the author an adequate amount of learning, a spirit of intelligent criticism, and a thorough enthusiasm, which has led him through a series of researches and literary labours, such as perhaps few persons can adequately appreciate, and which have certainly thrown new light on various branches of the subject.

We must own, that in the perusal of this part of the Chevalier Bunsen's work we have frequently found ourselves unable to follow him into the conclusions he has drawn; nevertheless we must tender to him an expression of thanks which is amply due to honest and learned research, and ingenious speculation. The results which he produces by the application of a process of critical reasoning, are such as would, if well-founded, be of the most extreme importance and interest. They would effect a restoration of the language of the Liturgy of the Christian Church in the second century. Independently of this great feature in his work, there are points of value in it which will render it absolutely indispensable to all who are desirous of instituting researches on liturgical subjects. The Greek texts of the Liturgies of Basil and Chrysostom are here for the first time printed from the Codex Barberinus, a MS. of the eighth century,—the oldest manuscript in which those Liturgies are preserved; and the texts of the Eastern and Western Liturgies are examined with the aid of criticism based on historical evidence, and freed from comparatively modern additions and interpolations.

It would seem that no part of this work has been so carefully elaborated, or is the result of such long preparation as that which treats of the ancient Liturgies. The author commences his treatise in the following terms:—

“It is impossible to enter into the sanctuary of Christian devotion, and undertake a historical review of the sublime thought of worship through eighteen centuries, without feeling overawed by the magnitude and holiness of the subject. I approach this sacred task not without a long preparation, nor without a deep feeling of responsibility; but without fear. For I am conscious of entering into the precincts of that sanctuary with unfeigned reverence, and with no other object than that of pointing out the world-historical importance of that idea of Christian worship, the picture of which I have attempted to draw in the preceding volume. I do so, moreover, with sincere charity towards all Christian creeds. From that point of view, all party animosities appear as senseless as they are culpable. It is as untrue and unmeaning, as it is unworthy and odious, to attempt to explain by outward circumstances, or to attribute to base personal motives, great spiritual movements and liturgical forms, which have exercised, and are exercising, a supreme power over millions and millions of civilized people, and which are objects of respect and awe to nations, and spiritual guides to noble and holy minds. Finally, I believe that the true Christian philosopher cannot but discern, through all the deviations and all the aberrations in that history of the religious mind which he has to observe and to record during fifteen centuries, and through all the bitter contention and conflicting anathemas of priests and theologians which assail him on his

way of peace, the fundamental Christian idea of the reunion of the mind of mortal man with God, by thankful sacrifice of self, in life, in and, therefore, also in worship."—Vol. iv. pp. 135, 136.

The concluding words of this passage are deserving of remark, as connected with the doctrine of the universal priesthood of Christians, which appears in Germany to have superseded the doctrine of justification by faith, as the leading dogma of Christianity. That the universal priesthood of Christians is taught by Scripture is indeed a most certain truth (see 1 Peter ii. 5. 9; Rev. i. 6); but we see very plainly that this truth is frequently put forward by men who do not receive the doctrine of the Atonement, or the offering of the Son of God, as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. Their idea of sacrifice is that of man offering up his own merits and works to God; the Christian notion of sacrifice is the offering up of the body of Christ on the altar of the cross as an atonement for the sins of the world; and the worthlessness of all man's offerings, except as made pleasing through the merits of the Redeemer, applied by faith. The notion of the universal priesthood of Christians, when used by an orthodox believer, is far remote from the conceptions of the merely philosophical and rationalizing German theologian. By the former it is used in opposition to that gross error of Romanism, which has converted the Eucharist into a sacrifice of atonement for the sins of the living and the dead,—a continuation of the sacrifice on the cross; or as a service of gratitude for the spiritual graces and privileges conferred on the elect people of God. By the latter it is regarded in a Pelagian and heathen sense, as the perfect offering of beings who have no original sin, and who need no Mediator and Intercessor—men, who have a right to regard themselves as inspired by the Holy Ghost, and equal in wisdom and knowledge to the Prophets and Apostles, and our Lord Himself; ay, and authorized to correct and amend the ideas which the founders of Christianity have transmitted to us in the Scriptures.

We have no doubt that we shall be considered as woefully benighted, and to the last degree bigotted and prejudiced, when we declare that we most strongly suspect the faith of many of those who in the present day make such free use of the doctrine of the universal priesthood of Christians. That doctrine, *when detached from the doctrine of original sin, and of the atonement and intercession of Christ, is nothing more than a heresy and an infidelity*. It is such a doctrine as Luther, and Melancthon, and all the Reformers would have rejected with horror. We know that this doctrine is often put forward by men of sound faith, in order to meet certain errors; but we could much wish that they

would be guarded in its use, and take care to discriminate the Scriptural doctrine on this subject from the view taken by Rationalists and Unbelievers, who are for ever urging the universal priesthood of Christians, and whose object is in this way to destroy all the influence of the Christian ministry, and in fact to put an end to the office of the ministry, under the pretence that every man is his own priest. In making these remarks, we would not wish to be understood as imputing to the Chevalier Bunsen all the grave errors of which we have been speaking<sup>1</sup>; we are merely referring to tendencies in certain directions. This writer is of opinion, that we find in the records of Christian antiquity, and especially in its Liturgies, the fundamental idea of the thankful sacrifice of self. We do not deny that this idea *does* present itself in Christian antiquity, but it is not by any means the prominent idea of sacrifice in the Liturgies.

The Chevalier thus describes the contents of his collection of Liturgies:—

“The collection of documents contained in the ‘*Reliquiæ Sacræ*’ exhibits all the ancient sacramental texts of the East, and the few relics respecting the Eucharistic Service of the Churches of Africa, Gaul, and Spain (with which those of Alemannia, of Great Britain, and of Ireland were identical), of the second, third, and fourth centuries, and of the early part of the fifth. As to the Church of Rome, they naturally go down to the end of the sixteenth century, or the time of Gregory the Great. The general principles of historical criticism, according to which this collection has been framed, will be sufficiently explained in the following pages. Having made them the basis of an extensive ‘*Codex Liturgicus Ecclesiæ universæ*,’ as long as thirty-five years ago, I have found them constantly confirmed by my subsequent studies; and I feel sure that I cannot be wrong in the principal points, because philological facts, historical criticism, and philosophical research have led me to the same result. Whoever follows the method I have adopted will be able to find his way through the sixty or more Liturgies of the East.”—Vol. iv. p. 137.

The “method of the critical historical school,” which he has applied to the illustration of these Liturgies, enables him, he thinks, to solve all the questions and difficulties affecting them. We are not aware that there is any particular novelty in the ideas on which the Chevalier has proceeded in these Liturgies: we should say that any one, who had undertaken the task he has set for himself, would have gone to work in just the same way; i. e. he would have sought for the oldest texts, and endeavoured to have

<sup>1</sup> We see in his work, and gladly acknowledge, the expression of a belief in the atonement and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ.

reduced them to the purest possible state by the collation of manuscripts, and by comparison with the writings of the ancients. He would, in fine, have ascended to the original form and substance of those Liturgies by a comparison of the documents received in common in after ages by different or hostile parties. This is what the Chevalier has actually done, and, as far as he goes, very creditably; though, we imagine, that he has by no means exhausted his subject, and that others may hereafter throw still more light on the subject. He has not been able to advance beyond Renaudot's text in his edition of the Coptic and Syriac Liturgies; for the Chevalier's researches in these directions proceed on the basis of Renaudot's text and translation. Now we do not feel any confidence that Renaudot's version may not be improved; and, for ourselves, we have always been of opinion that the *very first step* towards a critical edition of the ancient Liturgies, should be a full and careful investigation of the most ancient extant manuscripts of the Syriac and Coptic Liturgies, which are the purest remains of the Oriental and Egyptian rites. Without this we conceive the work of criticism cannot be depended on.

The Chevalier gives a slight but interesting sketch of the history of Liturgical studies and criticism from the period of the Reformation to the present day. He remarks that the Controversies of the Reformation led at first to the defence by the Romish party of the genuineness of the old Liturgies, with their interpolations and forgeries. He carries on the subject afterwards to the time of Renaudot, the continuator of the "*Perpetuité de la Foi touchant l'Eucharistie*," and notices his critical labours and researches in connexion with the Oriental Liturgies. After alluding to the labours of other Roman Catholic Ritualists of that period, he describes the eminent services rendered to the cause by the researches of Bingham, whose collections from the writings of St. Chrysostom and the other Fathers relative to the Liturgy, furnish invaluable materials for criticism.

The other subsequent writers, such as Augusti, Binterim, and Assemani, added nothing to the critical knowledge of the Liturgies; and it is to be regretted that no effort was made to gain improved texts, or to institute further researches.

The author thus refers to the labours of Ritualists in England:—

"It is only within the last twenty years that two English writers have taken up the subject with great earnestness: the Rev. William Palmer, in the first volume of his '*Origines Liturgicæ*' (1832); and the Rev. John Mason Neale, in the first two volumes of his '*History of the Holy Greek Church*' (1850). The former of these works, in

particular, is full of learned and ingenious remarks on the connexion and families of the ancient Liturgies. The author proves that many of them contain the same liturgical elements, and sometimes in the same order or almost so. But when from these coincidences he draws the conclusion, that the text of the Liturgy of a given Church represents on the whole a very early period, because it contains materials and elements of an early date, and that two Liturgies in which certain analogies occur are essentially the same, this appears rather a hasty proceeding, and is not a step in advance in historical criticism. Renaudot was satisfied with making an assertion; Mr. Palmer draws conclusions from it, as if it were proved. His merit is the better establishment of liturgical families according to the leading Churches of Christendom. Beyond this point he is not able to prove any thing but what was acknowledged before; namely, that there were liturgical formularies at a very early period, and that there was much analogy between them."—Vol. iv. pp. 146, 147.

It seems to us that the Chevalier Bunsen, in the preceding remarks, scarcely does justice to the critical results of Mr. Palmer's work on Liturgies. Previously to the appearance of that dissertation, writers supposed with Bingham, that there was some one original liturgy to which they endeavoured to accommodate all the expressions made use of in the writings of the Fathers bearing on liturgical subjects; or else they contended that certain liturgies were written by St. Mark, or St. James, or other Fathers, or denied their genuineness altogether, and regarded them as worthless.

Renaudot, as the Chevalier very truly remarks, laid down a very true and important principle with reference to the Oriental Liturgies; that when liturgies substantially the same were in use by the Monophysites and the Orthodox, those liturgies must be older than the Council of Chalcedon in A.D. 451. But Renaudot not only carries out this theory most imperfectly, especially in the case of the Egyptian Liturgies, where he has made more than one great mistake; but his object is to maintain the genuineness of the liturgies—to prove that they were written by St. Mark and St. James; and he rarely applies the writings of the Fathers to the illustration of the liturgies, except on the view that there was a common liturgy to which writers in all parts refer. His work is consequently extremely confused and contradictory as soon as we get beyond the text and the general facts, and attempt to gather any theory as to the origin of the liturgies.

Now here Mr. Palmer has made a great advance; for in the first place he has adopted and applied the sound critical principle above referred to, and carried it carefully and accurately out, as far as his materials permitted; and has thus been enabled

to gain the firm standing-ground of historical certainty as regards the substance of the Oriental and Egyptian Liturgies prior to the Council of Chalcedon. In addition to this he is the first writer who has ever attempted to treat the origin and history of the Roman and Constantinopolitan Liturgies on any critical principles. Another peculiar feature in Mr. Palmer's "Origines" is, that he has uniformly connected the notices of the Fathers and Councils with the liturgies of their own localities, instead of endeavouring to refer them to some imaginary universal liturgy. For instance, he applies the writings of the Egyptian Fathers to the illustration of the Egyptian Liturgies, and the Syrian Fathers to the Syrian Liturgies. In examining the writings of Chrysostom, and the numerous references to the liturgy contained in them, he remembers that some of those works were written at Antioch and others at Constantinople; and they are applied accordingly as evidences of the nature of the liturgy in each place. In the whole of his dissertation on primitive liturgies Mr. Palmer proceeded on the principles of historical criticism; and if he has made conjectures, or stated probabilities in reference to some parts of his subject, he has avoided the use of positive language. From the Chevalier Bunsen's language it might be supposed that Mr. Palmer ascribed an Apostolical origin to the language of the existing liturgies. This is not the case: he only argues that the principal substance and order of rites have been handed down from the remotest antiquity, and probably owe their origin to the Apostles. In fact, he does not contend for the antiquity of the texts as much as the Chevalier himself does.

Mr. Neale's work, on the "History of the Holy Oriental Church," is a very valuable accession to the available means of acquiring knowledge on liturgical subjects. We conceive that it is indispensable to every one who wishes to pursue the subject to any depth; while, at the same time, the remark of the Chevalier, as to its non-critical character, is, to a considerable extent, well founded. The Chevalier has omitted here to mention another valuable work on liturgical subjects recently published. The Rev. G. P. Badger's work on the Nestorians comprises much detail of a very interesting character on the Nestorian ritual; but it is not based on any criticism.

M. Bunsen lays down some very sound principles preparatory to his undertaking. "An antiquarian research, if it is to lead to any result, must be based upon the knowledge of two points: first, of what the documents now in existence can teach us, and what they cannot teach us; and, secondly, of what is possible, and what is impossible, in a given period of the ancient Church." (p. 148.) On this principle he first gives a sketch of the general



characteristics of the Eucharistic service at different periods, commencing with the Apostolic and later ages. During the first epoch, or the age of St. Peter and St. Paul, he remarks that the Eucharist was celebrated in connexion with the Agapæ: during the age of St. John, these were separated; and the invocation of the Holy Spirit, as the consecrating formula, was perhaps introduced, with some other verses and phrases mentioned by the Chevalier. In this place, the author appears to introduce a conjecture, which can scarcely be made the groundwork of any historical criticism. His argument for the antiquity of this invocation is ingenious; but we think it not very conclusive. The Marcionites, at the end of the second century, according to Tertullian, used the Lord's Prayer, but with a singular variation. Instead of the supplication, "Thy kingdom come," they read, "The Holy Ghost descend upon us and purify us." Moreover, it seems that Gregory of Nyssa and Maximus in after times speak of this as "an ancient and authentic reading."—(Bunsen, iii. p. 266.)

The author next assumes that this alteration can only be accounted for by the liturgical use of the Lord's Prayer; and that this must have been the invocation in use in the first century. (p. 273.) But does it not seem that this conjecture is exceedingly uncertain! Why must those words have been introduced in reference to the Eucharist? There is no allusion to the Eucharist—nothing except a *prayer* for the Holy Ghost. If, indeed, this alteration was as old as the first century, as Bunsen argues; and if it was even recognized by Catholic writers, such as Gregory and Maximus, how does it happen that in all liturgies, and in all the writings of the Fathers, and in all the MSS., the other reading is found? We hold, therefore, that as regards the Church, there is evidence that such an invocation could never have been used in the liturgy; and with regard to the Marcionites, we must say that this alteration is sufficiently accounted for by the practice of the early heretics, who mutilated and interpolated the Holy Scriptures without the slightest scruple. M. Bunsen will have it, that the invocation of the Holy Spirit at the Eucharist in the early ages, had reference *not* to the sacramental elements, but to the recipients; but this view is certainly inconsistent with the whole of the extant liturgies; and even with the Abyssinian Liturgy, which he refers to A.D. 150, for in this last there is an invocation for the descent of the Holy Spirit on the "offerings," as well as the recipients.—(Vol. iv. p. 162.)

The Chevalier continues his remarks on the epochs of liturgies by describing the general character of the service in the "Igna-

tian and Polycarpian age, A.D. 100 to 170 ;" and here transcribes the well-known passages from the Apology of Justin Martyr (Chapters 65, 66, and 67), in which the order of the liturgy is detailed in exact accordance with that of the Oriental Liturgies of later times. M. Bunsen contends, but we think without sufficient reason, that the expression in Chapter 66, δι' εὐχῆς λόγου τοῦ παρ' αὐτοῦ, refers to the use of the Lord's Prayer in the Eucharist ; but we think that if the consecration had really been ascribed to the Lord's Prayer, as the Chevalier supposes, we should have found some mention of that prayer in Chapters 65 and 67, where the order of service and the substance of the thanksgiving are carefully detailed. It is evident that this thanksgiving was something altogether different from the Lord's Prayer. Yet *this* is evidently the εὐχῆς λόγος by which the eucharistic "food" was εὐχαριστεῖσα or "blessed." We therefore infer that the meaning of Justin Martyr is, that the "word of prayer" then used proceeds from God, or was authorized or appointed by Him, but not that the Lord's Prayer constituted the thanksgiving or blessing. We would refer in confirmation of the correctness of this interpretation, even to the Liturgy which the Chevalier regards as coeval with Justin Martyr, the Abyssinian (p. 161). The Lord's Prayer is not found in that liturgy ; but there is a long thanksgiving. How can we reconcile this fact with the interpretation put by the Chevalier on Justin Martyr's words? He accounts for it by supposing that the Lord's Prayer is omitted because it is familiar to all the people ; but surely the same reason would be applicable generally, and yet in all other liturgies that prayer is introduced. It is a fact that even in the fifth century all Churches did not yet make use of the Lord's Prayer at the Eucharist, as we may gather from St. Augustine's words : "Quam totam petitionem fere omnis Ecclesia Dominica oratione concludit<sup>2</sup>."

• We shall pass over some intervening matter, and come at once to the discussion of a subject of unequalled interest and importance in the field of liturgical inquiry. We refer to the process by which the author institutes a comparison between the Liturgy of the Alexandrian Church commonly called "St. Mark's," and the Ethiopic Liturgy published by Ludolf, and from which he elicits the striking result that in the latter we have an authentic and uninterpolated record of the Liturgy as performed in the second century. We think the Chevalier has scarcely brought before the reader, with sufficient distinctness, the chain of reasoning by which he has arrived at this brilliant result ; but we shall

<sup>2</sup> Augustin. Epist. cxlix. p. 509, tom. ii. Oper. Ed. Benedict.

endeavour to state it somewhat more simply than he has done ; and we feel assured that every one must acknowledge the extreme ingenuity of the argument.

The Liturgy of St. Mark, then, as now extant, is the ancient Liturgy of the Alexandrian Church, enlarged and interpolated in various ages, more especially from the eighth to the eleventh century, when it received several additions in imitation of the rites of the Church of Constantinople, to which it was then subjected. The most solemn and important part of this liturgy, however, the Anaphora or proper service of the Eucharist, has comparatively few of these interpolations. It breathes throughout the spirit of early antiquity, except in some short passages of later date. It even supposes the persecutions to be still continuing. This Anaphora of the Alexandrian Liturgy commences with the usual form "Sursum Corda," &c., after which follows a thanksgiving, and then long prayers for all estates of men. Now Mr. Palmer has shown that Origen actually quotes these prayers *verbatim*, whence it follows that in this liturgy we have the text of the Alexandrian Liturgy as in use about A.D. 220 or 230 :—

"At the same time, that Greek text, in that very same prayer in particular, contains so many repetitions and palpable interpolations, as for instance, the prayer for the 'orthodox emperor,' that the only question which arises is, whether it be possible to separate the more ancient elements of the Origenian age from the latter, from those of the Athanasian or a subsequent period.

"Now this critical operation would scarcely be possible, did we not possess in the Abyssinian collection the original form of the same liturgy as it stood in the second century. By this link we are enabled, first, to extract from our present text all that corresponds to the primitive groundwork. This being done, the Precatory Prayer, and the prayer and chanting of the 'Trisagion,' or the 'Holy, holy, holy,' are found to be the only entirely new parts ; all the rest is rather an amplification of a more simple form, than something entirely new.. We shall afterwards find, that the 'Trisagion' came into general use from and through Antioch, where it was primitive.

"In this manner we are enabled, with great safety, to enucleate the Origenian text of the third century, out of that of the sixth or seventh, which has come down to us in one Greek manuscript, and is preserved in the liturgies of the Jacobites."—Vol. iv. p. 155.

Now in comparing the two liturgies together, it appears that "St. Mark's" Liturgy comprises all the substance of the Abyssinian, in the same order, only somewhat amplified ; but it makes one or two additions—the prayers for all men, and the "Tersanctus." The prayers for all men are as old as Origen's age ; and we think, the "Tersanctus" also. This being the case, the

remainder must be much older; and must, in fact, have existed at latest from the middle of the second century. The Chevalier's words are these:—

“If the amplification of the ancient liturgy preserved to us by the Abyssinians was already a received ecclesiastical formulary in the time of Origen, or about the year 230, it is clear that it cannot have been established later than about the year 200. It follows from this, that the origin of the groundwork itself can scarcely have been later than about 150. But the Apostolic beauty and simplicity of the ancient primitive form speaks best for itself. We give it therefore here in an English translation, referring our learned readers to the original text.”—Vol. iv. p. 161.

We shall follow the example of the author, and give this ancient Liturgy at full length, because we deem it one of the purest remains of this kind, and our subsequent remarks will be better understood:—

“THE EUCHARIST, OR THANKSGIVING.

“The Lord be with you all:

And with thy spirit.

Lift up your hearts:

We have lifted them up unto the Lord.

Let us give thanks to the Lord:

It is right and meet.

“We give Thee thanks, O Lord, through Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, whom in the last days Thou hast sent to us, a Saviour and Redeemer, the angel of Thy counsel, the Word which is of Thee, through which Thou hast made all things by Thy will. And Thou hast sent Him from heaven into the womb of the Virgin. He was made flesh and was borne in her womb. And He was manifested Thy Son by the Holy Ghost that He might fulfil Thy will: and that He might gather Thee a people by expanding His hands: He suffered that He might liberate the sufferers who confide in Thee. He was by His will given over to suffer death, that He might dissolve death and break the bonds of Satan, and that He might tread hell under His feet, and bring out the saints and make ordinances, and bring to light resurrection.

“He, therefore, took the bread, and gave thanks and said: Take, eat, this is my body, which is broken for you. And likewise the cup, and said: This is my blood, which is shed for you; do this, as oft as ye shall do it, in remembrance of me.

(*Oblation and Consecration of People and Elements.*)

“Recollecting, therefore, His death and His resurrection, we offer to Thee this bread and this cup, giving thanks to Thee that Thou hast made us worthy to stand before Thee, and perform the office of priests to Thee: and we supplicate and pray Thee, that Thou mayest send

Thy Holy Spirit upon the offerings of this Church, and likewise that Thou mayest give holiness to all those who partake of them; that they may be filled with the Holy Ghost, that their faith may be confirmed in truth, that they may praise and magnify Thee in Thy Son Jesus Christ, in whom be to Thee praise and power in the Holy Church, now and ever, and in ages of ages. *Amen.*

"The People: As it was, is, and shall be, in generations of generations, and in ages of ages. *Amen.*

The Deacon: You who stand, bow down your heads.

*(Special Consecration of the kneeling People.)*

"Eternal Lord, who knowest what is hidden: Thy people have bowed down to Thee their heads, and have laid down before Thee the hardness of heart and flesh. Look down upon them from Thy established habitation, and bless these men and these women. Strengthen them by the virtue of Thy right hand, and protect them from all evil suffering. Be Thou their guardian, as well of their bodies as of their souls. Increase to them and to us faith and fear through Thy only Son, in whom be to Thee with Him and with the Holy Spirit, praise and power, for ever, and in ages of ages. *Amen.*

"The Deacon: Let us look up.

The Bishop: The Holy to those who are holy.

The People: One alone is Holy, the Father:

One alone is Holy, the Son:

One alone is Holy, the Spirit.

The Bishop: The Lord be with you all.

The People: And with thy spirit.

*Hymn (of Thanksgiving).*

[The People draw near and partake of the Communion.]

*(Prayer after the Communion of the People.)*

"Lord, Ruler of all, Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: we render Thee thanks, that Thou hast vouchsafed to us to partake of Thy holy mystery: may it not be to us to judgment nor to condemnation, but to the renewing of the soul, of the body, and of the mind: through Thy only Son, in whom, &c.

"The People: Amen.

The Presbyter: The Lord be with you all.

[The Imposition of Hands after the Communion.]

*(Final Consecration, or Sealing of the People.)*

"Eternal Lord, who governest all things: Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: Bless these Thy servants and these Thy hand-maidens. Protect and help and save them by the power of Thy angels. Keep and strengthen them in Thy fear through Thy Majesty; enlighten

them that they think of what is of Thee: and grant to them that they may believe what is of Thee. Give to them concord without sin and wrath: through Thy only Son, in whom, &c.

"The People: Amen.

The Bishop: The Lord be with you all.

The People: And with Thy spirit.

The Deacon: Go home in peace."

[This is the end of the Thanksgiving.]

Vol. iv, pp. 161—164.

This venerable relic of Christian antiquity certainly merits to the full the commendations which are awarded to it. We must say that as a whole the form is truly primitive, and perfectly in accordance with the spirit and style of the second century, as exhibited in the works of Justin, and Irenæus, and the Epistle of the Church at Lyons, and the martyrdom of Polycarp.

We are not absolutely certain of the antiquity of the form "Sancta Sanctis," which appears here, and the Chevalier Bunsen himself omits one or two passages on conjecture. But, take it altogether, there is nothing in the above Liturgy that might not have been very well used in the time of Justin Martyr or Polycarp.

This is certainly a matter of great weight and importance in itself; and, looking at the Liturgy as it stands, we confess that we are strongly inclined to ascribe to it the same early antiquity as the author before us does. Nevertheless, we see one most serious difficulty in the way, which does not seem to have occurred to the Chevalier. The origin of the present Abyssinian Church is traced to Frumentius, who converted the Ethiopians and their king, and was ordained the first Bishop of Ethiopia by St. Athanasius, about the middle of the fourth century. Now here is the earliest date which can be ascribed to the Abyssinian Liturgy *as such*—if it be older than that date it must have existed in Egypt, not in Abyssinia. But if it was then brought from Egypt, we find it difficult to suppose that it was the original form of the Egyptian Liturgy, prior to the rite used even in the time of Origen, upwards of a hundred years before; for why should a disused text be revived for the special use of Abyssinia? Would not the more natural and probable course be, to translate the liturgy then in use in Alexandria for the Ethiopic Church, rather than to revive an obsolete text? If this Abyssinian Liturgy was brought from Egypt in A. D. 350, and was the original Egyptian Liturgy, it had been disused for 150 years; for the text of the Alexandrian Liturgy of St. Mark is traced by M. Bunsen to the year 200 at latest. On the other hand, if the Liturgy were composed for the

Ethiopic Church, in A. D. 350 or subsequently, it would not furnish any evidence of what the primitive Alexandrian Liturgy was. We own that we do not see any way of escaping this difficulty: we do not see how it is possible to argue with the slightest degree of probability that this liturgy is older than A. D. 350, and older than "St. Mark's" Liturgy; and of course, in this case, the Chevalier's whole critical process of dealing with the text of St. Mark's Liturgy is based on unsound principles, and he has not really effected any advance in this direction. We most sincerely regret that so great a difficulty should present itself to the reception of his view, for it is without exception the most striking theory we have ever seen advanced on these subjects, and has so much to recommend it, that we relinquish it with extreme reluctance, and we should feel really indebted to the Chevalier if he would meet what appears to us a formidable difficulty. It may be said, we know, that some one of the Apostles preached in Ethiopia; but there is certainly every appearance that Christianity was introduced amongst a heathen nation by Frumentius.

The Chevalier next produces the prayer for all conditions of men from the Alexandrian Liturgy of St. Mark, which he shows to be older than the time of Origen, and here we agree with him; and he then continues thus:—

"This, then, is the origin and progress of the Liturgy of the Church of Alexandria, in the second and third periods of the liturgical development, in its essential parts. It spread, not only over Egypt, Libya, and the Pentapolis, but was, in the fourth century, also introduced into Abyssinia. At that time it had already received the form of the fourth period. We possess the Abyssinian form as it is preserved in use by that Church. We have, besides, the Greek text, called the Liturgy of St. Mark, used by those among the Christians of Egypt who are united with the see of Constantinople or Rome. Finally, we have a Coptic text (of which the Arabic translation has not yet been found) used by the so-called Jacobites, that is to say, by the independent Christians of the Church of Egypt, anathematized as Monophysites by an equally one-sided and fanatical majority, which was supported by the strong arm of the emperors of Byzantium. They use the Liturgy called that of St. Cyril, from the fanatical Alexandrian patriarch (about 415), to whose doctrine respecting the unity of Christ's nature the Egyptian priests clung, in violent reaction against the more Antiochene speculations of the Council of Chalcedon.

"I have placed these three texts in three parallel columns, leaving out what is found only in one of them. What remains gives us the text of the middle of the fourth century."—Vol. iv. pp. 167, 168.

Here, as it seems to us, the Chevalier proceeds on sound principles of historical criticism, and we are indebted to him for an

advance in liturgical knowledge. The comparison of the Greek of St. Mark's and the Coptic of St. Cyril's Liturgy, would give us the substance and form of the Alexandrian Liturgy prior to A.D. 451, or the Council of Chalcedon; and a comparison of this result with the Ethiopic General Canon would enable us with some probability to determine the same points in reference to the time of St. Athanasius and Frumentius. We must confess, however, that there is no absolute certainty that the Ethiopic General Canon was introduced into Ethiopia so early as the time of Frumentius: it *may* have been received in later times; and the Abyssinian Liturgy published by Ludolf *may* have been the liturgy used in the time of Frumentius<sup>3</sup>. We see no grounds for any positive assertion on one side or other of this question; yet we incline to agree with the Chevalier.

We have been much interested in the critical recension of the text of St. Mark's Liturgy, with the aid of the Coptic Liturgy of Cyril, and the Ethiopic General Canon, which is found at pp. 270—323. The annotations, however, are less full than they might have been. We should have expected from the Chevalier's learning some explanation of the various rites occurring in the introductory part of this liturgy, which are evidently derived from the Byzantine liturgies; and indeed the same may be said of some parts of the Anaphora. We also remark several references to important passages in Origen, as having been previously made; but, on looking back for those references, we have not been able to discover them. However, on the whole, we feel indebted for several good and valuable suggestions with reference to the interpolations in the text; and we are of opinion that the Chevalier has done much towards the restoration of this ancient liturgy in its ante-Nicene form.

We next turn to the Liturgy of St. James, as it is called; that is, the ancient liturgy of the Antiochene rite, named after the first Bishop of Jerusalem. The Chevalier has instituted a critical examination into the text of this liturgy, and has done much towards restoring it to its ancient state, as it was in the fourth century. But here we regret that the Chevalier has, for the sake of saving space, omitted to place the Syriac Liturgy in parallel columns with the Greek. An important element in his argument is here omitted. We conceive that, in order to a critical edition of this liturgy, not only should the Syriac Liturgy

<sup>3</sup> The fact that the Abyssinian Liturgy of Ludolf and Tattam is *included* in the Ethiopic General Canon, but with considerable additions, and its *greater simplicity*, would seem to infer the later date of the Ethiopic General Canon; and in this case we should carry back the other Liturgy to the time of Frumentius, but not beyond it.



be compared with the Greek, but a careful examination should be instituted into the correctness of Renaudot's version. The Chevalier refers to the Commentary of James, Bishop of Edessa, A.D. 650, in which the ritual of Antioch is carefully described and compared with that of the Alexandrian Church. This Commentary is of great value and importance, and aids materially in determining the text of the Syriac Liturgies in the middle of the seventh century. At the same time, it must be remarked, that the comparison of the Greek and Syriac Liturgies does in fact enable us to carry back the common materials to a period prior to the Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451; and the minute details of Cyril of Jerusalem give us that liturgy as it stood A.D. 350.

We extract some of the author's remarks on the Liturgy of Antioch:—

“The Liturgy called after St. James, both in the Greek and Syriac, and in all cognate forms, is fully as much corrupted as that of St. Mark, and unfortunately we have not here the same safe basis for reconstructive criticism which the Abyssinian ordinances have preserved to us of the Church of Alexandria. We cannot, therefore, think of restoring the primitive text of the second century; but we may attempt to reconstitute, in its essential parts, the genuine text of the fourth century, and perhaps that of the Origenian age. And, indeed, we are not without critical resources for restoring the ancient text, by consulting, first, the text itself, and then the testimonies of ancient ecclesiastical writers. Now, if, in the first place, we apply the principle above established, that nothing can be primitive which is not common both to the Byzantines and the national Church, the result is remarkable enough. For what remains, as the common heirloom which they had inherited from their fathers, is entirely connected in all its parts, and presents an organic whole, totally distinct from the senseless agglomerations of forms in the text which we are condemned to read, and so many dispersed congregations in the East to see celebrated. This restored text may therefore be considered as the genuine voice and tradition of the illustrious Church of Antioch; and, if we compare it with the two ante-Nicene forms of the Alexandrian Church, we find that it exhibits a worthy parallel to the Origenian form, or to the Alexandrian Liturgy of the third century, with enough originality to prove itself an independent offshoot of the Apostolic age. The tradition points to Ignatius, the bishop and martyr of Antioch, as having by divine inspiration ordained the Liturgy of that Church, and in particular its psalmody. Psalmody, indeed, is the striking original feature of the Antiochene ritual, from beginning to end. The Trisagion, or the ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full of thy glory,’ which at Alexandria is evidently a later insertion, appears here in its original place, and must therefore have spread from Antioch to Alexandria, and probably also to Asia Minor and to Byzantium.

"The result we gain by this first critical operation is fully confirmed by that of the second, namely, the examination of the passages in the writers of this age which illustrate our service.

"Of these, Theodoretus, Bishop of Cyrus, in Syria, in the beginning of the fifth century, when that district belonged to the patriarchate of Antioch, mentions as the beginning of the Communion Service, the Apostolical benediction taken from the conclusion of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.' The Constantinopolitan Communion Service begins with the same Apostolic blessing, which points to a derivation from Antioch.

"As to the singing of the 33rd Psalm during the communion, the custom is mentioned by Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem about 340, as that of Jerusalem, and by St. Jerome as that of Palestine.

"Cyril has given us, in the eloquent delineation of this holy rite in his fifth Mystagogic Catechesis (printed in vol. iv. B. of Assemani, and translated in Augusti's *Denkwürdigkeiten*), a complete catechetical commentary on the Liturgy of Jerusalem, which, according to tradition and history, is identical with that of Antioch. We give, therefore, the substance of his commentary, as a liturgical record of what in his time was the established Liturgy, the voice of the Church, and as securing, at all events, the framework of the Liturgy in the early part of the fourth century."—Vol. iv. pp. 169—171.

This will give a general idea of the critical labours of the Chevalier in connexion with the Antiochene Liturgy.

The author observes in the following passage, that the Oriental Liturgy of Antioch is the parent of the Byzantine rites:

"The Antiochene form is certainly the principal groundwork of the Constantinopolitan Liturgies, which have exercised so decided an influence upon Eastern Christendom, and perhaps, through Asia Minor, upon the Western Churches.

"But there is no doubt that it possessed besides a considerable influence, and subsequently a decided authority over a considerable portion of Asia, and in particular over a part of Asia Minor. The existence of an original Liturgy of Asia Minor, distinct from the Antiochene, is a mere conjecture; we have no quotations or other evidence to support it. Historical criticism, therefore, can take no notice of any such conjectures. What we know is, that a learned Syrian bishop, only fifty years later than Gregory the Great, expressly states that there were but two great classes of ancient liturgies, and that the 'provinces inhabited by the Greeks' agreed in the distinctive part with Antioch."—Vol. iv. p. 184.

The allusion here is to the conjecture of Mr. Palmer in his *Dissertation on Primitive Liturgies*, Section V., where he argues that the Council of Laodicea in the fourth century appears to have made certain alterations in the liturgy used in Asia Minor, in accordance with the Antiochene rite, and that the Gallican

Liturgy, which was probably derived from Asia Minor, did actually differ from the Antiochene rite in the place so altered, and thence that it might be inferred that a liturgy resembling that of Gaul had formerly prevailed in Asia Minor. The Chevalier observes that this is a conjecture, and cannot be noticed as historical criticism. This is quite true; but the Chevalier's argument does not affect the value of that conjecture, whatever it may be, because Mr. Palmer supposes that the whole East, in A.D. 650, *had* only two classes of liturgies, and if a third had formerly existed at Ephesus, it had been abolished three hundred years before the time of James, Bishop of Edessa.

We are indebted to the Chevalier for a real addition to the existing liturgical documents, in his labours on the Constantinopolitan rites. He thus states the character of those rites, and his own contributions.

"As the Imperial Court took so much care of the Church and the liturgy, from the days of Theodosius down to those of Justinian and Justin, we must not expect to find here a ritual of very high antiquity. The Byzantine ritual marks a new period in liturgical composition, an eclectic refinement upon traditional and provincial forms; in short, what the Roman Liturgy is in the Western Churches.

"Although a certain school in this country seems to despise historical criticism, to such a degree as to disdain even the timid criticism of the Romanist writers of the seventeenth century, and to adopt the exploded errors of Baronius and Bellarmine, I think it unnecessary and unworthy to go back to such elementary discussions, and to prove what requires no proof in the eyes of any scholar; namely, that the two remarkable and world-governing liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom are *not* the work of these fathers, nor two essentially different forms, but that the one is a slight modification, and on the whole an abridgment of the other. Unfortunately we have as yet no palimpsest manuscript of an early date (fifth or sixth century), which would give us a genuine text, and consequently begin with the Anaphora or the Osculum Pacis. All I have been able to find is an ancient diptych of the end of the eighth century, and therefore nearly contemporary with the Barberini MS. Thus the only documentary form which we can make the basis of our criticism is the text exhibited by the ancient Barberini manuscript. This text is here given for the first time. In order to enable every one to judge of the relation of these two liturgies to each other, their texts have been placed in parallel columns."—Vol. iv. pp. 185—187.

The great desideratum which the Chevalier has supplied has been the publication of the text of the Liturgies of Basil and Chrysostom from the Barberini manuscript written in the eighth century. This circumstance alone renders the Chevalier's work indispensable to every one who is interested in the critical study of the ancient liturgies. We would notice in passing a remark at

page 195, on the argument of Mr. Palmer for the original identity of the Armenian Liturgy with that of Cæsarea in the time of Basil the Great. The Chevalier appears to us to have misunderstood Mr. Palmer's position, which was *not that the text* of the Armenian Liturgy was derived from Cæsarea, but that its *general order and substance* were. The Chevalier does not deny, as it appears, that the substance of that Armenian Liturgy is faithfully preserved in the Version published by Le Brun; nor does he seem to state more than that the *text* of a Version from the Russian Translation of the Armenian Liturgy does not agree with the *text* of Basil's Liturgy. But he does not enter on the question of conformity of *order*, which was the point aimed at by Mr. Palmer's argument. This is a subject which well deserves examination.

In reference to the Chevalier's essay on the African Liturgies, we have two remarks to offer; first, that he ought not to have introduced as he has, p. 437, a passage from Firmilian as bearing on the African Liturgy, inasmuch as Firmilian lived in Cappadocia, not in Africa, though he addressed the epistle in question to Cyprian; and secondly, that the Chevalier appears to be mistaken in referring the African Liturgy to Alexandria (p. 442), because the only point which is perfectly clear is that they differed with respect to the position of the *Osculum pacis* (compare pp. 442. 325); the African agreeing with the Roman and Milan Liturgy in this point. We therefore infer the greater probability of its agreement with the other Latin Liturgies, than with the Egyptian; as we should also judge from the close connexion between the African and Italian Churches.

The remarks of the author on the Liturgy of Milan, pp. 201, &c., 443, &c., are rather brief; and appear to us by no means to exhaust the subject; but they are interesting and suggestive. The references of St. Ambrose to the Liturgy of his time appear to be passed over without notice. In commenting on the ancient Gallican Liturgy the Chevalier has produced two very valuable and important documents—fragments discovered by Niebuhr and Mone, the former of which is of the date of A.D. 350, and the latter of the early part of the sixth century. We have seen some similar fragments from palimpsests, if we do not mistake, in a volume of the Remains published by Cardinal Angelo Mai; but we are unable at this moment to give a reference to the place. The publication of these ancient remains confers a particular value on the Chevalier's work, in other respects we do not see much that is deserving of especial notice in his remarks on the Gallican and Spanish Liturgies. This part of his work is apparently characterized by less research and labour than his

remarks on the Oriental and Alexandrian Liturgies; and as it enters but little on the field of historical criticism, has added but little to previous knowledge.

But we must speak very differently of his essay on the Roman Liturgy, which, in spite of a credulity in regard to the statements in the *Liber Pontificalis*, that appears perfectly astounding in a man of the Chevalier's critical powers, is replete with able and ingenious conjectural criticism, bearing the appearance of very strong probability.

We cite some of the remarks on the Roman Liturgy:—

“Proceeding to the critical history of this Canon of Gregory the Great, we must first observe, that the present official text, as established after the Council of Trent, differs in some essential points from that exhibited by the ancient MSS. But, if we apply strict historical criticism to the genuine Gregorian text, it is impossible not to see (what some ancient commentators, especially Walafrid, the learned Abbot of Reichenau near Basle, indeed surmised) that it is a patchwork of materials which various circumstances had assisted to throw into great confusion. It is here only necessary to point to the gradual cessation of the regular Oblation of the people before each celebration of the Lord's Supper, and to the introduction of symbolical prayers, intended, not to accompany the real Oblation, but to supply its place, or to the introduction of the earliest form of the Offertory, in the sense of the Medieval Church.

“We believe that from our point of view we are able to solve this enigma more satisfactorily than it has been hitherto done.

“The first startling fact is, that Gregory himself declares, in his letter to the Bishop of Syracuse, of the year 598 (the text is given in the *Reliquiæ*), that when he revised and definitively settled the Consecration Prayer, or the Canon, he ordered the Lord's Prayer to be said immediately after the Ecclesiastical Prayer of Consecration. ‘I did so,’ he says, ‘because it was the custom of the Apostles to consecrate the Sacrifice (hostiam) of Oblation only by that prayer. It appeared to me very strange that we should repeat over the Oblation the prayer which a learned man (scholasticus) had composed, and not repeat over His body and blood the very words delivered to us as composed by our Saviour Himself.’”—Vol. iv. pp. 212, 213.

This circumstance of the Lord's Prayer not being used before Consecration in the ancient Roman Liturgy is most perplexing to the Chevalier, one of whose favourite theories it overthrows; and, to make matters worse, the Abyssinian Liturgy presents the very same feature. But we must proceed with the Chevalier:—

“As the substitution of a set Oblation Prayer for the act of real substantial Oblation must have diminished the transparency of the original service, so another circumstance contributed most particularly

to swell the Consecration Prayers, and to throw the Sacramentaries, or Missals of the Church, into confusion. These were the peculiar prayers inserted from the diptychs, or sacred registers of the names of the benefactors, confessors, and martyrs of the Church. They might be read wherever a peculiar commemoration was appointed of persons, whether living, present, absent, or deceased. Such a commemoration might be inserted immediately after the Oblation and the Preface at the beginning of the Sacrificial Service, or as part of that Consecration Prayer which immediately preceded the Communion, after the words of Institution. What we know positively is, that the commemoration of the living was read by the deacon, out of the diptychs. It was, therefore, originally separate from the prayers offered by the priests; and it was naturally a changeable prayer, and was only to be said when occasion required. How easily might this be mistaken for a part of the fixed prayers of the priest! Such a commemoration of the living was, or might be, according to the vague idea of the Communion of Saints, accompanied with a mention of the triumphant Church of the Apostles, and the Virgin Mary, and other holy men and women in the earlier ages of the Church in general, or of the particular Church in question. In the Roman Canon such a commemoration occurs immediately before the Lord's Prayer: '*Memento etiam Domine,*' &c. This furnishes primitive proof of its being an undue insertion in the ordinary Communion Service, and of its having been introduced into it (by a mere misunderstanding, I suppose) from the *Missa pro Defunctis*. It is not found in the Gelasian Sacramentary: and a very ancient Gregorian Sacramentary, quoted very conclusively for that purpose by Daniel, states expressly that it was destined for the *Missa pro Defunctis*. Now if this prayer be extraneous to the original ordinary services, that which follows, '*Nobis quoque precatóribus,*' must necessarily also be eliminated, because it is in fact nothing but its second part.

"But the mention of the Apostles and martyrs and other saints in the former part of the service, or in the Oblation Prayer beginning with the word '*Communicantes,*' appears to belong originally to the general text. . . .

"Now as to the first word of this celebrated prayer, '*Communicantes,*' nobody has ever been able to construe it. Absolutely, as it stands, it can mean nothing but the '*Communicants,*' which gives no sense. Neither sense nor grammar admits of its being construed with the following genitives. But if we consider that the preceding prayer, '*Memento, Domine, famularum,*' in its original text, is the deacon's prayer, which became obsolete when the real Offering of the People ceased, except in some few instances (and this was the case already in the sixth century at the latest), the prayer '*Communicantes*' manifestly follows the last words of the first prayer of the Canon, '*Te, igitur, clementissime Pater,*' which makes the construction and sense correct and satisfactory.

"This first prayer is followed by two short prayers, of which the one

begins, '*Hanc igitur oblationem*,' the other, '*Quam oblationem*.' The beginning of the first is evidently the conclusion of the Oblation Prayer, supplicating God to accept this oblation of His servants and children; the second ends with introducing the words of Institution, '*Qui pridie*.' Now we know that St. Gregory amplified the first. John the Deacon, his biographer, says he added the words, '*diesque nostras in tuâ pace disponas*;' which Cardinal Bona understands (naturally) as implying that the remaining words of this prayer,

" 'Atque ab æternâ damnatione nos eripi et in electorum tuorum numero jubeas nos numerari,'"

were also added by Gregory.

"But, if we adopt this view, it is clear that the preceding words of the prayer which Gregory found,

" 'Hanc igitur oblationem servitutis nostræ sed et cunctæ familiæ tuæ quæsumus Domine ut placatus accipias,'"

did not constitute a prayer by themselves, but were only the beginning of a prayer. And, indeed, the next prayer opens rather awkwardly at present, by referring to the first words of the preceding one: '*Quam oblationem tu Deus in omnibus quæsumus*.' The original form, therefore, must have been this:

" 'Hanc igitur oblationem servitutis nostræ sed et cunctæ familiæ tuæ quæsumus ut placatus accipias; atque in omnibus benedictam adscriptam ratam rationabilem acceptabilemque facere digneris, ut nobis Corpus et Sanguis fiat dilectissimi filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Qui pridie,' " &c.—Vol. iv. pp. 214—218.

The Chevalier afterwards represents the text of the Roman canon of the Mass at different dates, according to the principles laid down; and we think he has been most successful in this part of his work; and has given us the text of that liturgy as extant in the fourth century.

In concluding our notice of the liturgical labours of Chevalier Bunsen, we most gladly bear witness to the learning, ingenuity, and research which characterize them throughout, and to the candid and enlightened spirit of criticism in which they have been prosecuted. We would express, on the whole, an opinion that he has considerably enlarged the existing amount of liturgical knowledge; that he has made several very excellent and ingenious conjectures; and that his work, though very far from exhausting its subject, or superseding the necessity for further critical research, is of great and substantial merit, and is indispensable to the student of liturgies. We can excuse a little German theorizing which peeps out now and then, in consideration of the solid results which he has placed before us.

ART. II.—*Sermons on National Subjects, preached in a Village Church.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Canon of Middleham, Yorkshire, and Rector of Eversley, Hants. London: John J. Griffin. Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co. 1852.

THE name of Charles Kingsley is already known to the readers of the "English Review," as the author of a very beautiful poem, which we had the very great pleasure of bringing before them some time since; and which has, we rejoice to see, just reached a second edition. He is known too elsewhere, as the author of a very valuable volume of twenty-five Village Sermons, in which, though there are some blemishes, there is more force and godliness than in any collection of the kind that has appeared in the present century, always, of course, excepting the discourses of the Vicar of Leeds, who stands above and alone—

"inter minora sidera."

But Mr. Kingsley has earned himself a world-wide reputation, by other writings than those above mentioned—ay, and by spoken words and acted deeds too. Full of genuine and intense love toward God and man, and keenly conscious of the social and physical evils of the present day, he has come forward as a root and branch reformer of current opinions and social institutions, under the name of a CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.

The name has something about it decidedly *bizarre*. It strikes one as at least odd, to say the least of it, that a *Christian* should adopt the name of *Socialist* as his *substantive* appellation. The compound thus produced being apparently equivalent, in scientific phrase, to the formula *genus, socialist—species, Christian*. We think the name thus produced—the combination of words thus employed—utterly indefensible; and we have a peculiar right to judge Mr. Kingsley very strictly in this matter, for he has said, and we cordially agree with him in the sentiment:—

"You may think there is no difference, or that it is but a difference of words. I tell you that a difference in words is a very awful important difference. A difference in words is a difference in things. Words are very awful and wonderful things, for they come from the most awful and wonderful of all beings, Jesus Christ, the Word. He put words into men's minds. He made all things, and He makes all words to express those things with. *And woe to those who use the wrong*



*words about things!* If a man calls any thing by a wrong name, it is a sure sign that he understands that thing wrongly, or feels about it wrongly; and therefore a man's words are often honester than he thinks; for as a man's words are, so is a man's heart; out of the abundance of our hearts our mouths speak; and therefore by right words, by the right names that we call things, we shall be justified, and by our words, by the wrong names that we call things, we shall be condemned."

Judged by his own statement—a statement, forming a portion of a sermon on "Religion not Godliness," a sermon which ought to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated gratuitously through the land, especially amongst Evangelicals and Romanizers, Mr. Kingsley is found guilty of a grievous sin, or a grievous mistake;—a grievous sin if he means what he says, a grievous mistake if he does not. He is in fact placed in the same dilemma as those men who apply the word *propitiatory* to the sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist; if they mean what they say, they are chargeable with pernicious error; if they do not, with grave indiscretion; if neither he nor they mean to propagate false and mischievous tenets and to promote wicked practices, they have no right to find fault with others for suspecting them of such views and intentions. Nay, more, granting for the sake of argument, that neither class intend to teach what is wrong; they, by the use of such phrases, accustom the minds of their followers to view with less abhorrence the falsehoods whose symbols they have adopted as the representatives of the truths which they teach; they throw down the barriers which nature or art have erected for the protection of mankind, and clear the way for an incoming deluge of abomination.

The words Christian and Socialist are in themselves utterly irreconcilable; "*For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial?*" OR WHAT PART HATH HE THAT BELIEVETH WITH AN INFIDEL?"

Leaving Mr. Kingsley to answer these plain questions at his leisure, we proceed to a consideration of the Sermons under review.

Let us begin with the title. They are in the first place Sermons on *National Subjects*; they are therefore intended for the instruction of the nation—ourselves amongst the number—and are open to free and rigid discussion. They convey, it is to be presumed, the opinions of the author, a leading Christian Socialist, as to the measures to be adopted for meeting or avoiding the crisis which every man who has eyes must see is approaching with daily increasing rapidity.

They are, also sermons preached in a village church, and con-

sequently to a village congregation; and they are therefore deliberately put forth as a sample of the style of preaching and teaching, which Mr. Kingsley and his friends consider as suitable for such a purpose.

We beg our readers carefully to remember these two facts whilst they go along with us, as in no unkind spirit we endeavour to survey the series of discourses now lying before us—feeling as we sincerely feel, that if their author be in many points essentially wrong, he is on many points essentially right, and that in many others, and those the points on which an outcry is raised against him, his errors, arise from the misapprehension of important and fundamental truths, which have been practically ignored so long that they who seek to revive them are in danger of mistaking the counterfeit for the reality, and of furnishing to the hungry who hunger after truth and righteousness, the apples of Sodom and grapes of Gomorrah, instead of the blessed fruit of the Tree of Eternal Life.

That Mr. Kingsley and his friends should have been attacked and reviled as they have been, by those who look upon any interference with the rules and principles of the world—the world that lieth in wickedness, the world that is at enmity with God—as an act of hostility against themselves, of rebellion against *their* God, is natural and “proper;” but just as in the case of any other excellent but erring individual, it would be equally wrong to join in the cry raised against them, by those who hate all that is holy and good, or to withhold the censure which they deserve when and where that censure ought to fall.

Let us begin with the first of the series, a noble sermon, entitled *THE KING OF THE EARTH*, and preached on the first Sunday in Advent. It commences thus:—

- “This Sunday is the first of the four Sundays in Advent. During those four Sundays our forefathers have advised us to think seriously of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ—not that we should neglect to think of it at all times. As some of you know, I have preached to you about it often lately. Perhaps before the end of Advent, you will all of you, more or less, understand what all I have said about the cholera, and public distress, and the sins of this nation, and the sins of the labouring people has to do with the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. But I intend, especially in my next four sermons, to speak my whole mind to you about this matter, as far as God has shown it to me; taking the collect, epistle, and gospel for each Sunday in Advent, and explaining them. I am sure I cannot do better; for the more I see of those collects, epistles, and gospels, and the way which they are arranged, the more I am astonished and delighted at the wisdom with which they are

chosen, the wise order in which 'they follow each other, and fit into each other.'—pp. 1, 2.

So far, so good. Mr. Kingsley believes, as he tells us here and elsewhere, that his principles are in accordance with the letter and spirit of Scripture, and of that Church of which he is a priest. Such too is the profession, the sincere profession of others with whom we have the misfortune to differ. We indeed may see incongruity and inconsistency in their system; but as long as they bow implicitly to the Written Word, and avow an undeviating loyalty to our Church, we are bound to give them the full credit due to such professions, however mistaken they may be. So also with Mr. Kingsley—he may be, nay, he undoubtedly is, in grave error upon certain points; but whereas he holds them sincerely and openly, and honestly believes them to be consistent with the Bible and the Prayer Book; we should endeavour to point out his mistakes to him in a spirit of love, a spirit far different from that in which we should deal with a Pyrrhonist or a Romanizer.

"Now do not be in a hurry," proceeds he, after some striking observations, "and fancy from what I have just said, that I am one of those who think the end of the world is at hand. It may be for aught I know. 'Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, not even the angels of God, nor the Son, but the Father only.' If you wish for my own opinion, I believe that what people commonly call the end of the world, that is, the end of the earth and of mankind on it, is not at hand at all. As far as I can judge from Scripture, and from the history of all nations, the earth is yet young, and mankind in its infancy. Five thousand years hence, our descendants may be looking back on us as foolish barbarians, in comparison with what they know; just as we look back upon the ignorance of people a thousand years ago. And yet I believe that the end of this world, in the real Scripture sense of the word 'world,' is coming very quickly and very truly. 'The end of this system of society, of these present ways in religion, and money-making, and conducting ourselves in all the affairs of life, which we English people have got into now-a-days. The end of it is coming. It cannot last much longer; for it is destroying itself. It will not last much longer; for Christ and not the devil is the king of the earth. As St. Paul said to his people, so say I to you, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'

"These may seem strange words, but almost every one is saying them, in his own way. One large party among religious people in these days, is complaining that Christ has left his Church, and that the cause of Christianity will be ruined and lost, unless some great change takes place. Another large party of religious people say, that the prophecies are on the point of being all fulfilled; that the 1260 days, spoken of

by the prophet Daniel, are just coming to an end; and that Christ is coming with his saints, to reign openly upon earth for a thousand years. The wisest philosophers and historians of late years, have been all foretelling a great and tremendous change in England, and throughout all Europe; and in the mean time, manufacturers and landlords, tradesmen and farmers, artisans and labourers, all say, that there *must* be a change, and will be a change—that people cannot live if things go on much longer as they are. I believe they are all right, every one of them. They put it in their words; I think it better to put it in the Scripture words, and say boldly, ‘Jesus Christ, the King of the earth is coming.’

“But you will ask, ‘What right have you to stand up and say any thing so surprising?’ My friends, the world is full of surprising things, and this age above all ages. It was not sixty years ago, that a nobleman was laughed at in the House of Lords, for saying that he believed that we should one day see ships go by steam; and now there are steamers on every sea and ocean in the world. Who expected twenty years ago, to see the whole face of England covered with these wonderful railroads? Who expected on the 22nd of February last year, that, within a single month, half the nations of Europe, which looked so quiet and secure, would be shaken from top to bottom with revolutions and bloodshed—kings and princes vanishing one after the other like a dream—poor men sitting for a day as rulers of kingdoms, and then hurled down again to make room for other rulers as unexpected as themselves? Can any one consider the last fifty years—can any one consider that one last year, 1848, and then not feel that we do live in a most strange and awful time? a time for which nothing is too surprising, a time in which we all ought to be prepared, from the least to the greatest, to see the greatest horrors and the greatest blessings come suddenly upon us, like a thief in the night? So much for Christ’s coming being too wonderful a thing to happen just now. Still you are right to ask, ‘What do you mean by Christ being our King? What do you mean, by his coming to us? What reason have you for supposing that He is coming *now*, rather than at any other time? And if He be coming, what are we to do? What is there we ought to repent of? What is there we ought to amend.’”—pp. 3—6.

There is of course much of truth in all this. We indeed think that the personal advent of our Lord is much nearer at hand than Mr. Kingsley does; still it is an open question, upon which each man has a right to form his own judgment. But that a great and an important crisis in the history of England is approaching, we hold it weaker than folly and worse than madness to doubt.

Mr. Kingsley goes on to say:—

“Well, my friends—it is just these questions which I hope and trust God will enable me to answer to you, in my next few sermons—I am

perfectly convinced that if we go on as nineteen-twentieths are doing in England now, the Lord of us all will come in an hour, when we are not aware, and cut us asunder *in the deepest and most real sense*, as He came and cut asunder France, Germany, and Austria, only last year, and appoint us our portion with the unbelievers. And I believe that our punishment will be seven times as severe as that of either France, Germany, or Austria, because we have had seven times their privileges and blessings, seven times their Gospel light and Christian knowledge, seven times their freedom and justice in laws and constitution, seven times their wealth and prosperity, and means of employing our population. Much has been given to England, and of her much will be required."—p. 4.

Now, whilst agreeing in the main with all this, we must protest against the passage which we have marked in italics: the temporal punishments of God are not the deepest and most real fulfilment of his vengeance against sinners; the keenest, sternest of them, are but nothing in comparison with the worm that dieth not, and the fire that never is quenched. But to deal with the general subject, that a crisis is coming, and that we must look it boldly in the face, and *act as well as speculate*, we have no manner of doubt; and in certain great principles and views, which Mr. Kingsley lays down as determining the character of our measures, and the spirit in which they are to be undertaken and carried out, we cordially agree; though we hold that his opinions upon many points are crude and vague, as though he had not mastered his subject; on others, partial and one-sided; and on others, erroneous and dangerous.

The universal kingship of Christ—the personal and practical omnipresence of God—the constant need and omnific efficacy of the Holy Spirit—the absolute necessity and solemn obligation under which we lie politically and morally, to realize in every-day life the brotherhood of baptism and the membership of Christ—the impiety as well as impolicy of mammon-worship in all its forms and under all its phases—the erroneous and anti-scriptural character of the views which the rich too frequently entertain of their own responsibilities and relative duties, as well as of the condition of the poor in God's sight—all these are mighty master-truths which Mr. Kingsley nobly and boldly lays down, and without which they who would reconstruct the tottering edifice of social life will meet with a fate resembling that of him who built his house upon the sand.

We shall notice the crudities, partialities, and errors of our author as they come under our notice. Let us however proceed

with a more grateful task, and quote *in extenso* what he has said regarding the kingship of Christ :—

“ I dare say there are some among you who are inclined to think that when we talk of Christ being a king, that the word king means something very different from its common meaning ; and, God knows, that that is true enough. Our blessed Lord took care to make people understand that—how He was not like one of the kings of the nations, how his kingdom was not of this world. But yet the Bible tells us again and again that all good kings, all real kings, are patterns of Christ ; and, therefore, that when we talk of Christ being a king, we mean that He is a king in every thing that a king ought to be, that He fulfils perfectly all the duties of a king ; that He is the pattern which all kings ought to copy. Kings have been in all ages too apt to forget that, and, indeed, so have the people too. We, English, have forgotten most thoroughly in these days, that Christ is our king, or even a king at all. We talk of Christ being a ‘ spiritual ’ king, and then we say that that merely means that He is king of Christians’ hearts. And when any one asks what that means, it comes out, that all we mean is, that Christ has a very great influence over the hearts of believing Christians, when He can obtain it ; or else that it means that He is king of a very small number of people called the elect, whom He has chosen out, but that He has absolutely nothing to do with the whole rest of the world. And then, when any one stands up with the Bible in his hand, and says, in the plain words of Scripture, ‘ Christ is not only the king of believers, He is the king of the whole earth ; the king of the clouds and the thunder, the king of the land and the cattle, and the trees, and the corn, and to whomsoever He will He giveth them. Christ is not only the king of believers—He is the king of all—the king of the wicked, of the heathen, of those who do not believe Him, who never heard of Him. Christ is not only the king of a few individual persons, one here and one there in every parish, but He is the king of every nation. He is the king of England, by the grace of God, just, as much as Queen Victoria is, and ten thousand times more.’ If any man talks in this way, people stare—think him an enthusiast—ask him what new doctrine this is, and call his words unscriptural, just because they come out of Scripture and not out of man’s perversions and twistings of Scripture. Nevertheless Christ is King ; really and truly King of kings and Lord of lords ; and He will make men know it. What He was, that He is and ever will be ; there is no change in Him ; his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion endureth throughout all ages, and woe unto those, small and great, who rebel against Him !

“ But what sort of a king is He ? He is a king of law, and order, and justice. He is not selfish, fanciful, self-willed. He said Himself that He came not to do his own will but his Father’s. He is a king of gentleness and meekness too : but do not mistake that. There is no

weak indulgence in Him. A man may be very meek, and yet stern enough and strong enough."—pp. 7—9.

After illustrating this by the character and conduct of Moses, Mr. Kingsley proceeds:—

"And such a one is our King, my friends; Jesus Christ the Son of God. Like Moses, says St. Paul, He is faithful in his office. Therefore He is severe as well as gentle."—p. 10.

Thus far nothing can be better—the principles are just; the statements true; the manner bold; the style simple, straightforward, and impressive. But here we must diverge from Mr. Kingsley, because he diverges from the truth as it is in Jesus; that is to say, he gives such a purely one-sided view of the case as to be practically false and mischievous. He is preaching his first Advent sermon, which is, as it were, his preface and introduction to his Advent course and his national volume; we should therefore expect some definite answer, some adumbration of an answer to the questions already propounded, "*What is there we ought to repent of? What is there we ought to amend?*" We should expect some catalogue of those thoughts and deeds and words, those modes of feeling and habits of action upon which the severity of our King will be exercised. In these matters, however, Mr. Kingsley is strangely defective and particoloured, and the defectiveness and partiality of his teaching will appear, whether we test it by the statements of Scripture—especially those referring to the latter days—or by the verification of those statements which is furnished by the facts of the present time.

We are told for example in Holy Writ that "in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, *boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient unto parents, unthankful, unholy without natural affection, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof;*"—that "neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers shall enter the kingdom of God."

We see around us a great deal of boastfulness, and pride, and blasphemy, and disobedience to parents; we see a great and rapid decay of *natural affection*; we perceive much contempt for those that are good, much treason, headyness, and highmindedness; a great tendency to follow interest or pleasure rather than

duty—to sacrifice TO ΚΑΛΟΝ to TO ΗΔΥ or TO ΣΥΜΦΕΡΟΝ—we are painfully aware of the fact that within the present century fornication has greatly increased amongst the poorer classes; whilst of late years idolatry has made great progress amongst the more highly educated; and we presume that little proof is required to show the extent to which reviling, drunkenness, and dishonesty prevail in many parts both of town and country.

We should therefore have naturally expected some allusion to these things. It is difficult to believe, though we should be delighted to find ourselves mistaken, that Mr. Kingsley's village flock is totally exempt from any of them; be this however as it may, that large body which he addresses through the press—the English nation—is undoubtedly guilty of them to a very vast extent. And Mr. Kingsley is therefore deserving of grave censure for omitting all, even the most distant allusion to them in the peroration to his opening discourse.

Now, do not let Mr. Kingsley and his friends mistake us—we abhor as much as he or they do the notion that would sink the Church into a moral police, organized by the Few for the purpose of subjecting the Many to their will, rendering them subservient to their whim and wish, pleasure and profit—we are quite as anxious as the most rabid Christian Socialist for the moral and social elevation of the masses, and we look upon it as a part, and a very important part too, of the Church's mission, to plead the cause of the widow and the fatherless, to let the oppressed go free and to break every yoke; still we protest in the strongest terms of which our language is capable, against the one-sided teaching which would represent sin as confined to the rich and the powerful; or salvation as assured to the poor and the feeble. We would urge upon Mr. Kingsley and others who preach in this strain the awful fact, that if through their defective teaching, any of those poor and needy members of Christ's body in whom they take (and we sincerely honour them for taking) so deep an interest should perish everlastingly, his blood will be upon the head of him who neglected to declare to him the *full* message of God. Scripture has spoken unmistakeably upon this point:—

“I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore thou shalt hear the word from My mouth and warn them from Me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, *that wicked man shall die in his iniquity*; BUT HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THINE HAND.”

Let us then see what Mr. Kingsley has said, that our readers



may be able to judge for themselves as to the accuracy of our charge:—

“ With the poor, with the outcast, the neglected, those on whom men trampled, who was gentler than the Lord Jesus? To the proud pharisee, the canting scribe, the cunning Herodian, who was sterner than the Lord Jesus? Read that awful 23rd chapter of St. Matthew, and then see how the Saviour, the lamb dumb before his shearers, He of whom it was said ‘ He shall not strive nor cry, nor shall his voice be heard in the streets’—how He could speak when He had occasion—‘ Woe unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites!’ ‘ Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?’

“ My friends, these were the words of our King, of Him in whom was neither passion nor selfishness, who loved us even to the death, and endured for us the scourge, the cross, the grave. And, believe me, such are his words now; though we do not hear Him, the heaven and the earth hear Him, and obey Him. His message is pardon, mercy, deliverance to the sorrowful and the oppressed, and the neglected; and to the proud, the tyrannical, the self-righteous, the hypocritical, tribulation and anguish, shame and woe.

“ Because He is the Saviour, therefore He is a consuming fire to all who try to hinder Him from saving men. Because He is the Son of God, He will sweep out of his Father’s kingdom all who offend, and whosoever maketh and loveth a lie. Because He is boundless mercy and love, therefore He will show no mercy to those who try to stop his purposes of love. Because He is the King of men, the enemies of mankind are his enemies; and He will reign till He has put them all under his feet.”—p. 11.

All this is of course very right and true as far as it goes; but then it does not go far enough. It is the truth, but not the *whole truth*; and we need scarcely remark, that whether in the pulpit or the witness-box, the *suppressio veri* is quite as dangerous as the *assertio falsi*. To take an illustration from the former: the preacher who inculcates either justification by faith, or judgment according to works, without the other, may disseminate the most deadly and anti-Christian and soul-destroying error, without making one single statement that is contrary to the teaching of either the Bible or the Church.

We have lingered long upon this opening discourse, not from any inherent pre-excellence, but because it may fairly be taken as a sample and an index of the rest.

We proceed to consider the second sermon, entitled *Holy Scripture*.—The greater part of this discourse is exceedingly beautiful, and calculated to benefit all, of whatever rank or class, who hear or read it, by arousing in their hearts and minds a fuller, deeper appreciation of those oracles of God, which still pour

forth their mighty, their eternal voice, unchanged and unchangeable, amid the changes and chances of this mortal life—the contests of nations—the quarrels of Churches—the rise and fall of heresies and schisms—the wide and incalculable revolutions in political institutions, social and domestic relations, and public opinion, accompanying the imperceptible but unceasing lapse of created ages—those oracles of God which speak to us directly of Him and from Him who is mirrored in their pages, which ever furnish the ready solution of all things necessary to salvation to him who asks of them humbly and prayerfully in spirit and in truth. Take the following:—

“All these ancient psalms and prophets, and histories of men and nations who trusted in God ‘were written for our example, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.’

“Yes, my friends, this is true; and the longer you live a life of faith and godliness, the longer you read and study that precious Book of books which God has put so freely into your hands in these days, the more you will find it. And if it was true of the Old Testament, written before the Lord came down and dwelt among men, how much more must it be true of the New Testament, which was written, after his coming, by apostles and evangelists, who had far fuller light and knowledge of the Lord than ever David or the old prophets, even in their happiest moments, had? Ah, what a treasure you have, every one of you, in those Bibles of yours, which too many of you read so little! From the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation, it is all written for our example, all profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished for all good works. Ah! friends, friends, is not this the reason why so many of you do not read your Bibles, that you do not wish to be furnished for good works?—do not wish to be men of God, godly and godlike men, but only to be men of the world, caring only for money and pleasure?—some of you, alas! not wishing to be men and women at all, but only a sort of brute beasts with clothes on, given up to filth and folly, like the animals that perish, or rather worse than the animals, for they could be no better if they tried, but you might be. Oh! what might you not be, what are you not already, if you but knew it! Members of Christ, children of God, heirs of the kingdom of heaven, heirs of a hope undying, pure, that will never fade away, having a right given you by the promise and oath of Almighty God himself, to hope for yourselves, for your neighbours, for this poor distracted world, for ever and ever; a right to believe that there is an everlasting day of justice, and peace, and happiness in store for the whole world, and that you, if you will, may have your share in that glorious sunrise which shall never set again. You may have your share in it, each and every one of you; and if you ask why, go to the Scriptures, and there read the promises of God, the grounds of your just hope, for all heaven and earth.”—pp. 13—15.

There is indeed in this sermon here and there a somewhat peculiar and suspicious phrase or expression, yet there is nothing which *may* not bear a good meaning, and much that *must* do so. We must except, however, from this eulogy the following passage, which, beautiful though it be, has a tendency to divert the mind from the primary meaning of one of the many important texts which assert the essential doctrine of the Atonement :—

“ ‘Behold the Lamb of God,’ said John the Baptist, ‘who takes away the sin of the world.’ How dare we, who call ourselves Christians, we who have been baptized in his name, we who have tasted of his mercy, we who know the might of his love, the converting and renewing power of his Spirit—how dare we doubt but that He *will* take away the sins of the world? Ay, step by step, nation by nation, year by year, the Lord shall conquer; love and justice and wisdom shall spread and grow, for He must reign till He has put all enemies under his feet. He has promised to take away the sins of the world, and He is God and cannot lie,”—p. 18.

Now we earnestly protest against what we cannot call by any milder name than a manifest and dangerous perversion of the plain meaning of God’s Word.

Mr. Kingsley’s notions, however, on the interpretation of Scripture, appear to be exceedingly vague and crude. We trust that a little careful consideration will make him see their untenableness and deficiency. Take for example the following extraordinary passage from the third sermon, entitled “The Kingdom of God,”—a sermon the greater part of which is occupied with exhibiting in the most masterly manner the reality of God’s providential government, and the merciful majesty of Christ :—

“ No prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation, says St. Peter. That is, it does not apply to any one private, particular thing that is to happen. Every prophecy of Scripture goes on fulfilling itself more and more, as time rolls on and the world grows older. St. Peter tells us the reason why. No prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation, because it does not come from the will of man, from any invention or discovery of poor, short-sighted human beings, who can only judge by what they see around them in their own times; but holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. And who is the Holy Spirit? The Spirit of God; the everlasting Spirit; the Spirit who cannot change, for He is God. The Spirit who searcheth the deep things of God, and teacheth them to men. And what are the deep things of God. They are eternal, as God is. Eternal laws, everlasting rules, which cannot alter. That is the meaning of it all. The Spirit of God is the Spirit which teaches men the laws of God; the unchangeable rules and ordinances by which He governs all

heaven and earth, and men, and nations; the laws which come into force, not once only, but always; the laws of God, which are working round us now, just as much as they were eighteen hundred years ago, just as much as they were in Isaiah's time. Therefore it is that I said these old Jewish prophecies, which were inspired by the Holy Spirit, are coming true now, and will keep on coming true, time after time, in their proper place and order, and whensoever the times are fit for them, even to the end of the world."—p. 26.

Now the meaning of all this appears to be, that each prophecy of Scripture is merely the *concrete enunciation of an abstract law*. It is painful to find such vagueness and crudity of thought and word upon so very important a point in one who has such a sincere love both to God and man, and such a reverent appreciation of God's Book, as the author of this volume evinces from first to last. It is painful, not merely or so much either on the author's own account, or on that of those subjected to his pastoral charge, as for the sake of those who, in the natural course of things, will be his theological apprentices, his exegetical pupils—trained under his teaching to teach others. Pietism may stand its ground for *one generation* in the pastor—for two, or, under peculiar circumstances, perhaps three in the flock; but a pietist school of teaching, whatever be the zeal, and love, and sincerity, and piety of its founders, must inevitably lapse into rationalism. Look at Germany! We might find a case nearer home; but we refrain, from a tender respect to the saintly though erring departed.

We therefore earnestly and sternly, yet in a spirit of yearning love—for we cannot read any thing that Mr. Kingsley has written without loving him—we do entreat him to consider well before he commits himself irretrievably—through what we would fain hope is at present a mere vague habit of thought—to principles which contain the germ of every thing that is impious, heretical, and damnable.

• We are happy to be able to bestow unlimited commendation on the two next discourses, entitled *A Preparation for Christmas*, and *Christmas Day*: we think that Mr. Kingsley would confer a solid benefit on the labouring classes, and indeed on all classes of the community, by publishing them in a cheap form for distribution; their devout yet cheerful spirit is truly delightful, and though full of holy rejoicing, there is a pathetic simplicity about them which brings the tears to our eyes; and if this be the case with such an iron being as a reviewer, a mere machine, a species of automatic guillotine—of self-acting rack—what must be their effect on less indurated natures? These two sermons are indeed almost beyond praise; and as we cannot fairly quote them except *in extenso*, we shall simply proceed on our way.

The sixth discourse, "True Abstinence," contains much that is valuable; urges the universal obligation which all Christians are under, especially the young of both sexes, to abstain from sins of the flesh, and exposes with great skill the fundamental mistake of asceticism.

One of the most striking and powerful sermons in the book is that on Good Friday; though this and the one which immediately follows it, viz.—Easter Day, are the most thoroughly objectionable.

We must bestow some space upon them, which we are the more sorry for, as it will hinder us from dwelling at as great length as we could wish on the later portions of this very interesting volume.

"On this very day, at this very hour," commences the preacher, "1817 years ago, hung one nailed to a cross; bruised and bleeding, pierced and naked, dying a felon's death between two thieves; in perfect misery, in utter shame, mocked and insulted by all the great, the rich, the learned of his nation; one who had grown up as a man of low birth, believed by all to be a carpenter's son; without scholarship, money, respectability, even without a home wherein to lay his head: and here was the end of his life! True, He had preached noble words, He had done noble deeds; but what had they helped Him? They had not made the rich, the learned, the respectable, the religious, believe on Him; they had not saved Him from persecution, and insult, and death."—p. 74.

Thus far nothing can be nobler; and the fearful warning to the professors of religion and respectability which these words convey, we commend to all those who attempt to explain away the awful text: "*It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.*" WITH MEN THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE." It would seem, however, that Mr. Kingsley had altogether forgotten that our Lord added, "*BUT NOT WITH GOD, FOR WITH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.*" For he adds, and he adds nothing more:—

"The only mourners who stood by to weep over his dying agonies were his mother a poor countrywoman; a young fisherman; and one who had been a harlot and a sinner. There was an end!"—p. 75.

Now this is very fine, and (as we said before), as far as it goes, very true. But then the impression conveyed by it is utterly false.

When one working man had betrayed Him for gold, incensed by being frustrated in an attempt to embezzle the funds of a charity, when one poor fisherman had three times denied that he knew Him, and the rest of his followers had forsaken Him and

fled, leaving none of the male sex amongst those of his own condition faithful to Him save his one bosom friend; when Scribe and Pharisee, and Sadducee and Herodian were thirsting for his blood; and the awful tribunal of the lordly and sacred Sanhedrim, at once the supreme legislative assembly and judicial court in all matters, civil as well as ecclesiastical, was convened to find HIM guilty; when the base-hearted retainers of the merciless and tyrannical hypocrite, who was invested with the high priest's office, were loading HIM with insult and barbarity; they were two peers of the realm—men of the highest wealth, and rank, and power—members of the exclusive Few, who stood forward to vindicate the cause of justice and humanity! Yes, it was Nicodemus, the wealthy and the wise; and the affluent Joseph of Arimathea who dared defy the unanimous Sanhedrim in the very moment of its malignant triumph, and boldly assert the innocence of the doomed Jesus of Nazareth!

Again; after the turbulent and truculent rabble which desired but a few days since to proclaim HIM their King, had called for and obtained HIS death; after HIS followers—the poor and the unlearned amongst them at least—had utterly given up all hope whatever, with the mournful observation, “We thought that this had been He which should have redeemed Israel,” those two brave noblemen went boldly to Pilate and craved the body of Jesus, and gave it burial! Surely Mr. Kingsley must know these things, and, knowing them, he ought not to keep them back, especially when he is addressing a village congregation, and attempting to teach a nation, on national subjects.

The author proceeds, however, in a strain of simple sublimity, and stern earnestness seldom surpassed:—

“Do you know who that man was? He was your King; the King of rich and poor; and He was your King, not in spite of his suffering all that shame and misery, but just because He suffered it; because He chose to be poor, and miserable, and despised; because He endured the cross, despising the shame; because He took upon Himself, to fulfil his Father's will, all ills which flesh is heir to—therefore He is now your King, the Saviour of the world, the poor man's friend, the Lord of heaven and earth. Is He such a King as *you* wish for?

“Is He the sort of King you want, my friends? Does He fulfil your notions of what the poor man's friend should be? Do you in your hearts wish He had been somewhat richer, more glorious, more successful in the world's eyes—a wealthy and prosperous man, like Solomon of old? Are any of you ready to say, as the money-blinded Jews said, when they demanded their true King to be crucified, ‘We have no king but Cæsar? Provided the law-makers and the authorities take care of our interests, and protect our property, and do not make

us pay too many rates and taxes, that is enough for us?' Will you have no king but Cæsar? Alas! those who say that, find that the law is but a weak deliverer, too weak to protect them from selfishness, and covetousness, and decent cruelty; and so Cæsar and the law have to give place to Mammon, the god of money. Do we not see it in these very days? And Mammon is weak too. This world is not a shop, men are not merely money-makers and wages-earners. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in that sort of philosophy. Self-interest and covetousness cannot keep society orderly and peaceful, let sham philosophers say what they will. And then comes tyranny, lawlessness, rich and poor staining their hands in each other's blood, as we saw happen in France two years ago; and so, after all, Mammon has to give place to Moloch, the fiend of murder and cruelty; and woe to rich and poor when he reigns over them! Ay, woe—woe to rich and poor, when they choose any one for their king, but their real and rightful Lord and Master, Jesus, the poor Man, afflicted in all their afflictions, the Man of sorrows crucified on this day."—p. 76.

The heart-stirring eloquence of this passage must compel the admiration of the most unwilling; the denunciations which it contains of the present; the warnings which it utters for the future are worthy of the highest praise. The next two paragraphs are absolutely magnificent, though they close with the following rather startling statement:—

"His tenderness is Almighty, and for the poor He has prepared deliverance, perhaps in this world, *surely in the world to come*—boundless deliverance, out of the treasures of his boundless love."—p. 77.

In the same strain he proceeds to say—

"Believing in Jesus, we can pass by mines, and factories, and by dungeons darker and fouler still, in the lanes and alleys of our great towns and cities, where thousands and tens of thousands of starving men, and even women, and children grown old before their youth, sit toiling and pining in Mammon's prison-house, in worse than Egyptian bondage, to earn such pay as just keeps the broken heart within the worn-out body;—ay, we can go through our great cities, even now, and see the women whom God intended to be Christian wives and mothers, the slaves of the rich man's greed by day, the playthings of his lust by night; and yet not despair: for we can cry, No! thou proud Mammon, money-making fiend! these are not thine, but Christ's; they belong to Him who died on the cross; and though thou heedest not their sighs, He marks them all, for He has sighed like them; though there be no pity in thee, there is in Him the pity of a man, ay, and the indignation of a God! He treasures up their tears; He understands their sorrows; his judgment of their guilt is not like thine, thou pharisee! He is their Lord, who said, that to those to whom little was given, of them shall little be required. Generation after generation, they are

being made perfect by sufferings, as their Saviour was before them; and then woe to thee! For even as He led Israel out of Egypt with a mighty hand, and a stretched-out arm, and signs and wonders great and terrible, so shall He lead the poor out of this misery, and make them households like a flock of sheep; even as He led Israel through the wilderness, tender, forbearing, knowing whereof they were made, having mercy on all their brutalities, and idolatries, murmurings, and backslidings, afflicted in all their afflictions: even while He was punishing them outwardly, as He is punishing the poor man now; even so shall He lead this people out in his good time, into a good land and large, a land of wheat and wine, of milk and honey; a rest which He has prepared for his poor, such as eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. He can do it; for the Almighty Deliverer is his name. He will do it; for his name is Love. He knows how to do it; for He has borne the griefs, and carried the sorrows of the poor.”—p. 79.

It is really distressing to see a man of good feelings and good intentions allowing himself to be so utterly carried away by his kindly emotions, to become so utterly the creature of impulse, as to write and preach and publish such a mischievous rhapsody as that which we have just transcribed; and the brilliant eloquence of the passage makes it only the more blameworthy. Mr. Kingsley is jealous, and rightly jealous for the worship of the One God; he is anxious and rightly anxious to warn us against substituting religion for godliness. Will he bear with us—we trust so—whilst we suggest that he has deified and idolized his own “better feelings” and “amiable weaknesses;” that he has substituted a religion of emotional tenderness, for that stern though beautiful and loving reality which Scripture and the Church unfold to our view.

But whilst we blame thus severely the sin, let us deal gently by the sinner; let us give him full credit for the high and holy feelings by which he has been led astray. And yet is there not an aggravation in the sin of those who misuse the very highest and holiest gifts of God? who make the sweetest noblest impulses and instincts which God has given us an occasion for sin? And does not a terrible responsibility rest on the head of him who leads the perishing to perish by bold assertions that they need not fear perdition?

And again, is it kindness—real kindness—when we see a man or woman walking along the broad road that leadeth to destruction, to bid them be of good cheer?

It is *comfortable* doctrine, no doubt, this of Mr. Kingsley’s—comfortable *now*; but will it be comfortable hereafter? either to pastor or people?



Let us, however, leave this discourse, in which there is much both to praise and blame that we have not touched upon, and proceed to that on Easter Day, where we shall find doctrine more comfortable still.

"Now what reason had St. Paul," says Mr. Kingsley, "to believe that these Colossians were risen with Jesus Christ? Because they had given up sin, and were leading holy lives? That cannot be. The epistle for this day says the very opposite. It does not say, 'you are risen, because you have left off sinning.' It says, 'you must leave off sinning, because you are risen.' Was it then on account of any experiences or inward feeling of theirs? Not at all. He says that these Colossians had been baptized, and that they had believed in God's work of raising Jesus Christ from the dead, and that therefore they were risen with Christ. In one word, they had believed the message of Easter Day, and therefore they shared in the blessings of Easter Day; as it is written in another place, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, and believe in thy heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'"—p. 86.

We have heard the charge severally brought against the doctrines of baptismal regeneration and justification by faith, by those who misunderstand those inestimable formulæ, that they naturally if not necessarily tend to the disparagement of repentance and holiness. But it never before was our lot to meet with the two placed side by side—both nominally accepted—both made apparently to minister to such an ungodly end. We say apparently; for we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Mr. Kingsley, with his zeal for God's glory and man's happiness, and his deep reverence for and keen appreciation of all that is pure and true and noble and lovely, can really mean to propound and inculcate such rank antinomianism. But to proceed:—

"Now these," says Mr. Kingsley, "seem very wide words, too wide to please most people. But there are wider words still in St. Paul's epistles. He tells us again and again, that God's mercy is a free gift; that He has made to us a free present of his Son Jesus Christ. That He has taken away the effect of all men's sin; and more than that, that men are God's children; that they have a right to believe that they are so, because they are so. For, he says, the free gift of Jesus Christ is not like Adam's offence. It is not less than it, narrower than it, as some folks say. It is not that by Adam's sin all became sinners, and by Jesus Christ's salvation an elect few of them shall be made righteous. If you will think a moment, you will see that it cannot be so. For Jesus Christ conquered sin and death and the devil. But if, as some think, sin and death and the devil have destroyed and sent to hell by far the greater part of mankind, then they have conquered Christ, and not Christ them. Mankind belonged to Christ at first. Sin and death

and the devil came in and ruined them, and then Christ came to redeem them; but if all that He has been able to do is to redeem one out of a thousand of them, then the devil has had the best of the battle. He, and not Christ, is the conqueror. If a thief steals all the sheep on your farm, and all that you can get back from him is one or two out of the whole flock, which has had the best of it, you or the thief? If Christ's redemption is meant for only a few elect souls out of all the millions of mankind, which has had the best of it, Christ, the master of the sheep, or the devil, the robber and destroyer of them? Be sure, my friends, Christ is stronger than that; his love is deeper than that; his redemption is wider than that. How strong, how deep, how wide it is, we never shall know."—p. 88.

All this is very ingenious, very clever, there is argument as well as humour in it. We shall not venture to break a lance with Mr. Kingsley on that field which he traverses so gallantly, and, as he appears to think, so triumphantly; but we will refer him to that Book of which he is the guardian—that KING of whom he is the minister. It is *there* that it is written; it is *HE* that hath said—

*"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and MANY THERE BE WHICH GO IN THEREAT: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and FEW THERE BE THAT FIND IT."*

"Upon you," says Mr. Kingsley, "and me, and foreigners, and gipsies, and heathens, and thieves, and harlots, and little children,—" .

A singular position certainly in the climax of depravity for those whom our Lord referred to as models, and whom He loved so dearly!

"—upon all mankind, let them be as bad or as good, as young or as old as they may, the free gift of God has come to justification of life; they are justified, pardoned, and beloved in the sight of Almighty God; they have a right and share to a new life; a different sort of life from what they are inclined to lead, and do lead, by nature—to a life which death cannot take away, a life which may grow and strengthen, and widen, and blossom, and bear fruit for ever and ever. They have a share in Christ's resurrection, in the blessing of Easter Day. They have a share in Christ, every one of them, whether they claim that share or not. How far they will be punished for not claiming it, is a very different matter, of which we know nothing whatsoever. And how far the heathen who have never heard of Christ, or of their share in Him, will be punished, we know not, we are not meant to know. But we know that to their own Master they stand or fall, and that their Master is our Master too, and that He is a just Master, and requires

<sup>1</sup> Matt. vii. 13, 14.

little of him to whom He gives little ; a just and merciful Master, who loved this sinful world enough to come down and die for it, while mankind were all rebels and sinners, and has gone on taking care of it, and improving it, in spite of all its sin and rebellion ever since, and that is enough for us."—pp. 88, 89.

That all men since the death and resurrection of our Lord have a *capability* of salvation is a portion of that faith once for all delivered to the saints, for which we are bound earnestly to contend ; that we have no right to dogmatize either way upon the fate of those to whom, whether here or elsewhere, in English mines or African deserts, the message of salvation has never come, is equally clear : but that any man in his senses with his Bible before him, should assert as Mr. Kingsley *appears* to assert (for we still venture to hope that it is not his intention to convey such a meaning as his words naturally bear)—“ how far they will be punished for not claiming it is a very different matter, *of which we know nothing whatsoever*,” appears to us perfectly monstrous. For Christ Himself has laid the point at rest for ever, having said with reference to those to whom the offer should be made—the Gospel be preached—“ HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL BE DAMNED.”

It is a strange thing, this bastard charity, which is so much the fashion now-a-days, which makes one class of men object to denouncing the sin of schism, and another treat with equal tenderness that of idolatry—which makes this philanthropist object to capital punishments *here*, and that ignore them hereafter !

We should do Mr. Kingsley, however, great injustice if we accused him of seeking to eliminate hell from the theological horizon. He does not, we conceive, deny the existence or detract from the necessity of the place of torment, only he would revolutionize public opinion on the subject so as to bring it into accordance with the principles and sympathies of Christian Socialists ; he would in fact substitute a penal code of his own making for that which has been received always every where and by all. He thinks it unkind, and therefore unjust, to subject thieves, harlots, or even little children to future punishment ; but he would invest the saying of Abraham to Dives with a prophetic force and an oecumenical application, “ *Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things : but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented ;*” and in apportioning the degree of punishment to each offender, he would put his worldly possessions into one scale as the measure of his torment in the other. A poor man, in Mr. Kingsley’s opinion or rather feeling, cannot deserve, or if he do deserve, will not receive the second death.

We can scarcely believe such to be Mr. Kingsley's cool deliberate judgment on these things: yet such is undoubtedly the tendency of his teaching—such is the persuasion which they would naturally produce on the minds of his auditors, the villagers of Eversley, and the people of England.

How far more truth, and justice, and holiness, and beauty is there in the following eloquent passage from the writings of Dr. Hook:—

“Rich men, behold your God! Watch Him; see Him a poor man, a poor destitute, a servant, a hard-working poor man. Rich men, watch your God! Watch Him at his lowly calling, toiling for his daily bread; watch Him, and be ye humble; reverence the station of poverty, consider the poor and needy, amend the condition of the working classes of society. Believe not the flattering world, when it says that yours is the best condition in which to serve God. The Bible teaches us the reverse; and it may be that, at the last day, you will find that the person in this parish, who had led the most godly and saint-like life, coming nearest to the perfect pattern set by our Divine Master, is some unknown hard-working poor man, living in a wretched abode, to speak to whom you would now think it a condescension! How changed will things be, at the last hour, when Dives and Lazarus are both standing before Him, Whose countenance will then be watched with all that trembling anxiety, with which men now watch the face of their judge, ere he opens his mouth to pronounce the sentence. The Apostle exhorts to hospitality, ‘because, he saith, thereby some (as was the case with Abraham) have entertained angels unawares.’ So let us be exhorted to deal kindly and considerately with the pious poor; for in so doing, we may be showing regard to some who will have far higher places in the kingdom of glory, than we ourselves shall ever attain unto. Well were it, if this thought abode more constantly in the minds of men.

“Poor men, behold your God! Watch Him! He, when on earth, had not where to lay his precious head. If you are poor, yet who was poorer than He? It was not a man only, but a poor man also, that your God became; and by becoming a poor man, He has sanctified pious poverty as a special order in society; a state holy unto all who submit unrepiningly to its privations,—to all who really take up their cross and follow their Lord whithersoever He may call them, and rejoice that He, Who knoweth what is best for their external state, hath kept this power in his own hands; of the things of this world, dividing to every man severally as He will.”

It would, however, be extremely unfair to Mr. Kingsley, did we suggest the impression that he neglects to inculcate lessons of virtue and godliness; and it is most gratifying to see how

earnestly and constantly he enforces the necessity under which we lie of seeking the aid of God's Holy Spirit to work out our sanctification.

"Seek those things that are above," says he, "and you shall find them. You shall find old bad habits die out in you, new good habits spring up in you; old meannesses become weaker, new nobleness and manfulness become stronger; the old, selfish, covetous, savage, cunning, cowardly, brutal Adam dying out; the new, loving, brotherly, civilized, wise, brave, manful Adam growing up in you, day by day, to perfection, till you are changed from grace to grace, and glory to glory, into the likeness of the Lord of men."—p. 92.

It is likewise very pleasing to see the very high value which this writer places on the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and the continuousness with which he urges our obligation to receive it.

"'These are great promises,' you may say," proceeds he—"glorious promises; but what proof have you that they belong to us? They sound too good to be true; too great for such poor creatures as we are; give us but some proof that we have a right to them; give us but a pledge from Jesus Christ; give us but a sign, an assurance from God, and we may believe you then.'

"My friends," rejoins the preacher, "I am certain—and the longer I live I am the more certain—that there is no argument, no pledge, no sign, no assurance, like the bread and the wine upon that table. . . . We cannot trust our hearts and inward feelings; but that bread, that wine we can trust. Our inward feelings are a sign from man: that bread and wine are a sign from God. . . . 'Take, eat,' said Jesus, 'this is my body; drink, this is my blood.' These are the signs that God has given you eternal life, and that life is in his Son. What better sign would you have? There is no mistaking their message; they can tell you no lies. And they can, and will, bring your own Gospel-blessings to your mind as nothing else can. They will make you feel as nothing else can, that you are the beloved children of God, heirs of all that your King and Head has bought for you when He died and rose again upon this day. He gave you the Lord's Supper for a sign. Do you think He did not know what the best sign would be? He said, 'Do this in remembrance of me!' Do you think that He did not know better than you or me, and all men, that if you did do it, it would put you in remembrance of Him?

"Oh! come to his table this day of all days in the year, and claim there your share in his body and his blood, to feed the everlasting life in you; which, though you see it not now, though you feel it not now, will surely, if you keep it alive in you by daily faith, and daily repentance, and daily prayer, and daily obedience, raise you up, body and soul, to reign with Him for ever at the last day."—pp. 93—96.

The later sermons contain, with some *very few* objectionable passages, much that is exceedingly beautiful in itself, and eminently profitable to these times, though ever and anon there is a visionary vagueness, or weak tenderness, or manifest partiality, which remind us that we are reading the composition of one who has adopted the ill-omened title of a Christian Socialist.

What, then, is it that you would say and do? Mr. Kingsley and his friends will very naturally reply. And they have a right to an answer. Already has the muttering of the tempest's voice been heard more than once in the distance; already do the waters heave beneath us; already do the timbers of our vessel politic begin to give and tremble; already are there signs in the heaven above, and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, which tell us unmistakably that a day of trial—of fiery trial—is approaching.

He, therefore, who offers us safety and counsel, has a right to demand an explicit answer to the question, What do you propose instead? And we are ready to give that answer.

First, then, what will we say—say from the pulpit?

We will tell the rich of their crimes, quite as boldly, and sternly, and plainly as Mr. Kingsley; and we will add, that unless they amend their ways, they will without doubt perish everlastingly; for we love not to handle the Word of the Lord deceitfully, or to keep back from any class the whole counsel of God.

We will not with one class tell the poor that all their labours, and privations, and wrongs, and indignities are part of a blessed dispensation, wherof the rich are the divinely-accredited officials; nor with another, that they are all of them undoubtedly sure of salvation; but we will do as the inspired preachers of the Gospel did in the beginning. We will not hide from them the cruelty and injustice with which they are treated, but command them, as they hope heaven or fear hell—as they love the God who made them and the Saviour who died for them—as they hope for a peaceful death and a glorious resurrection, to follow his steps, “Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.”

And what would we do?

We would strike at the very root of the evils from which we are already suffering, and which threaten us with utter destruction. It is madness—worse than madness—to shut our eyes to the danger: imperative interest, as well as imperative duty, force the subject and suggest the remedy.

We are suffering from the effects of *selfishness*: we must sub-

stitute *love* in its place. Our body politic is in danger of dissolution from the baneful results of division : we must cure the hurt by unity. Whilst maintaining those glorious institutions, which, having their foundation in the interests of humanity, and their antitypes in the government of the universe, have, in conjunction with the Bible and the Church, been, under God, the causes and the guards of Britain's freedom and Britain's greatness ;—whilst maintaining in their integrity the rights of property and upholding in all divine fulness the claims of authority, civil and ecclesiastical, domestic and economic ; we must destroy at once and for ever all those conventional barriers which separate the orders of society and impede the current of love, and substitute for the hateful *esprit de caste*, the lovely and the loving *esprit de corps*.

We must promote the well-being, physical, moral, and intellectual, of the working classes ; give them education ; give them refinement ; teach them accomplishments and elegances, as well as furnish them with clothes and housing, and meat and drink. We must receive them at our tables, not as paupers, but as guests. *If* the clergy would begin, the laity soon would follow.

But here we are stopped by the cry, Oh ! impossible—impossible ! Nay, we have seen it done ; and, what will tell perhaps more with some persons than reason or right, we have seen the fruit of it. There was a parish, a few years since, in the centre of a district absolutely devastated by incendiarism. Night after night did the engines rush through the streets of that village, arousing the sleepers from their rest. Far and near there was no exemption—no escape. But whilst destruction and desolation visited every other spot within a circuit of many miles, man sought not to violate, and God spread his everlasting arms around that solitary spot, where ministered one who realized in his life, as well as his language, the Brotherhood of Baptism, and the Membership of Christ.

ART. III.—*Life and Times of St. Bernard.* By Dr. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the German by MATILDA WRENCH. Rivingtons.

“BERNARD was born at Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy, in the year 1091,” says our author. “His father Tecelin, a knight of an ancient and noble family, was too much engaged in deeds of arms to have leisure to devote himself to the education of his son, and it therefore devolved on his mother Aletta, a woman of a gentle and pious disposition. At that time there appeared to be no choice between the turbulent and dissolute mode of life of the upper ranks, too often connected with deeds of rude and lawless violence, and the absolute retirement of the monastic life, which from the force of contrast was held in the greater veneration.”

That there were only those two modes of life to choose between is, we suppose, what the author or the translator means; but the narrative goes on to tell of Bernard's education, of the pains taken to allure him with the pleasures of life, or to corrupt him by the charms of profane learning. He withstood them all, and “when he was journeying alone to meet his brothers, who were in the camp of the Burgundian army, then engaged in besieging the castle of Grenie, this idea” (that of the high and holy destiny for which his mother intended him) “and the image of his chiding mother filled his whole soul. Upon this he retired into a church, which was upon the road, and prayed that God would confirm him in his purpose of becoming a monk. With the ardour peculiar to him, he now not only hastened to execute his resolution, but he also sought to communicate his own inclinations to his kinsfolk and friends. His persuasions were effectual with many. His uncle” (Gaudry, Count of Touillon), “a great and wealthy landed proprietor, and a man of high renown in arms, was the first to join him, and his example was followed by all Bernard's brothers, with the exception of Gerard, the second,” who, however, eventually embraced the monkish life, and the father, Tecelin, himself followed the example of his sons some years after. Bernard, the day that he renounced the world, began to preach so successfully against the world and its pleasures, that he had soon made many converts.

“Many of these new votaries being married, he thought it incumbent on him to provide a retreat for those ladies who par-



ticipated in the purpose of their husbands, and he caused the nunnery of Juilly, in the diocese of Langres" (near Dijon) "to be erected for them." How he could erect such an establishment, or by what means he effected it, we are not informed. But for himself he made choice of "the convent of Cîteaux (Cistercium), situate in a barren wilderness, in the diocese of Chalons-sur-Saone." "To this convent, then presided over by Stephen Harding, an Englishman"—"Bernard retired with more than thirty associates, in the year of our Lord 1113," being at that time twenty-two years of age. "He soon excited observation and astonishment by the personal activity which he had the power of combining with the most profound abstractedness, and by his command over his bodily appetites."

His reputation drew so many votaries to the monastery, that the Abbot Harding granted a site for the foundation of a new abbey,—that of Clairvaux.

"It was a wild and desolate spot in the bishopric of Langres, and had formerly, when a robbers' cave existed there, been known by the name of the Valley of Wormwood (*Vallis Absinthialis*), but since the extirpation of this plant, it had been called the clear or bright valley (*Claravallis*). It was in the third year of his profession that Bernard was called to preside as abbot over the newly-established convent. This was in the year 1115." "He was then in his twenty-sixth year, and so emaciated as rather to resemble a corpse than a living being."

His health was indeed so seriously injured, that he suffered all his life from the too rigid fasts he had kept, and was at this time, by order of the Bishop of Chalons, put under the care of a physician, who proved a miserable quack, and under whose treatment he was kept in a hut apart from his convent; but—

"no sooner was he released from this state of surveillance, than, with his abbot's place, he resumed his former austerities. The whole convent was animated by his spirit and example. Men of illustrious descent, who had formerly played a distinguished part on the theatre of the world, now, by their hard labour in the sweat of their brow, and by their ascetic self-denial, which at that era ever made the most profound impression on the devotion of the nobles and people, and brought in the most costly offerings, prepared for the convent and district of Clairvaux (where the soil at first yielded them only the scantiest sustenance) the great wealth that in some decades of years it had acquired."

The following is quoted from the contemporary author of St. Bernard's life :—

"It was a dreary spot, inclosed by gloomy woods and rugged mountains, and those who came down from the mountains, and saw this

valley filled with men, among whom no idleness was permitted, each engaged in active labour and busied in performing his allotted task, in silence deep as that of the night, and only interrupted by the clang of the workmen and the hymns of praise to God, were so awed by this solemn stillness, that they forbore to speak on any but sacred subjects, as long as they were within the precincts of the abbey."

Their diet during the first year, before the ground was sufficiently prepared to yield any produce, consisted, we are told in a note, of a coarse bread, made of barley and millet and beech leaves, cooked in salt and water. And the hearts of some of the brethren began to fail them in the course of that first long and dreary season of cold, hunger, and privation of every sort, which lasted sixteen or seventeen months, so that it required all the influence and exertion of Bernard to prevent the utter abandonment of his infant settlement. And he suffered so much himself, that he was obliged to give up in part the strictness of the Benedictine rule, and to live in a separate dwelling, only visiting the monastery when necessary. Nor did he again return to his former strict seclusion. He had already founded the abbey of Fontenoi. He sent twelve monks to fix on a suitable situation, and placed Godfrey, one of his original companions, at their head. They here enjoyed the singular privilege of being allowed to fight among themselves, and receive absolution for having done so. And they also had the good fortune to gain from Philip the Bold, of Burgundy, an exemption from furnishing his dogs with white bread.

But though no longer engaged "in the *active* duties of the monkish life," Bernard was "regarded with universal veneration," and persons of all ranks came to receive his instruction.

"He took a lively interest in all affairs of importance, and made use of the penetration and eloquence that were natural to him to adapt himself to the particular circumstances of every individual." "In him the practical and the sensitive were the predominant tendencies." "At that era, when the administration of justice was still in a great measure dependent on the arbitrary will of the nobles, a certain vassal of the Count Thibaut, of Champagne, named Humbert, had suffered banishment and confiscation of goods." "He became a houseless and destitute wanderer, and left his wife and children in the most wretched and hopeless condition. They had recourse to Bernard, and implored his mediation with the count." "Bernard wrote himself to the count as follows:—'Had I asked of thee gold or silver, or the like, I am fully persuaded that I should have obtained my request.'" (He had already applied through some of the abbots of the province to the count in behalf of Humbert, in vain.) "Wherefore, then, am I counted unworthy to obtain from you the only thing I have asked, and that not in my own, but in God's name :

not for my own sake, but far more for yours? Know you not that with what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again? Know you not that it is as easy, ay, a thousand times easier, for God to cast you out of the heavenly inheritance, than for you to eject Humbert from his patrimony? There are indeed cases where the guilt is so manifest that justice leaves no room for mercy; but even then you must take vengeance in sorrow and trembling, impelled rather by necessity and judicial duty, than by any desire of avenging yourself! These representations had their due effect."

We next find Bernard exhorting, and successfully, to a more pious course of life, Archbishop Remi, of Sens, and then defending him and the Archbishop of Paris from the persecution of Louis VI., and he wrote to the king threatening him with the Pope's interference; and after several bishops had thrown themselves at the king's feet in behalf of the archbishops in vain, Bernard reproached him most vehemently, and declared that he would be punished by the death of his eldest son Philip—this prince did die three years afterwards, but this prophetic curse of Bernard's had at the time no effect upon the king, who was, by the interference of the bishops, excommunicated, and promised to restore the church property, but on the interdict being removed refused to do so, and proceeded to further spoliation.

"Upon this Bernard complained to the Pope in his own name," and "it is probable that these representations had their effect, and that the Pope espoused the cause of the archbishop." "But the Court of Rome was not altogether pleased with Bernard's reforming zeal, and the cardinals looked with jealous eyes on the man by whom princes, bishops, and even Papal legates submitted to be guided," and he was advised not to "trouble himself so much with the affairs of this world, since this was unbecoming in a monk."

From which reproach he justifies himself with more spirit than discretion; but he was soon called upon again by the Pope's legate to assist in the deliberations at Troyes, on the rules to be given to the new order of the Temple, and he then became involved in a long controversy with "Peter the Venerable, the president of the important order of Cluniac monks."

Controversy indeed we can scarcely call it, for in the personal connexion of Peter and Bernard there appears to have been a degree of affection and forbearance, that not all the rivalry of their respective monasteries could cool or lessen. The contrast between Clairvaux and Clugni appears indeed to have been sufficiently striking—Clugni in all the pomp of an over-endowed, unrestrained foundation—charitable from ostentation, magnificent, profuse, and licentious from choice.

In the contest of the rival Popes Anaclet II. and Innocent II. :

"The decision between the rival claims of the respective Popes was remitted by King Louis to his bishops, and they accordingly assembled at Etampes for this purpose. Bernard, whose voice had the greatest influence, was invited to attend both by the king and the bishops."

Bernard further proceeded to England to prevail on Henry of England to recognize Innocent, and had great difficulty in doing so. Finding his efforts

"unavailing, Bernard at length exclaimed, 'You dread bringing guilt upon your soul by recognizing Innocent; well then, I tell you to think only how you may answer for your other sins in the sight of God, and I will be responsible for this.' These words touched the king's heart, and he was moved by them to declare himself for Innocent."

"In Germany as well as in France the most eminent bishops had already declared in favour of Innocent," and the Emperor Lothaire invited him into the Imperial territories.

"Innocent set out at once, accompanied by Bernard who was always about him, and whose ready eloquence and talents for business were peculiarly useful to him." "At Lullich he found Lothaire, who followed by a numerous and brilliant retinue of nobles and bishops, rode down the principal street in which the cathedral was situated, and there, alighting from his steed, made his way to the horse of the Pope, and then taking its bridle in one hand, while with the other he held aloft his staff, as Defender of the Faith he led Innocent into the sacred edifice."

Bernard, after accompanying Innocent on his fruitless journey to Rome, returned to his own country, whence he addressed letters to the Pisans exhorting them to maintain their town as the seat of the true Pope; and to Innocent advising him to choose Pisa as the seat of the apostolic dignity. And when Louis VI. quarrelled with Innocent, Bernard wrote to the king, and succeeded in persuading him to acknowledge the authority of Innocent. He then again took up his residence in Italy for some time, and at Milan, which had always espoused the party of Anaclet, the influence of Bernard soon excited them to a wish of being reconciled to Innocent.

"Many of them" (the Milanese nobles and clergy) "seized with a passion of veneration for Bernard and for the ascetic lives of the Cistercians, at once assumed the habit of the order, attracted the esteem and reverence of the people, and had a powerful effect in disposing them in favour of Innocent." "The extraordinary effect produced by his (Bernard's) presence is described by an eye-witness (Landulfo the younger): 'At his nod all gold and silver ornaments were removed

from the churches, and shut up in chests, as being offensive to the holy abbot: men and women clothed themselves either in hair cloth, or in the meanest woollen garments."

The Milanese anxious to keep Bernard among them,

"assembling in festival procession, they proceeded singing hymns and psalms of jubilee to the church where he resided, and entreated his acceptance of the archiepiscopal office."

But he had long determined against taking any such office, and, after mediating between Pavia, and Cremona, and the Milanese, in 1135 he returned to France.

"The news of his coming flew before him, and on his passage over the Alps, he was met by crowds of shepherds and peasants, who came down from their dwellings on the rocks to see him, and returned to their rude houses rejoicing when they had received his blessing."  
"Bernard was not allowed to enjoy a life of retirement and contemplation amid his monks for any lengthened period."

He was called to accompany the legate of Pope Innocent to the court of William IX., of Aquitaine and Poitou (father of Elinor, queen of our Henry II.), who had taken advantage of the quarrels between the popes to dismiss several bishops on his own authority, and Bernard having in vain remonstrated and negotiated,

"repaired to the church for the purpose of celebrating a High Mass. The count, who, as an excommunicated schismatic did not dare to assist at the ceremony, remained standing outside the door, and Bernard having pronounced the words of consecration over the bread, and given his blessing to the people, made his way through them to the place where he stood, bearing in his hand the paten with the consecrated bread, and then with a stern and menacing countenance, and eyes flashing with indignation, he addressed the prince in these awful words: 'Twice already have the servants of the Lord in united conference supplicated you, and you have despised them; lo, now the Blessed Son of the Virgin, He who is the Head and the Lord of the Church which you persecute, appears to you, behold your Judge, at whose voice every knee is bowed both in heaven and in earth, the Judge to whom you must one day surrender your soul: and will you reject Him, as you have rejected his servants?' Count William, horror-stricken and trembling in every limb, fell suddenly to the ground as if attacked by epilepsy."

He gave way, and reinstated the bishops, and died at Compostella, on a pilgrimage to atone for his sins.

"Bernard having thus succeeded in accomplishing the objects of his mission returned to Clairvaux, where, seated in a bower, shaded by

twining blossoms (which he had caused to be erected in the most secluded part of the valley), he remained in the enjoyment of his elevating contemplations till he was summoned from his retirement by the affairs of Italy."

Pope Innocent having been forced to apply again to the Emperor Lothaire against Roger the Norman, thought his application useless, unless backed by a letter from Bernard to the emperor; and when the imperial arms proved victorious, and Innocent was established at Rome, and after the death of Anaclet, when the anti-papal party elected a new anti-Pope, Victor III., Bernard persuaded him to abdicate his new dignity.

"Victor came to him by night, and, laying aside his papal ornaments, was conducted by Bernard into the presence of Innocent, when he cast himself at his feet, thus, the unity of the Church was once more restored throughout Rome; and this era of divisions and perplexity gave place to one of universal rejoicing. Bernard was regarded by all as the general peace-maker, and honoured and lauded as the father of the country."

Bernard's next public employment was in a long and complicated quarrel of the Count de Vermandois, and Louis of France, and the Pope, in which after fearlessly rebuking all parties, and bringing on the count and the king the horrors of excommunication, he at length succeeded and persuaded Lewis to a complete reconciliation. He did not even spare the Pope himself; he addressed him indignantly on the misapplication of his patronage; and soon after began his controversy with Abelard, whose philosophical theology Bernard maintained to be inconsistent with true piety. He began by private remonstrance; and their first actual collision, we are told in a note, was on occasion of a visit of Bernard to the Paraclete convent, where he was received as an angel from heaven, and where he took upon him to reprove Abelard's introduction of the word "super-substantial" for "daily" bread in the Lord's Prayer. This interference with Abelard's own ministry was of course unpardonable; and they continued their disputes, till Abelard challenged Bernard to a public argument before the most eminent prelates of Rome, in a synod at Sens, in 1140. But Abelard withdrew from the contest, and appealed to the Pope; and Bernard being all-powerful at Rome, Abelard was condemned as a heretic, forbidden to preach, all his writings ordered to be burnt, and he himself to be imprisoned in any convent the French bishops chose to select. But before this sentence had reached France, Bernard and Abelard were reconciled through the mediation of Peter the Venerable.

Two short-lived Popes had succeeded Innocent, in whose

elevation Bernard had taken so conspicuous a part; and they were followed by Eugenius III., who, having been in the lowest rank of poor monks in the Abbey of Clairvaux, was elevated to the papal dignity; an event which seems to have not a little startled Bernard, who writes thus (we are told in a note) to the members of the sacred college, beginning with all the abruptness of surprise,—

“May God forgive you! but what have you done? You have recalled to the world a man already in the grave.” “Who put it in your heads to seize upon a simple and unlettered monk, buried in a cloister, and place him on the throne of St. Peter? It is absurd to take a poor fellow covered with rags, and to make him the master of princes and bishops, of kingdoms and empires.” “I by no means reject the idea of its being God’s work, who alone doeth wondrous things; but yet I tremble for my Eugenius.”

He subsequently addressed a letter of advice to “my Eugenius;” and on the breaking out of the Tiburtine disturbances at Rome, when the Pope was obliged to fly to Viterbo, Bernard wrote to the Romans, “I, a man, without authority, address myself to you the illustrious people;” it was, however, unavailing, as was likewise his entreaty to the Emperor Conrad, for his assistance in reinstating Eugenius. But an occasion arose in which the Pope could appear as head of the Church, independent of his Romish rebels; the newly-established Christian kingdom in the East was in a perilous condition; and Eugenius sent a circular letter to the king and nobles of France, exhorting them to march against the enemies of the cross, and empowering Abbot Bernard to act for him at Vezelai, where, at Easter, 1146, the crusade was to be preached, and there Bernard addressed an immense multitude from a scaffolding, in an open field, without the city. Louis VII., who had already assumed the cross, stood beside him; and

“the effect of his eloquence was so inspiring, that the whole assembled multitude rent the air with shouts of ‘The cross! the cross!’ and thronged around the scaffold to receive the sacred emblem from his hands, which, in the words of an eye-witness, he might rather he said ‘to scatter, than to distribute them.’ The whole supply of crosses prepared for the occasion being exhausted, Bernard was obliged to tear up his own garments to supply the deficiency.” “In an assembly held at Chartres, about three weeks after Easter, Bernard was requested to head the expedition, but this he declined to do.”

He succeeded in laying the evil spirit of a factious demagogue monk in Germany, Rudolph by name, who, under pretence of preaching up the crusade, was exciting the people to all sorts of

crimes, and he also succeeded in persuading the Emperor Conrad very reluctantly to join the crusade.

After Louis had been solemnly invested as leader of the expedition by the Pope himself, in the Abbey of St. Denis, Bernard accompanied Eugenius to Treves, to make some regulations in the German Church; and there he took upon him to entreat the interference of his holiness for the protection of the Abbess Hildegarde, who was by many venerated as a saint, others regarded her as a silly visionary, and others as one possessed by an evil spirit—Eugenius commanded her writings to be publicly read, and was so struck with them, that he gave her a certificate of his approbation; upon which

“her fame spread into all lands; theologians referred their disputes to her judgment; bishops and popes, princes and emperors, vied with each other in doing her honour, both personally and by letter, and in seeking her advice.”

We find Bernard again engaged in combating the heretical notion of a logical consideration of the Scriptures, at a council held by Eugenius, at Rheims, in 1148. His antagonist was Gilbert of Poitiers, a man of great learning and ability, and who was supported by the cardinals. Bernard drew up a Confession of Faith for the Gallican Church, of which the Pope approved, but the cardinals condemning it, Bernard contrived to reconcile all parties by declaring the confession to be only his own private sentiments. Gilbert retired from the contest uncondemned, and the cardinals declared themselves satisfied.

The Provost of Stirnfeld, a German priest, now entreated Bernard to write against the Armenian heretics; some of whom were discovered in Cologne, and they were hurried to the scaffold by the populace after three days had been spent in endeavouring to convert them; and he was then called on to oppose Henri, a Swiss by birth, who had obtained astonishing power over the minds of the people, but great as it was, Bernard was able to oppose him successfully, and at the end of one of his sermons at Thoulouse, on his desiring all those who still belonged to his, the true faith, to hold up their hands: the whole congregation did so at once *en masse*. On another occasion after his sermon, as he was mounting his horse, one of the sectaries came forward, and called out to him:

“‘Know, my lord abbot, that the horse of our master, against whom you have been speaking so freely, is by no means so fat and well-conditioned as yours.’ Bernard, without manifesting the least disturbance, replied, with a good-humoured glance at the man: ‘I do not



deny it, my friend ; but I would thou shouldst remember that this is a *beast* for which thou dost reprove me. Now to be fat and well-conditioned is suitable to the nature and appointment of beasts ; and God, who will not judge us for such matters, is not thereby offended ; but every man shall answer for *himself*.' And, so saying, he threw back his cowl, and discovered his wasted throat and thin and withered countenance ; and this was to the people the most conclusive refutation of the heretic."

Henri was at length arrested, and confined for life. And about this time Bernard's preaching so wrought upon Guinard, King of Sardinia, that he resigned his crown to his son, and retired to Clairvaux, where he died. But we have now arrived at the period of his life which Bernard called himself " the season of misfortunes." The Crusade, which he had so zealously promoted, had ended most disastrously, and reproaches against him as the cause of the destruction of so many thousands of gallant men, were poured in from every side ; and he nearly at the same time discovered that he had been cheated by his secretary, Nicholas, in a manner the most painful and injurious : he had possessed himself of the seals which Bernard was in the habit of using, and had forged letters in his name to the most frightful extent—in reply to which came all manner of imputations and slanders on Bernard's conduct and policy, which might well confound and dismay him.

From this time he appears little more in public, in the religious or political world. He devoted himself to the composition of his great work, " The Book of Considerations," in which he describes the corruptions of the Church, and dwells with great eloquence and earnestness in his address to the Pope on his too great attention to secular business.

His health began now to decline ; but while under the sufferings of a severe illness, and when he says of himself that he was " reduced to a state of almost inconceivable weakness," he at once forgot his illness, overcame his weakness, and quitted his sick bed, when he found he was called on to fulfil his mission of peacemaker. He was summoned by the Archbishop of Treves to pacify the burghers and barons of Metz, who had gone to war with each other.

" Bernard at once, forgetting his infirmity, roused himself from his sick bed, and hastened to the scene of strife. On the banks of the Moselle the ambassadors of the respective parties met, and he endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation ; but the arrogant knights, elated by victory, refused any terms, and, fearful of being overcome by his eloquence, hastily withdrew from the conference. Both parties prepared for battle, but Bernard, even now confident of the result, said to

his accompanying monks: 'Fear not, the desired peace is at hand.' In the afternoon Bernard did indeed receive a message from the nobles announcing their change of purpose. In the stillness of the night his words had penetrated their hearts."

And the contending parties were reconciled. This was the last public act of Bernard's life: he returned to Clairvaux, where he died at the age of sixty-four in the year 1153.

"About ten years after his death his canonization was proposed, and at the end of twenty years it was effected by Pope Alexander III."

We have here given an abstract of the life of this extraordinary man from the work before us, which is indebted to the translator not only for being put into excellent and easy English, but for some of the most interesting circumstances of his life, which are given in the notes by the translator. So very remarkable a story cannot be made dull; but nothing can be more cold than Neander's style, and his meagre detail of facts is wholly out of proportion with his discussion of controversial subjects. There he seems at home; the fervent character of the man, and the enthusiastic feelings of his age, are evidently not in the author's line.

The order of the Benedictines had been founded five hundred years before the birth of St. Bernard; it formed the rule of the Cistercian order to which he so early devoted himself, and in which he raised one hundred and sixty religious foundations. Of these Dr. Neander takes scarcely any notice. "He has," he says, "in his preface, "in accordance with my own view of the subject, embodied all that was present to my own mind." He should, therefore, have called it not the life of St. Bernard; but Dr. Neander's notion of St. Bernard. To make the public depend for information, in the biography of a celebrated man on what his biographer's memory retains, is not treating the public very fairly. But however little of his hero's character was understood by his biographer, the readers of the work cannot fail to be interested in the genius, the feeling, the romance of St. Bernard's character. It was this union of deep sensibility with ardent activity; this devoted piety, this strong purpose which distinguished the man. It was also a part of the age: that age when peers and princes founded, and statesmen and warriors retired into monasteries; when kings' daughters were among their honourable women; when living, to live the vowed brother of some stern monastic rule; and dying, to bestow upon some such foundation all his worldly possessions, was esteemed the height of human virtue. It was, however, like all fervent feelings rather sudden than last-

ing, rather contagious than enduring. The fever fit of conventual devotion seemed to come on with all the fury of a moral frenzy, and then to subside to all the tameness of reaction after a violent crisis. The spread of these pious epidemics was like that of a physical plague: it seemed to extend from country to country, pervading all ranks, and subduing all ages, with a rapidity which surpassed all our modern instantaneousness of communication. But it was the very absence of a more general means of communication which occasioned it. A thousand ideas were not every day let loose upon the world in a thousand newspapers and magazines; one idea was not started by one party to be instantly knocked down by another—a subject was not set upon high to be “bowled to death” by every paper. It was not viewed on every side, handled in every direction, turned round to every gazing eye; adorned, abased, worshipped, derided, knelt to and mocked at the same instant. No! one idea—one notion—a superstition, a fanaticism, a frenzy for fighting, or a passion for piety was preached by a wandering friar, or ordained by the Pope, or exhorted from the monastery, and it was admired, loved, adopted and followed with all the unhesitating enthusiasm of single-minded zeal:—

“From pole to pole, from point to point it flew,  
Spread as it went, and in its progress grew.”

It spread, it grew, it reached its acme, and then it died away. In his horror of human crime, and worldly wealth, and luxury and pride, Benedict founded his order, and laid down those rules so stern and sad, that they must bend or break the proud heart that was submitted to their thrall. But in the five centuries that had elapsed between its foundation and the year 1098, the vigour of the establishment had been benumbed; the life of the original institution was almost dead; the rules were neglected, their purpose forgotten, and the holy men who still clung to its decaying form, had neither the power nor the wish to restore it to its pristine energy. A crisis of zeal was at hand: the Cistercian order was founded; a restoration of the Benedictine rule in all its primitive strictness:—To rise two hours after midnight; no one to speak without being spoken to; to sleep clothed with their girdles on; every monk in turn to execute all the most menial offices of the house, and to wash the feet of all his brethren; no meat but to the sick; no letters or presents to be received without the abbot's leave; and every hour with its appointed service, its prayer, its labour, or its meditation. This revived order was founded by Robert, a nobleman of Champagne, who had been disgusted by the luxury and laziness of other mo-

nasteries. And into this convent Bernard retired at the age of twenty-two. That an old man who had trod the many ways of the world till tired and exhausted, should gladly enter where he could be at rest, is natural; but that a young man who had all the paths of life before him, and could fancy all their flowery charms, to whom the mere pleasure of exploring an untrodden road has so much fascination, seems unnatural and strange. That a warrior, loathing the scenes of blood and strife in which he had been struggling; that a man of the world who had become sated with luxury; that the statesman, sick of the vanity of his ambitious schemes, that these should seek to lose their sorrows or bury their disappointments, and atone for their wickedness in a life of penitence and prayer, we can readily comprehend, and can sympathize in their feelings; but here is a young gentleman, well born and well educated, and with so many means of independent distinction before him, voluntarily renouncing them for a life of total seclusion and abject obedience. All his family were soldiers, all the world were at war, the sword was sure to lead to fame and honours: he rejected them at once, and not only quitted the world himself, but persuaded thirty men to quit it with him. Among these was his uncle, a distinguished warrior, and a gentleman of fortune. An uncle to a young man of two-and-twenty usually thinks himself entitled to give advice to his nephew, to assist his father in disposing of the youth in the way they may deem most suitable. An uncle is very apt to lecture young gentlemen on their fantastic tastes, and to tell them a great deal of their own good sense, and experience, and knowledge of the world. But the nephew prevailed: his uncle, his brothers, and eventually his father, were all persuaded by the eloquence, the zeal, the devoted ardour of young Bernard.

That his renunciation of the world did not arise from a cold heart, or want of social affection, is proved by his successful eagerness to be joined by his family; and his warm-heartedness is strikingly shown in his letter about his cousin Robert, a young lad who had been particularly attached to him, and who was wiled away to the abbey of Clugni: though this occurred some years after Bernard's assuming the cowl, we give an extract from his letter to his cousin, as evincing an affectionate warmth, unembittered by his cloister life:—

"I have waited long enough, my dear son Robert, nay perhaps too long, in the hope that it might please God to soften your heart and mine." "But since my expectation is vain, I can no longer conceal my sadness or restrain my sorrow." "Let us then forget the past: I will not stop to examine into circumstances. I would fain efface the remembrance of them. I will speak only of my own affliction in being

deprived of your society." "I ask not the reasons of thy departure, I ask only why thou dost not return. Return, I entreat thee, and all shall be peace: return, and I shall again be happy."

With a heart so formed for domestic happiness, the utter rejection of them was a sacrifice indeed—a sacrifice that could arise only from his own conviction that he was doing right. It was the fervour, the sincerity of this conviction, which gave him the supreme, the irresistible power he possessed over all whom he chose to rule.

In person he was tall, and of a clear complexion, but of the most attenuated form. His countenance is described as serene and heavenly, and the chroniclers scarcely ever speak of his eyes without the epithet "columbinos," so dove-like was their expression of purity and simplicity.

Nothing could be more in accordance with the poetry of piety which belonged to that period, than the romantic situation and name of the site on which he founded his celebrated Abbey of Clairvaux. An open valley surrounded by wild and wooded hills, secluded from the haunts of man, alone with nature: a solitude, but a solitude of sunshine and cheerfulness. The light of day was full upon them, there was nothing to be concealed in shade, there was no need for the gloom of situation. There was force of mind in choosing such a spot: the stern severity of their lives was not to be nourished by any outward symbols of awe; the bright and blessed sun was to shine upon the scene: secure in inward steadiness of purpose, he did not dread "rejoicing nature."

The early struggles and privations that he and his followers endured, of which we have extracted the accounts, were enough to satisfy the most ardent desire for mortification, and sufficient to damp any but the most determined zeal; and indeed it required all the power and eloquence of Bernard to maintain the resolution of his followers; but he did maintain it: they triumphed over every obstacle, and finally established the Abbey of Clairvaux. He had previously founded, as we have seen, the Convent of Juilly, and in the course of his life above one hundred and sixty different religious establishments. Of these, as we have observed, Dr. Neander makes very little mention: they were not "present to his mind" we suppose; nor does he condescend to inform us how this multitude of vast buildings were raised. We are indebted to a note by the translator for the following interesting extract from Mabillon of a letter written by Haimo, Abbot of St. Pierre in Normandy, who saw a magnificent cathedral building where his parish church had stood.

“Who has ever heard of such a thing?—who has ever seen princes, mighty lords, men-at-arms, and delicate women, bend their necks to the yoke to which they suffer themselves to be attached, like beasts of draught, so as to move heavy burdens? Sometimes thousands of them are seen fastened to one machine, of great weight, loaded with wheat, wine, and oil, with lime, stone, and all the materials necessary for the workmen, which they drag from surprising distances. And what is more extraordinary, this innumerable company pursues its march without noise or confusion. Their voices are never heard but at a given signal, when they are raised to implore pardon for their sins, or to chant the praises of God.”

Though this is not the description of the raising of one of Bernard's own establishments, it was in this manner that he formed them.

No steam-engines, no railroads, no competition for wages, no buying of shares, no declaring of dividends, no helps of science, no bribes of interest, no hope of worldly gain, no expectation of human happiness was the spur to this impassioned industry; the building they were toiling to erect was to them the tomb of earthly hopes, the scene of constant bodily mortification and mental slavery; and yet with one mind, one heart, they laboured,—the old, the young, the fair, the rich and the proud, as one body, to one mighty purpose.

That one young man should, so soon after his taking upon him the habit of his order, have such influence as to erect a monastery, and to be, at five-and-twenty, named for its abbot, is one of the most marvellous anomalies which is furnished by the history of mankind. He had, at this time, persuaded all his brothers, his father, and his uncle to become monks. He had so wrought upon the wife of his eldest brother, that on separating from her husband when he took the vows, she also retired from the world, and became abbess of the nunnery of Jully. To this nunnery also retired his sister Hombeline, on the death of her husband, brother to the Duke of Lorraine; and the Duchess of Lorraine, also, Bernard converted; and all this before he was six-and-twenty. But the most anomalous part of the anomaly was, that after preaching retirement from the world, rejection of worldly interest, devotion to heavenly things, and a life of monastic strictness, and utter seclusion, he ceased himself to be the denizen of a cloister: he lived in the world; and after the three or four first years of his monastic life, he quitted, never more to be resumed, the very austerities of that Benedictine sternness which he enforced, as the first of duties, on every one else.

There can be no doubt in the sincerity of his first vocation to

the cloister; there can be no suspicion attached to his early piety. It would seem that he did really think that he, at two-and-twenty, was devoting himself to a life of utter seclusion; that the walls of Clairvaux, and the hills of her valley were to be the boundaries of his earthly sight; that the bright sunshine of her valley was to be his only cheerfulness; that the cultivation of the few acres about these walls, and the added numbers of his converts within them, was the end and aim of his ambition; and perhaps it would have been so, but that his bodily health gave way. He was obliged to withdraw, as we have seen, from the severities with which he had overtasked his infirm frame. His constitution was incurably shaken; he never recovered the sufferings of that first year of struggle and starvation. He never more resumed his permanent residence at Clairvaux, though he retained the office and the power of abbot all his life.

To a mind so ardent as his, the nature of a conventual life, without its austerities, was, of course, intolerable; and for objects for his passionate zeal, he looked out into the world. He early formed, and always adhered to, his resolution of not accepting any official situation beyond that of abbot of Clairvaux. He became one of those remarkable men, who have been in all ages, who are satisfied with the reality of power without the name of it; who have said—

*πῶς δῆτ' ἐμοὶ τυραννὶς ἡδίων ἔχειν  
ἀρχῆς ἀλύπου καὶ δυναστείας ἔφην.*

He felt that he could lead the minds of men—he had proved it: and throughout the succeeding forty years of his life, he continued to lead, to sway, to rule—not merely to piety and prayer, not merely leading men and women to devote themselves as monks and nuns to the service of God,—but he governed the highest and the proudest in the practical affairs of life. To persuade, as a preacher, that it was a certain road to eternal happiness to renounce the world, and, laying aside the cares and crosses of life, to bring all sorrow, and all disappointment, and anxiety to the calm of the cloister, seemed to require a different power of mind, another species of eloquence than that which should stem the force of those cares and anxieties, and bid them, at his pleasure, to be still. The temptation to a man feeling himself endowed with such powers, to seek for some high post where he could exercise them, seems almost irresistible; but whether from the certainty that he would be more useful untrammelled by official dignity, or from the more noble ambition to serve his Maker and his fellow-man in the most

effectual way he could devise, or whether from the meaner ambition of mere power, the belief that as the adviser he should be greater than the advised, we cannot, and we ought not, perhaps, to judge. Bernard could not foresee to what an extent his power would reach, but he possessed the rare ability to know where it should stop, and in the height of his career knew how to possess himself; and, unintoxicated with his success, to be still superior to the personal distinctions of wealth and pomp of station.

To feel that his voice can rule the multitude, is so very fascinating a conviction that there have always, and always will be found men who seek only this fleeting glory, and who, with no fixed aim, have the gift to seize upon the popular objects, and to follow where they seem to guide; who, laying hold of some grievance, real or imaginary, that has irritated the multitude, make it the topic of their eloquence; and while they are declaiming in favour of the rights of their fellow-man, are thinking only of their own applause; men to whom the draughts of human flattery, *en masse*, have become so intoxicating that they cannot forego them. "Verily, they have their reward." Admired, applauded, wondered at—and forgotten.

There are others, again, who like to stand by the pilot and direct his course, who lay out the chart, and direct the course, and enjoy the secret satisfaction of knowing it was their doing; a sort of mysterious pride which, if less dangerous than that of the demagogue drunk with his own applause, is as selfish, and as ephemeral a glory, and is usually connected with more sordid ends of personal lucre. But St. Bernard preserved to the end of his life the simplicity of his early habits, and the reality without the form of the life of a devotee. Still we cannot but think he was not free from human vanity or human ambition, as we shall presently show. One most remarkable feature in his character and conduct was the absence of that monkish mania for the aggrandizement of their order. It takes the place of family affection and of personal selfishness. Men who have renounced all the ties of kindred, and who seek no advantages for father, brother, or nephew, and who regard no personal suffering, humiliation, or labour, are yet as selfish, as ambitious, as mean in their objects for their Order, as the most abandoned place-hunter or pension-coveter for himself or his family. St. Bernard appears to have been superior to this weakness. He does not seem to have sought to place Benedictines or Cistercians in every situation of profit or of eminence, and though he was the founder of so many Cistercian abbeys and convents, it was in the sincerity of his belief that he was doing God's service. He constantly



upheld the strictness of their rules, he steadily inveighed against any insidious luxury, any outward magnificence. He thought his brethren, like himself, free from all the pomp and circumstance of monastic magnificence, and his foundations continued to be really the unadorned seclusions from the world for which they were founded.

His first appearance as a mediator in the quarrels of the world was as the advocate for the banished Humbert with Thibault of Champagne. His first controversy was with the monks of Clugni. He was in this more admirable, perhaps, than in any other transaction of his life, for the rivalry of monastic establishments is in general passing the rivalry of individual man or woman, and yet in his contest with the Venerable Peter, these two supporters of rival establishments in the same order, a circumstance which usually, like family quarrels, aggravates the bitterness of both parties, carried on their discussion as friends, as pious men really eager for the glory of God, and the real spiritual welfare of their fellow-creatures; the more surprising from the pride of superior sanctity in the abbey of Clairvaux with which the luxury of Clugni was rebuked.

His controversy with Abelard was not so blameless. The logical powers of his adversary, and the sense which, to a man of Bernard's genius, must have been always present, that the exertion of the intellect, and the free discussion of religious subjects must be in the end advantageous, made him feel himself in the wrong—a feeling which must always occasion a want of confidence, a loss of temper. Bernard was too able a man to believe that learning and zeal for truth would be put down by Papal dominion, or episcopal authority, or the statutes of Councils. He came to the discussion unwillingly, and he came out of it discredibly.

The other contests against schismatics which we have brought forward in our extracts, were not much to his credit either. They are, however, most interesting from their exposition of the temper of the times. As we have said, a vocation to piety, a frenzy for self-inflicted sufferings, a plague, a fanatic plague was allowed to spread itself, like the bodily plague, unrestrained. No Board of Health interfered to mitigate the fury of the disease, no Cordon Sanitaire to arrest its fury, no Quarantine to stay its progress, and stand between the living and the dead. Fana-ticism was allowed in like manner to gain upon and subdue mankind; schism or heresy only, like the leprosy, was deemed worthy the interference of the legislature. A leper was banished from society, secluded in some solitary hut, shunned by all humanity, loathed by his fellow-beings, an outcast doomed and abhorred;—

a heretic was as a leper, the contagion was too terrible to be endured, he was hunted down, and if allowed to live, it was only to be banished from society, secluded in some iron cloister, shunned and loathed by his fellow-men, an outcast doomed to the abhorrence of humanity.

That St. Bernard should have assisted in this persecution and excommunication was only part of his character and of the purpose of his life. In his character, too, in the romantic part of it, was his upholding Hildegarde and her visions. He was very apt to have portentous and prophetic dreams himself, and it was quite natural that his good sense, great as it was, should give way before the charm which such supernatural gifts have always possessed for the unworldly-minded and enthusiastic. The raptures of an abbess could not interfere with the power of the Church, they only strengthened it. Hildegarde met with that favour from him which he would not yield to Abelard; her absurdity might be sanctioned and recommended by an edict from the Pope, and all men's minds should, and, as we have seen, did obey the edict, but that men should be advised to think without the leave of their spiritual superiors was not to be endured. That men should be instructed that they not only had souls to be saved, but that they had the power of judging for themselves about that salvation was an audacity that was at once to be put down and annihilated.

More honourable to St. Bernard, and more worthy of his title of saint, and far more extraordinary was the power which was given to him, which he did not assume, but which was, by common consent, adjudged to him—that of peacemaker, healer of differences, and calmer of angry feelings. He really did possess and use for the best and most hallowed ends that power which the encomiasts of the Popes have ascribed to them; that of mediator between temporal powers, for the preservation of that peace, which was the very essence of the religion of which they professed to be the head. Except in exhorting Christendom to a crusade, St. Bernard appears only as the advocate for peace. And in rousing all the Christian princes to a war against the infidels, he was, in fact, preaching harmony among themselves. Nothing but the most entire unanimity of purpose could here succeed; and the ability with which he planned, and the success with which he won all men to this great work, we have given ample extracts to show, were all surpassed by the moderation and humility with which he refused to become a second Peter the Hermit. A greater temptation would hardly have been presented to one not only conscious of his powers, but in the very height and glow of their success; he had all Christendom at his

command. At his bidding the internal quarrels of sovereign and serf ceased ; the wars between nation and nation were suspended, and the zeal for monastic life was turned to another end. Those very labours, of which we have extracted the account, where all ages, sexes, and ranks had, with one enthusiasm, devoted themselves to one object, were at his call suspended : the mighty current of devotion was midway in its course arrested, turned aside, and bade to flow, obedient to his word. That at such a moment a man should be able, when it had done the work to which he was summoned, to lay aside his power and authority, was a heroism unequalled, except perhaps by Washington ; and his moderation was less wonderful, because he resigned only temporal, Bernard gave up spiritual rule—a power so much greater, and so much more insidiously tempting, as so much more easily veiled under the names of devotion to God's service, pious labours, zeal for the Church, and all the specious names by which the love of power is concealed, not only from the eyes of the vulgar, but from a man's own conscience.

To step in between tyrant barons and upstart burghers, and persuade them that both were wrong, and that both must give way ; to be called on by princes and bishops to settle their disputes, and to allay the spiritual pride of the one, and the grasping worldliness of the other, was his great privilege. A simple monk, with no other rank than his local title of Abbot of Clairvaux, without the terrors of excommunication, or the possession of armies, or the advantages of wealth, by his single force of virtue and eloquence he ruled the most unruly. A poor, delicate-framed man, slight and spare, infirm, wasted with fasts and vigils, a foreigner to many of those whom he was called upon to govern ; a Frenchman, belonging to a nation whose genius and whose situation have always made it so dreaded a rival by all the other nations of Christendom, yet was he the arbiter, alike to German, and English, and French.

And when these labours were over, when he retired from the courts and camps, where he had been so honoured, and after being received wherever he went with the enthusiastic honours that usually attended a conqueror, and worshipped almost as a supernatural being, he returned to Clairvaux, to sit in a bower, and meditate on heavenly things. What can be a truer picture of the poetry of the times than this pale monk sitting in his flowery arbour, resting from the stormy scenes in which he had been so distinguished an actor, reflecting in solitude, or teaching those about him the great truths of their faith !

The eager part which Bernard took in the quarrels of the Popes,

appears to have been at first only that of a warm partisan, of what he believed to be the right. He afterwards became the friend and adviser of Innocent, his second self, his leader, his conscience. And with this secondary glory he was content; and no man was found at first to gainsay his power: but the cardinals at length began to be jealous of his authority; and they murmured against him: "Who made thee a ruler and a judge amongst us?" They were obliged, however, eventually to submit. The college of cardinals, the proudest, haughtiest, most intriguing set of self-seekers in existence—men with all the united faults of temporal and spiritual longings after place, with all the bigotry of monks, and all the narrow-mindedness of a corporation—with the double weakness of family claims, and the interests of their different orders, and with all their national prejudices in each party individually, besides their close borough system in general—the college of cardinals were forced to yield to the force of Bernard's character, and the steadiness of his purposes. Not only were they compelled to endure him as the adviser of Innocent, but after the short reigns of Celestine and Lucius II., they were obliged to submit to him as the governor of Eugenius; but they tried to avenge themselves; and though they did not succeed, their plan was worthy of such a body.

In the election of Eugenius, Dr. Neander has failed to remark the evident jealousy and irritation which it gave to Bernard. It was more than human nature could bear, that a poor ignorant monk of his own convent, one who had been employed in its most servile offices should, from the situation of head of an obscure convent of the Cistercian order at Rome, to which Innocent had appointed him, be made the head of Christendom. His abilities were nothing extraordinary, he belonged to no powerful family, unheard of and unknown except in his own cloister as poor brother Bernard who lighted the stove of a cold morning, he was all at once raised to the papal chair—the highest dignity in the world. At once he exchanged his coarse gown, and paltry situation in a small foundation, for the purple robes, and his monk's cowl for the Tiara—while Bernard, who had been in fact the pope himself during the reign of Innocent, was passed over unthought of, and left to the obscurity of his station as abbot over the poor brethren of Clairvaux. True he had always renounced all place, had always kept aloof from dignities, had refused all that had been offered, and magnanimously resisted the strongest temptations to situations of distinction, but it was not inconsistent in human nature that he should feel mortified, to find himself superseded by his actual servant. This was, we conceive, the intention of the

cardinals in pitching upon brother Bernard, late of the abbey of Clairvaux, as the successor to Lucius; they flattered themselves that the jealousy of his own monk would so incense the supreme abbot, that he would never be to him what he had been to his predecessor Innocent, by whom he had been chosen for a guide and confidant, to whose elevation he had so mainly contributed, and whose previous station had in it nothing that could excite the temper of the man they hated. It was an ingenious plan, and that it succeeded in part, as we think, the letter to him, which we have quoted, most clearly proves, but they calculated ill on this irritation lasting or interrupting the purpose which had been so long that of Bernard's life, to possess the reality without the incumbrances of power. They calculated ill in supposing that the conceit of the poor brother on his new elevation, or the envy of his superior, would do away the habit of submission in the one, or of command in the other. After the first burst of irrepressible jealousy and disappointment, Bernard, recovering his self-possession, saw what his course should be, and he immediately addressed to the new Pope a letter of advice:—

“ I dare no longer call you my son, for the son is become the father, and the father the son; yet I envy you not; for that which is lacking to me I trust to obtain in you, for you are my work.” “ Confiding, then, in you, more than in any of your predecessors for a long season, the universal Church rejoiceth, and especially that Church which has borne you in her bosom, and at whose breast you have imbibed new life. And shall I not share the common joy? Yea, truly, I confess it, I also rejoice, but in the moment of rejoicing fear and trembling seized me, for though I have laid aside the name of father, yet have I not laid aside the tender love and anxious solicitude of a father. You have taken a higher place, but not so safe a one; ‘ the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.’ ”

He then gives him excellent advice in the policy to be observed, as head of the Church, and his sometime son and now his father, Eugenius, submitted at once to his guidance. Circumstances, too, favoured the subjection in which the Pope was to remain to the abbot. The disturbed state of Rome drove Eugenius to seek refuge in France, and he was indebted to Bernard's good offices for his favourable reception there.

It is not one of the least wonderful circumstances in the history of the Romish Church, that men continued to believe in the one and undivided supremacy of Christ's vicar on earth, at the very time that there were two rival candidates for the chair of St. Peter, each supported by equally violent partisans, and each party ready to believe that their pope was that head incapable of

error—a sort of melancholy absurdity, at which one can hardly smile. When Bernard advocated the cause of Innocent when he upheld his cause before King Roger

“in his palace at Salerno, arrayed in his royal robes,” he exclaims, “is it possible that the whole Eastern Church, almost all the Western nations, and all the monastic orders, all adherents of Innocent, should have been appointed to damnation, and that King Roger alone should have discovered the truth?”

And these arguments could prevail: after believing one man to have been the impeccable head, Roger submitted to believe in another. But the case was different now, Eugenius was universally acknowledged Pope: he was only driven from Rome by the factions of his temporal subjects, but it was not Eugenius, the pope and prince, who addressed them to persuade them “to leave the evil and choose the good,” it was, as we have seen, Bernard, “a man without authority address myself to you the illustrious people;” and a most eloquent address it is, but it was of no avail. He then wrote to the Emperor Conrad:—

“Is not Rome at once the head of the empire and the seat of the Apostles? I know not what advice the wise and great of the empire may give you; yet cannot I, in my simplicity, withhold my thoughts from you. ‘Gird on thy sword,’ then, ‘thou mighty man,’ and ‘render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar’s, and unto God that which is God’s.’ As a sovereign it befits the emperor to defend his crown, as the advocate of the Church to defend the cause of the Church.”

But his remonstrances, in spite of his ingenious application of the text, so exceedingly different from its original meaning, were of no avail. The emperor was otherwise occupied, and he left Rome and her sovereign to take care of themselves. He took half the advice of St. Bernard, he carefully kept for Cæsar the things that he considered Cæsar’s, and he left the head of the Church to settle what should be considered those of God. But Bernard did not allow Conrad to enjoy the triumph of having resisted his eloquence, and here appears that concentrated ambition which was, we think, a part of St. Bernard’s character, he resolved to bend Conrad to his will, and he succeeded in wringing from him his reluctant consent to join in the crusade.

In the controversy with Gilbert, in which he was the adviser of Eugenius, Bernard does not appear to much advantage; for the jealousy of the cardinals now broke out openly, and he was obliged, as we have related, to declare the Confession of Faith which he had drawn up as that of the Romish Church, to be merely that of his own private belief; and the Pope, though he would

have sanctioned it, was forced to give way to the cardinals, and to acquiesce in Bernard's rather shabby method of getting out of the business. It was, however, a vain triumph on the part of the cardinals, for Bernard continued to be the adviser of the Pope and the reconciler of quarrels, the general and undisputed arbiter in all difficulties, temporal as well as spiritual. And though it appears he could be deceived, and his confidence abused where he had most confided, as in the case of his secretary, his knowledge of mankind, and of what would work upon their minds, continued to the last.

His Book of Considerations, though originally intended to be dedicated to Eugenius, he continued to work at after his death, which occurred a short time before that of St. Bernard himself. This work appears to have been intended as a manual for the conduct of the Popes, and to contain the beau ideal of what the representative of St. Peter should be. It shows the corruptions and inefficiency to which his dominion had even then arrived; and when we consider the authority which it retained so long after, and the pomp and magnificence with which it is still attended, we cannot but admire the genius which framed a system which has withstood such internal corruption and such external warfare. Little as it has adhered to this beau ideal drawn by a great and good man, it still exists, still holds its root in the credulity of mankind, still retains some of its original vigour; the sap still mounts, and it stands like some great tree, its branches withered, its core decayed, but its outside rind still nourished from the root it yet keeps in the earth; but it is of the earth, earthy, and is mouldering to its fall.

The very last act of St. Bernard was worthy of his best days, and in keeping with the noblest part of his character. He rose from his sick bed, as we have seen, to reconcile the barons and the burghers of Metz, and returned to Clairvaux only to die. There could not be wished for mortal man a nobler last act of existence, there could not be a nobler tribute paid to dying excellence than this recalling him almost from the tomb to allay the fury of mortal passion, and with a voice, as from another world, to bid them be at peace.

Even Luther speaks of this great man with enthusiastic praise; all his contemporaries almost worshipped him; and succeeding popes placed him in the calendar of saints. And yet what remains of his labours on earth? He founded no new order, he made no enduring reform, he produced no change in either the spiritual or temporal condition of the world. He was not the origin of any sect, he set forth no new doctrines.

His books are known only to historians and commentators. His monasteries have, like others, gone to decay and forgetfulness, or been destroyed in the anarchy of revolution. And yet he is still remembered, his story is still read with interest, and his character still admired for its purity and devotion. It is pleasing, it is flattering to the best feelings of humanity, to find mere virtue thus surviving all the accidents of time and change of manners; and we do but justice to the piety of mankind in bringing forward one of the few instances in which it has shown itself superior to the spirit of party and the bigotry of sectarianism.

There was in St. Bernard, as we have said, a degree of romance which is always fascinating, not only in itself, but as the usual accompaniment of genius. His early retirement from the world, his choice of a situation for his abbey, his embowered retreat, his delight in securing to his church the remains of the sainted Malachie (p. 283), his constancy to his ascetic form of life, the very character of his personal appearance, all belong to that species of high-souled fantasy which is born with, and which through life sustains the truly great through all the trials, disappointments, and disheartenings of their course. Some great ideal, "some orb hung in their mind's eye," to which they are always tending, and in the pursuit of which they draw after them the enthusiasm of the world.

The merits and the happiness of St. Bernard were those of his own individual character, his own native superiority and inborn virtue; his defects and his misfortunes were those of the age in which he lived, and the situation in which he was placed; his "season of misfortunes," the failure of the crusade which began in such pomp and enthusiasm, and which ended in such disaster and destruction, and the difficulties and disgraces in which he was involved by the treacherous conduct of Nicholas, were occasioned by the fanaticism of the time, and the wretchedness of the monastic system. His controversies, too, which are the great blot in his history, were those of bigotry against truth; they were the necessary failings of a cloister education, the inevitable acts of his situation as adviser to the head of an exclusive church. The power which he possessed as peacemaker, the authority with which he interfered to quell the disputes of emperors and bishops, princes and popes, was the authority of virtue. The resistless power by which he made a pope to strip himself at his bidding of his purple robes, lay aside the triple crown, and after having been seated in the papal throne, resume his private station; by which he persuaded other popes, in the full supremacy of universal dominion, to submit to his control;



by which he forced the haughtiest monarchs to yield to his advice; by which he induced whole armies, in the very passion of their battle, to lay down their arms at his command, was by the true spirit of universal Christianity embodied in his indomitable energy, enforced by his enthusiastic eloquence. His faults were the general faults of monkish bigotry; his merits those of individual Christian heroism.

ART. IV.—*Milton Davenant, a Tale of the Times we live in.* By JAMES BANDINEL, Author of "*Lufra; or, the Convent of Algarve.*" In Three Volumes. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1852.

How much controversy has been waged in modern days respecting the propriety or impropriety of controversial fiction! How much breath has been wasted, and how much good paper and ink have been expended, and how many printers have had to set up types, and how many compositors have revised laborious proofs, in order to denounce the presumed iniquity of guiding people to moral and religious conclusions by means of interesting or exciting narratives; and, all the while, the offenders (if so they can be considered) have never relaxed in their efforts to attain their end. We remember reading an essay once on this subject, which was said to have flowed from the pen of that most prolific of novel writers, G. P. R. James, Esq., and his denunciations of controversial fiction were earnest and severe, and even bitter in the extreme; yet none the less did a Gresley continue to send forth his sober, sensible, intensely English narratives, "*English of the English*," in their weakness as in their strength; and none the less did a Paget proceed to favour the world with those lively, stirring, earnest-hearted, but keen and energetic novelettes, which will not easily be forgotten, and the place of which could not be easily supplied. Then there is Miss Sinclair, of whom report speaks highly (we are not ourselves acquainted with her productions), representing, we believe, the moderate evangelical school; and there *was* Mrs. Sherwood, exceedingly Calvinistic, but also, we must add, endowed with great powers both of invention and description (indeed an impression was made on us in early life by some of her tales, which will, we think, never be erased); then, again, there was "*Geraldine*," which once created no slight sensation on the Romish side of the controversy, a book characterized by remarkable talent, despite its pertness and snapishness of tone: Neale and Monro too must be mentioned in such a list, though we think the fictions of the latter too often overstrained and unnatural, despite their great power and beauty, while the former has most dangerous tendencies. Numberless other writers might be mentioned; but we doubt whether any of these works may be calculated to create such a *sensation*, to have such a run at the circulating libraries, to elicit so many ana-

themas, "not loud but deep," or to evoke so many enthusiastic laudations as the work which lies before us, Mr. Bandinel's "Milton Davenant."

We are of opinion that the duty discharged by the author of Milton Davenant, though exceedingly painful, was not uncalled for in the present day; for it is not only direct Romanizing within the English Church, which he castigates severely, but the temper of mind which leads thereto; the perverse tastes and habits, and the morbid sentimentality of those who, preserving their silence on the subject of Roman doctrine, encourage, whether consciously or unconsciously, those vague desires and self-willed cravings, which are only too likely to end in unqualified submission to an imaginary, false ideal. Such characters as the "Rev. Charon Showtheway," and such advice as he administers to poor "Didymus Dyke," are unfortunately stern realities in the present times, and there seems little, or rather no use in closing our eyes to these evils, and working on by the side of such persons, as though, in all essential matters, we were of one mind, and one heart with them, whilst in reality our tastes, feelings, and principles are diametrically opposed to those which they profess, and still more perhaps to those which they secretly entertain.

We do not wish to write bitterly; we are free to acknowledge that there is some measure of good in these very men, some degree of earnestness and devotion; there is nothing we desire more than to be able to enrol them in our Anglican ranks: but how *can* we do this, whilst their tastes and predilections are so manifestly Roman? whilst their favourite books of devotion are Roman? whilst their standard of piety is Roman? whilst their hearts are Roman, we will not say; but it requires some charity to forbear to think it. We can make allowances for a morbid and fastidious taste, the growth of nineteenth-century-refinement, which may shrink from the use of all hard words, however needful, towards any adversary, and persuade itself that controversy is ungentlemanly and a bore. We feel the influence of this spirit of pseudo-liberality ourselves; but we think it our duty to strive against and not encourage it; not to lull ourselves in dreams of Catholic unity, while Rome is at the gates, denouncing and denying our existence, and claiming our and our fathers' spiritual heritage. Doubtless the battle is to be fought and won by action rather than by agitation, by parochial work rather than by vehement controversy: daily services, open churches, pastoral visitation from house to house, direct communication betwixt pastor and people, these are the sacred weapons which will best bestead us in the strife, if they be accompanied, or rather leavened, by the faithful preaching and setting forth of Christ crucified; for without this, the most

earnest efforts will be certain to meet with disappointment: yet *silence* in the presence of such an adversary cannot be seemly; though we would not meet taunt with taunt, or menace with menace, yet the plain truth must be set before the minds of our people, and the great distinction betwixt Catholic faith and Roman error must be unceasingly held fast. And if we wish to be understood by those we speak to on this subject, we must not mince matters; we must call creature-worship what it is, idolatry, and idolatry we must sternly condemn. We must not allow the force of the second commandment to be pared away, we must maintain its perpetual binding obligation on all God's reasonable creatures. We must speak of the exorbitant pretensions of Rome with that abhorrence with which they would naturally inspire an ingenuous mind and heart. Above all, and on this point we would dwell as being most likely to be questioned, we must point out the injurious tendency of morbid ascetic cravings, which would persuade us to serve God, not in the world, but as far as possible out of it, and would lead us to isolation, absorbed in selfish cares for our own personal gain and glory, instead of living for "the brethren" as well as for ourselves, and endeavouring to serve our Maker, whilst we labour amongst our fellow-men. If we would resist Rome, we say, successfully, we *must* set our faces against this most fatal, most injurious *sentimental asceticism*, which represents the devil virtually as the lord of earth, though our Lord told his disciples that the prince of the powers of the air should be cast out, when He rose to lead captivity captive;—asceticism which is fatal in its effects to the elevation and the purification of social life; which, wherever it has received its full development, as in Spain and Italy, has been found to sap the very life-juice of the forest, to arrest the progress of civilization, to foster the grossest superstition, and to prostrate the heart and intellect beneath an iron yoke of bondage.

Many good men, with whom we sympathize on other points, are, we think, deceived in this matter; and that one error may too easily lead to others yet more serious. For, if the "ascetic" be really the highest life, if the very monks and nuns, whose devotion to the Virgin is so intense and glowing, be also the loftiest saints in the Christian calendar, how difficult, nay, how next to impossible would it seem, to hold that the peculiar forms of devotion which the ascetic life seems most to foster, should be utterly hostile to the will of Heaven! Doubtless, as Isaac Williams tells us, he who from his intense admiration for the ancient Church, has also been led to cherish no little sympathy with asceticism—the combination of energetic, earnest, real devotion with idolatry is Satan's masterpiece; is the great mystery of

iniquity which we were taught to expect. Our readers are probably familiar with those most striking lines in his magnificent work, "the Baptistry," which thus at once commemorate Rome's glory and Rome's shame: we will extract them as bearing closely on our argument:—

## 2.

" O mystery of mysteries !  
 O Salem worthy of a Saviour's tears !  
 For what are these idolatries  
 Nursed in thy hidden courts and open skies ?  
 Is this the city of the light where this black pall appears ?  
 That he who runs may read on thee  
 Something of fearful mystery !

## 3.

" Then art thou that dread Power on seven hills,  
 Where deep imbedded, 'neath ancestral halls,  
 The air some monster dread with foul contagion fills ?  
 Where evil spirits haunt the walls,  
 And the old Serpent finds a home,  
 And hides him in the relics dark of old imperial Rome ?  
 There coil'd beneath that ancient capitol  
 Doth he again his deadly length unrol,  
 The woman's seed in his embrace to fold,  
 A deeper empire still in souls of men to hold ?  
 Ev'n so proclaims th' unnumber'd tongue,  
 The flowing years along.

## 4.

" O mystery of mysteries !  
*For where hath e'er Devotion drank so deep  
 Of penitential sighs ?  
 Where with so grave a tone hath true Love learn'd to weep ?*  
 Can Antichrist so oft to prayer and vigil call,  
 And with the depths of holiness the sinner's heart appal ?

\* \* \* \*

## 7.

" Wonderful sight for good or ill !  
 Whose very name men's deepest hearts doth thrill  
 For love or hate :—  
 She seems the judgment of our God to wait.—  
 O keep me, Christ, to gaze upon this mystery,  
 And yet unharmed pass by :  
 Where Thou hast set to do Thy secret will,  
 Bidding me in Thine own appointed state  
 Await Thy sentence, and be still. -

## 8.

" I will not speak of thee with scorn,  
 Lest I Christ's very Bride, the Ancient born,  
 Yea ! His own awful Spirit, have reviled.  
 I will not cease o'er thee to mourn,  
 Lest I with Christ's own foe at last be reconciled !"

Earnest and noble-hearted, and intensely truthful, is this utterance of our great Church-poet; more especially with regard to that marvellous combination of good and evil, which we acknowledge and deplore in Romanism: we hold it to be most true, though most mysterious, that an actual saint of God may offer idolatrous, and in itself most sinful worship to a creature; may build hay and stubble upon the One Foundation; may unconsciously promote a system of ecclesiastical wickedness and folly. And, therefore, we dispute not for a moment; God forbid that we should doubt—that thousands, and tens of thousands, of severe ascetics have not only been earnest but also loving Christians. We think it very possible to realize this fact; but still we apprehend that there will always be great danger of Christians who make Romish ascetic saints their devotional models, acquiring, by degrees, a taste for their peculiar devotions, and finding it more and more difficult to believe that the worship of such hearts and souls should be contrary to the will of God. Dr. Pusey seems an instance in himself that it is not impossible to unite this, extreme veneration for ascetic saints with freedom from their peculiar errors. See, as an example, his singular preface to that singular book "*Surin's Foundations of the Spiritual Life*," wherein Ignatius Loyola, Francis of Assisi, Dominic, Catherine of Sienna, and others of the like stamp, are set before Christians of the English Church as guides and examples in the service of their God; and where morbid asceticism in the preface, as in the body of the work, is carried to the highest possible pitch of more than self-abnegation, we might almost say of self-annihilation. Yet Dr. Pusey repudiates the Roman worship of the Virgin-mother, a worship to which all these Roman saints, the objects of his intensest veneration, were so fervently attached, while, at page 8 of his preface, in a note, he expressly disclaims the right of "criticising any whom he knows to be saints of God." This does not mean, we presume, that he will not allow himself to criticise the belief, and words, and acts of saints, or supposed saints; but only that he will not criticise their motives: a task which we ourselves should be as fearful of undertaking.

But not to pursue this subject further, we do believe that the ascetic is not the highest Christian walk, and that those who en-

courage its development amongst ourselves are consciously or unconsciously aiding and advancing the cause of Rome: we are ready to say with Robert Montgomery, in his noble work, "The Christian Life," which rises in our esteem and wins upon our admiration the more often we peruse it:—

"What self-born dangers aye infest  
The man, who cloisters in monastic breast  
Feelings and hopes, which God intends  
As living cords to fasten friends  
In that sweet bond of unity and love  
Form'd by the angels when they sing above!

"Sternly alone, forbid us, Lord! to be;  
Warm our chill minds, and centre them on Thee:  
Bought by one price, Thy precious blood,  
And in Thy church a brotherhood,  
With God's elected may we ever meet  
In mystic access at Thy mercy-seat."

Before we discuss this subject, however, we shall further gratify ourselves by quoting one most valuable passage on asceticism from Mr. Edge's very beautiful "Vision of Peace," a poem already repeatedly commended in this review: the passage will scarcely bear abbreviation, but we are compelled to content ourselves with the following striking lines:—

"Asceticism is swoll'n with pride  
Nor the least thwarting can abide.  
True saintliness is ever meek,  
And humbly, like a child, doth speak.  
The former seems with wistful eye  
To look on that old heresy,  
Which long and blasphemously taught,  
That matter never can be brought  
Without destruction to the sight  
Of God enshrined in living light;  
And, therefore, that the candidate  
For an eternal, glorious state,  
Must mortify malignant flesh,  
Nor e'en its wasted powers refresh,  
Save barely to maintain the strife  
Of an exhausted ebbing life;  
That earthly duties, care and joy,  
He must forego, and e'en employ  
The powers for active service given  
On idle baseless hopes of Heaven.—  
The latter, sheltered in the thought  
That God is into oneness brought

With human flesh, (before which, now  
Angels in adoration bow,  
When in celestial choirs they raise  
To Heaven's Incarnate King their praise,)  
And rather making it his aim  
The carnal *heart* and *will* to tame  
Than the mere *flesh*, doth freely use  
God's gracious gifts; nor e'en refuse  
In this, his pilgrimage, to cheer  
His weary heart with friendship dear,  
And sweet relationships bestowed  
To help him on his heavenward road,"—pp. 32, 33.

We agree with the author of this beautiful poem, and willingly again repeat that asceticism, and the admiration for it, has operated as one of the chief attractions to Rome; and we are of opinion that it is the duty of all sound Anglicans in the present day, to encourage a more healthful and genial, and a less unsocial order of devotion. For,

"Earth needs the grace, and wants the beams,  
Embodied grace imparts,  
When worldlings view a valiant band  
Maintain with life and heart and hand  
The creed of sainted hearts."—*Christian Life*, p. 240.

But having thus mentioned Dr. Pusey and his peculiar position, together with some apparent inconsistency in his views and opinions, it may not be inappropriate to quote the following striking passage from the work before us, a passage as remarkable for the liberality, and, as we fondly hope, the justice of the sentiments expressed in it, as for the happiness of those expressions in themselves. It occurs in the course of a conversation betwixt "Algernon Seymour," a model Churchman, and one of our author's leading characters, keenly alive to the errors of Rome and the follies and mischievous tendencies of Tractarianism, and his friend and cousin "Edward Ellerton," also a sound Churchman in the main, but with a few "Tractite" predilections. They have been discussing the views and notions of the so-called "Oxford school" confidentially. Seymour is severe, and at last Ellerton exclaims,

" 'Well, but you cannot mean to doubt the holiness of Cattley!'

" 'No. I believe Cattley to be an actual living saint; one who might have done honour to the holiest age of primitive Christianity.'

" 'You do not, then, think *him* at least unfaithful to the Church?'

" 'Certainly not; I believe him to be very injudicious, but not unfaithful. I look upon his leaving us as a physical impossibility. I



believe that he neither has now, nor ever has had, the slightest intention, or hesitation, or scruple on the subject: nay, I believe, that if through any unforeseen and unimaginable combination of circumstance, he were to waver, God would interpose his special providence, and remove him by sudden death from the evil to comé, the evil of apostasy.'—Vol. I. pp. 163, 164.

We do not think that the conviction here expressed is an unreasonable one. for surely it is impossible to believe that any true saint of God should be *allowed* to apostatize from the pure and Catholic faith and its profession, to a state of servitude to the monstrous errors of Rome: the divine promises do not seem consistent with such a possibility. We can understand how saints may exist within that Church who have been trained to the profession of error from their early childhood, in whose cases idolatrous practices and a devotional spirit have almost inextricably interwoven their roots and fibres: but how are we to conceive with the most abundant charity, that a Christian, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, should exchange truth for falsehood, light for darkness, liberty for bondage? should sink from the worship of the One True God to the sternly forbidden and idolatrous adoration of his creatures? Surely the least that can be said of the spiritual state of such a pervert (save, *it may be*, in extraordinary cases of weakness) is, that, if not altogether under the sway of the wicked one, he must have become in no small degree subject to his influence; such subjection being the probable result of indulgence in some one course of sin; some cherishing of a favourite and secret iniquity, whether pride, or envy, or lust, or discontent. It may not become us to inquire curiously in particular cases into the direct immediate causes of such apostasy; but assuredly, a morbid asceticism, indulged until bitterness and spiritual pride become its fearful fruits, until love for man is first extinguished, and afterwards true love for God as well, is not amongst the least of such causes. For those whom it concerns, and who may chance to see this warning (though it is the unfortunate habit of this order of men, to peruse nothing but their own party organs, to allow themselves to read no syllable which could in any way grate upon their nerves; and this morbid sensitiveness, this reluctance to looking any objections straight in the face, this tendency to cry out that they are *hurt* when any unwelcome truth is placed before them, is one of the most marked characteristics of the men), let them, we say, reflect seriously, and ask themselves seriously, whether they are not becoming gradually of a wholly different temper of mind from the meek and compassionate "Saviour of

sinner;” let them ask themselves whether they are not growing more like those “saints” of whom Surin and Dr. Pusey tell us, who not only glory in reproaches, when it is their duty to bear them, but who also manifestly *seek* for them; who desire to be hated, and not loved by their fellow-men (a craving represented, alas! as a mark of a saintly temper), who regard all the purest natural and social affections as a part of the evil world, as necessarily coming betwixt the soul and Christ; who, in fine, hand over this world and all its interests to the wicked one, and make it the one sole object of their lives, not to promote God’s glory, but to secure their own salvation, by a series of voluntary and self-inflicted tortures; to render life and earth and their own being hateful to them, so that Christ may be *of necessity* all in all. O most melancholy, O most fatal, of all spiritual delusions! O sad perversion of the true doctrine of Christ crucified!

But to return. The sequel of the conversation betwixt Algernon Seymour and Edward Ellerton, of which we have given a small sample, has too much point, and too much truth, alas! not fitly to find a place in this Review. Ellerton then responds thus to his friend’s eulogium of a certain leader:—

“Well! but if Cattley is so very holy, surely the school which produces such fruit cannot be worthy of such very stern condemnation.”

“Plausible, very plausible, but quite fallacious. Cattley is the product of the Church of England, not of the school which is called after him. He may in some sort have produced the school, in some sort only; but assuredly the school did not produce him. Its fruits are to be seen not in the lives of its founders—especially where those lives accord with previous teaching, and are the natural result of its due reception—but in the character and conduct of its *disciples*: and you cannot compare the muling, puling, effeminate devotion, the wavering mind, the doubtful purpose of the bulk of its disciples, with the manly fervour, the simple faith, the sterling honesty of the genuine offspring of our Church. To me, in almost all of them there is an indescribable mannerism quite as offensive to good sense and good taste, quite as revolting to my English instincts, as the cant of the conventicle. Besides which, my dear Edward, granting the party in question every possible advantage deducible from the exemplary piety of Cattley, I must again refer you to the authority already cited, and remind you that ‘*one swallow does not make a summer*.’ Cattley is assuredly no better than Bickersteth, whom I also love, and honour, and revere, as one of God’s own saints. Such things are, and are intended to be, a trial to our faith.”—Vol. i. pp. 164, 165.

We suspect that our readers will be already convinced that it is no ordinary mind which has undertaken to give us the fruits of its experience in these volumes. But perhaps our remarks thus

far may be calculated to produce an erroneous impression as to the nature of this singular work, which is a really very interesting tale, fraught with many highly-wrought adventures, and what we may even call romantic incidents, and characterized by much dry humour and keen powers of observation. There are, we think, rather too many characters, and the light and shade of the book are perhaps too abruptly contrasted with each other. Into its social views and purposes we shall not enter; we sympathize with them in the main, but consider our author somewhat of an enthusiast in his advocacy of social reformation. He is a great stickler all the while for the hereditary virtues of old blood; it is only mere rank, apart from family, and overbearing moneyocracy which incur the weight of his displeasure. The vulgarians of society, Sir John and Lady Thurtle, whom he introduces to us, are drawn from the life. We shall not attempt to forestall the pleasure of the reader by tracing the progress of the plot: suffice it to say, that it is ingenious, and well calculated for its author's purpose, which is, apparently, to cause to pass before us certain of the representatives of the various classes of modern life, both high and low, with a more especial reference to existing parties in the Church; and the result is a very stirring narrative, which can scarcely fail to excite, to enliven, to exasperate, and, in many cases, we may add, to edify. Mr. Bandinel's style is singularly clear and pellucid, as in his beautiful poem of "Lufra," of late commended by us; at times almost too simple and too confidential; so much so, indeed, as almost to incur the charge of puerility; yet his earnestness must, on the whole, we should say, command the respect, if not the regard, of *all* his earnest-minded readers. The heroine of the tale, Clara Pandolfi Davenant, child of an Italian mother and an English father, has a strongly-marked and a very interesting individuality. It may not be amiss to cite her first introduction to the tale, as a sample of Mr. Bandinel's descriptive powers:—

"All eyes were now fixed upon the stranger, whose name told at once the sad tale of her past history—her uncle's estrangement, her father's ruin, her mother's death, her own bereaved solitude.

"And they who once looked upon Clara, were not likely to remove their eyes for some time at least. She appeared to be about nineteen years of age. Her form was just above the middle height, and cast in that perfect mould of graceful symmetry and commanding beauty, which, though instanced elsewhere, seems more especially appropriate to the most favoured children of the *ancienne haute noblesse*. Her complexion was that of a clear brunette, which under happier circumstances would have displayed the rich though mellowed hues of the damask rose, but was now almost lividly pale; and from beneath a brow that

would have become a Zenobia shone her large lustrous eyes—eyes where the stern pride of her Norman lineage mingled with the intense fire of Italy. . . . Her queenly figure, her melancholy but magnificent beauty, riveted every eye, as, with slow and firm step, she paced the vast hall of her ancestors: all marvelled at the grave and deferential courtesy with which the man of law saluted her; all stood aghast, in speechless consternation, as he conducted the homeless orphan to the sacred dais, and placed her in the chair of state.”—Vol. ii. pp. 36—38.

But we must pass from such scenes to others of this work, which are more germane to our present humour; and that is, in a word, to avail ourselves of our author's graphic illustrations of *the clerical character* as it now exists, and to offer a few observations of our own there anent as we proceed. The Rev. Walpole Snoreham, then, to begin with the beginning, Rector of Milton, is only too happily and successfully portrayed: the generation of his like is, we trust, speedily passing away—men, with whom respectability is the *summum bonum*,—men, of whose working it can be said with truth, that, “as far as the parishioners of — were concerned, the church assumed the aspect of the world, and their spiritual pastor personified the pride of life.” This gentleman's department in his desk and pulpit is thus quaintly and characteristically portrayed:—

“And Snoreham commenced the service in a stern, authoritative tone, looking at his congregation all the while as if he thought Sunday must be the proudest day of their lives, because they had the privilege of looking him, Walpole Snoreham, straight in the face; yet with a sort of indescribable something that seemed to say, that he was in his own mind quite sure that they did not deserve it. The prayers, too, he read with much austere dignity, as though he thought them fully applicable to the congregation, but rather derogatory to himself. And the sermon! One would have supposed, as perhaps was the case, that he looked upon this portion of his official duties as some men do on the whole of religion, as an affair exclusively between man and his Maker; since, whatever were the merits of his discourses, gleaned plentifully from Tillotson, Atterbury, and other divines of the same age, they were wholly unsuited, and for the most part unintelligible, to his congregation. But then he was, as I have before said, a fine-looking man; he dressed well, held himself well, had a good, and what agriculturists like still better, a loud voice, and a decidedly commanding presence; which in some degree accounted for the numbers which, in spite of the ceaseless efforts of dissenting emissaries, still frequented his church. Though the real reason of this was that earnest, true-hearted loyalty, which the vast, the overwhelming majority of Englishmen still feel to their fathers' Church, their fathers' Faith, and their fathers' God.”—Vol. i. pp. 237, 238.

Passing from the Rev. Walpole Snoreham to a very different specimen of the English clergy, we will proceed at once to make another extract, which will, we think, speak for itself:—

“ Presently Mr. Smedley himself came in, and nothing could be kept from him; so he, too, wished Algernon joy. And there were few people, and neither Algernon nor Mary were of the number, who did not find his good wishes worth having. In fact, he belonged to that most estimable, and therefore most reviled class,—the real strength of our Church, the real stamina of our country, the only safe guides of our people,—the orthodox clergy of the Church of England; men who, instead of preaching *about* the Gospel or the Church, preach *in accordance with them*, which is a very different thing. He had heard or read somewhere, that ‘where there is much show in the window, there is seldom much stuff in the store;’ a sentiment which approved itself to his thoroughly English feelings. Nay, on one occasion he had greatly astounded two noisy disputants by observing, that though the writers of the New Testament were, without doubt, both ‘Catholic’ and ‘Evangelical,’ they had strangely enough never designated themselves by either appellation. For his own part, he endeavoured, like the inspired preachers of Christianity, to unfold to his people the whole counsel of God; whilst, in his character both of a pastor and a neighbour, he sought humbly to follow in His steps who went about doing good. As he did not, however, sound a trumpet before him, and took pains to prevent any one from doing that office for him, he was never heard of beyond his own quiet parish, except by those who became unexpectedly his debtors by some act of disinterested kindness. In short, like most of his brethren, he understood literally and obeyed scrupulously the command, ‘Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.’ ”—Vol. i. pp. 215—217.

An admirable contrast to this full-length portraiture is supplied in the graphic sketch of the Rev. Charon Showtheway. But here we feel that a long extract is called for to do any justice to our author; and, indeed, we think that our readers will thank us heartily for placing the following admirable pages before them; they are fraught with the soundest practical wisdom, and contain warnings most essential for these days, the Didymus Dykes, of which (Dyke, as will be seen, is a well-meaning *waverer*,) are unhappily so very numerous:—

“ Didymus Dyke was, then, one of that unhappy class of men, of whom there are too many at present, who, with a certain acuteness of intellect and sensitiveness of imagination, have received a good deal of education, *so-called*, but very little mental and still less moral training. He had never been taught to regulate his *better* feelings, to rein his fancy, to distrust his intellectual faculties; much less had the notion ever been presented to his mind, that conscience, though the highest and holiest of our faculties, requires instruction and enlightenment, ay,

and training too, as assuredly as any of the others. It seemed never to have occurred to him (as it seems never to have occurred to many others), that although, when all the higher faculties are left to fish for themselves, conscience may exert and will exert her native supremacy; yet, if the other faculties are, so to speak, bred to the use, and accustomed to the exercise, and endowed with the possession of arms, whilst conscience is alone left to herself, she will become the prey of the strongest. . . . And this is still more strongly and wofully felt when her favourite playmates, her bosom friends, judgment and common sense, have been equally neglected. People have a very silly notion that these three worthies can take care of themselves. So they may, in a less artificial state of things, but such is not the case in our present world: the very education which increases the power of the other faculties, deprives these of a portion of their native energy, unless they, too, are cared for: *the sap that should have fed their boughs, and filled their fruit, goes to adorn their companion branches with a fine show of green leaves.* . . . Didymus Dyke, too, had received no definite, dogmatic teaching in religious matters. He was not well acquainted with the Sacred Volume, and still less versed in ecclesiastical history, though he had been accustomed, from his youth up, to read his Bible and attend his church; but both operations partook, in a great degree, of the character of mechanical habits. Then Didymus Dyke had imbibed a certain quantity of that pseudo-philosophic tone and pseudo-philanthropic temper, which those who are unacquainted with the proper use of language are in the habit of terming *liberal* and *enlightened*: a title to which they have about as much claim as the songsters of Islington to that of nightingales. In common with many other well-disposed young gentlemen, Didymus Dyke had a most tremendous fear of being behind his age. He would scarcely have ventured to call his nose his own, had any one very strongly asserted the contrary, and would, if placed upon a jury, have acquitted every criminal on the plea of insanity, and suggested the erection of a laudatory tablet to the highwayman or wife-slayer who pleaded conscientious motives. In fact, he was a very nice young man, amiable, intelligent, with a good deal of sentiment, and so *very* impartial and candid: some called him 'a dear young man;' others thought him 'a perfect love;' every one, with the exception of a few bigots, thought that he was just suited for a clergyman. So Didymus Dyke, after reading with a clerical tutor for six months, *did* take orders. The clerical tutor was a very excellent man in his way, but not equal to the very difficult task of grafting-in moral and mental training upon the mind of a highly-educated and full-grown man. His sympathies were decidedly in favour of that party which is frequently designated from its supposed conformity to the principles advocated in the 'Tracts for the Times.' It was not that Mr. Bray had any real tendencies towards the distinctive doctrines of the party in question, much less to those of their cousins the Romanizers: but Bray called himself, and thought himself 'a sound Churchman;' and he took it into his poor head, that 'the Ox-

ford men,' as he called them, were the real representatives of Church principles, and their followers the main strength of the High Church party: and so he gave them the weight and the support of his name and influence, whatever they might be worth. . . . So Didymus Dyke, who had previously to his going to Mr. Bray's become acquainted with several attractive members of the school already indicated, proceeded during his half-year's reading in the same direction, and entered upon his duties as a clergyman with a decided leaning towards the teaching of 'the Oxford writers.' Had he gone at this time to a quiet country curacy, or been placed under, and working with men whose views accorded with those of that Church whose ministers under God they are, all might have been well; nay, had he formed an intimacy with a '*Christian Evangelical*,' he might still have been kept straight. Such, however, was not his lot: he was placed in an arduous post in a large city. The rector was, from overwork, obliged to travel: the head curate was a hard-working High Churchman, who, like Mr. Bray, had a tenderness for the class of men already indicated: his preaching was neither spiritual nor Evangelical, in the true sense of those words, and he had neither time, inclination, nor capacity to guide his assistant. There were those, however, who had all; for in the next parish was established a powerful body of—What shall I say? I do not like to call names, so I will fain coin a very inoffensive appellation, and say that the people in question were *Directionists*, *Directionists* of the first water. Every man, woman, and child belonging to, or connected with, the Church of St. Anacletus, was under *Spiritual Direction*: some of them had one Spiritual Director, and some another; but each had his, her, or its own. They believed in their hearts, that the system was universally, essentially, and individually necessary to salvation; and they acted up to their belief."—Vol. ii. pp. 216—223.

We would interpose a doubt whether there is any Church in which the system of Spiritual Direction has been carried out to such an extent as this, with the exception of St. Saviour's at Leeds. We do not imagine, at least, that such an assertion could be made with truth of any church in the metropolis.

"It was an evil day when poor Didymus Dyke found upon his table a card, with the inscription 'The Rev. Charon Showtheway.' Many had been the souls which the gentleman in question had ferried over to the other side of that stream which separates the living from the dead; but still, somehow or other, he was always found at his post on the English side of the Channel, though he had somewhat of a gloomy and even ghostly appearance, which gave you the idea that his right place was not among the living. Don't let it be, however, supposed that I mean to say any thing against the honesty or honourable dealing of the gentleman in question; he never picked a pocket, or stole a horse, or passed a bad shilling in all his life. Nevertheless, Didymus

Dyke did not derive that benefit from his society and that of his associates which might have been expected. Didymus had been taught that it was illiberal and uncharitable to call any body or thing by his or its right name, if the party most interested objected or demurred to the appellation. With him it was a fundamental article of faith, that even the devil is not so black as he is painted, and there was, therefore, no difficulty in persuading him that he had been mistaken in condemning the Church of Rome; it was a more enlightened, a more enlarged view, he thought, to acquit her of the crimes and errors laid to her charge; so he hugged himself in the consciousness of an enlarged mind, and looked down with ineffable contempt upon 'Protestant prejudice,' as being wholly unworthy of the nineteenth century. Then, again, Didymus, never having received any principles, properly so called, nor any dogmatic teaching, nor having been morally and mentally trained so as to judge for himself, was ready to listen to those who, whilst appealing to his feelings and his imagination, and having a strong hold upon his higher and deeper sympathies, undertook to solve all difficulties, determine all questions, by a simple appeal to authority, the authority they said of the Church, though where that authority was vested, and how it was to be exercised, he was never very clearly told. On went poor Didymus, groping and stumbling along in the dark, till suddenly, quite suddenly, the conviction burst upon him that he was on the way to Rome. The notion was a great shock to him, a very great shock indeed, for he had not had the remotest idea of what he was doing; and many reasons made him shudder at the step which he might have to take. It was not merely that he should have to resign all thoughts of that happy home to which he had so long looked forward. It was not merely the inevitable rupture of dear domestic ties, and the many painful consequences of a social character which distressed him; nor the memories of other years, nor the force of early associations, rising like threatening ghosts to bar his progress. A vague, indefinite horror shrouded the future; a strange, mysterious dread enveloped the present; a mournful voice seemed ever ringing in his ears, warning him that he was falling under the influence of a strong delusion, and about to hazard the loss of his eternal salvation,—the wailing, it may be, of his guardian angel, mingling strangely with the chaotic sounds that troubled his rest, and tortured his soul, yet rising above them all with its deep doleful cry of bereavement and desolation. On finding how things were, Didymus went to his friend Charon to consult him on the general subject, and state his particular difficulties. 'It would be useless for me, in your present state, my dear young friend, to enter upon the discussion of any of those points which you have mentioned,' replied Showtheway. 'In fact, I feel myself perfectly unequal to determine any of them, nor do I occupy my mind at all with controversial questions; of course, whatever the Catholic Church teaches we must hold, whatever she condemns we must renounce. I cannot help hoping; indeed, I do firmly believe, that the Church of England is a true branch of the Church Catholic, and, as



such, I continue to minister at her altars ; but I would not take upon me to condemn those who differ from me, and who, in obedience to their conscientious convictions, seek what appears to them the more excellent way. I should, however, advise you to dismiss such thoughts from your mind for the present, give yourself up to parochial work and private devotion for the next two years, availing yourself, in the mean time, of all the public means of grace, keeping yourself as much as possible out of the world, subjecting yourself to a severe penitential discipline, spending certain hours of each day in meditation on the five wounds or adoration of the Sacred Heart, and in all other ways endeavouring to raise yourself to the full stature of the Catholic standard of piety. At the end of that period you will be more capable of judging for yourself than either of us are now."—Vol. ii. pp. 223—228.

Then, too, there is the masterly delineation of the Jesuit Pym, a pervert from our Church, and an unscrupulous worker in the cause of her, whom Newman not unfitly designated in his singular "Loss and Gain," as "the Mighty Mother;" St. John had fixed that appellation on her before him: Pym, who is so graphically portrayed as having "small, piercing, dark eyes, that seem to recede at times into his head, then to come forth stealthily, and then to return again," with "no beard or whiskers, and his jet black hair cropped so close as to remind one of the cut of a roundhead." From first to last the career of this worthy is most admirably developed, but we shall not attempt to trace the progress of his subtle feats and intricate machineries: we will confine ourselves to the extraction of a very remarkable passage, describing his sermons, at a time when being already a Papist, he nevertheless occupies for some weeks the pulpit of an invalided clergyman of the Church of England, no other than the Rev. Walpole Snoreham:—

"They are somewhat peculiar discourses; part of them extremely plain and practical, part of them of a highly mysterious character. Those who admire them say that they combine the utmost simplicity with the deepest spirituality. Selina" (a Calvinistic young lady) "is delighted ever and anon by passionate rhapsodies, in which the highest and holiest things are treated of in by turns the most exalted and familiar language. He delights the Dissenters" (this is in a country parish) "by his frequent use of the holy name coupled with epithets of endearment, in a manner which altogether sacrifices reverence to rapture. He of course carefully avoids all, the most distant, allusion to the distinctive doctrines of the English Church, or the distinctive errors of the Roman communion; and this he does in such a way as to convey the direct impression that neither of them have any existence. He delights in preaching, for example, against idolatry, and urges the sin and danger of covetousness, telling his auditors that

avarice is under the Gospel what image-worship was under the Law; and in the same way he treats all subjects similarly circumstanced. And the general effect of his sermons upon those who 'appreciate and enter into them,' is to leave the heart in a fervour of animal piety, and the mind in a maze of half-pleasing, half-painful bewilderment, producing in the soul a sense of keen rapture, accompanied with a vague yet fervent longing for the fuller enjoyment of its at present only partially developed ecstasy. Now and then, however, he preaches sermons of a sterner material, which awe the mind by their still and solemn power, yet kindle indefinite and undefinable aspirations after something mystical and intangible: and once or twice he volunteers a discourse on the evidences of religion in general and Christianity in particular, suggestive of doubts and difficulties hitherto unknown by those whom he addresses, and leaving on the mind an impression, that, although the Christian revelation may be true, and probably is so, it is a very hard thing to understand."—Vol. i. pp. 291—293.

We have said that we should not attempt to follow the changing fortunes of this interesting tale; but we think we ought not to omit giving one or two samples of our author's lighter style, where he is not dealing with directly religious topics. The following passage exhibits, we should say, much dramatic skill, and combines a quaintness of expression with a serio-comic humour, which may, we fear, lose somewhat of their effect by the separation of the passage from the context. Pym, the Jesuit guest, and the Rev. Walpole Snoreham's daughters, are summoned to his sick chamber by a cry, and there they find a horrible old woman, called Eleanor Norman, a Dorsetshire peasant, laying out his dead body: the countenance of the deceased bears the impress of some fierce internal struggle:—

" 'Miserable wretch,' said Pym, 'you have murdered him!'

" 'No, I ha'en't, sir; I never murders no one. And if you'll just leave me alone, I'll tell these here ladies, and all the rest on 'em, how their pa come to his end. Would ye like to hear it now, or wait till the 'sides?'

" 'Speak on!'

" 'Well, I've always taken a great interest in this here parson ever since he sent my boy to Axcester gaol for coting a pheasant for me when I was ill in bed. I thought it was so kind and considerate of 'm, particular just after my poor Nelly's death. And I've always told him how Job was a gitting on. And I was so thankful to him when he got him transported: travelled I don't know how many miles to bear witness to his character, when judge and jury was a going to let him off. And I've often had a talk with him since then, dear old gentleman! and I—— but never mind. Well, at last I got the certificate of Job's death—dead of a jail fever out in one of they outlandish places; for he went from bad to worse, poor fellow! owing to the parson's

kindness: for he wrote, so I heer'd say, out there about him. And I met him t'other day, just afore they rollicky young chaps was here as is going to marry the young ladies, and I has a bit of talk with him, and he tries to get rid of me; but I keeps up with him till he gets here, and puts him into a bit of a fluster.

" 'Well, I knew his end was a coming, never you mind how; but I knew it as sure as you stand there. And I thinks I should just like to have another chat with him. So I come here, and creepy, creepy under the hedge, and in at the study window, as was open for fresh air, I s'pose; and creepy, creepy up stairs, and into this room. And I crawlys under the bed, and waits till Deborah was gone for a minute or two; and then, as she shuts the door, he wakes and turns, and I says, 'Here I be, parson,' and gets up, and looks at him; and he looks much more better like and reasonable like than I expected: I s'pose the complaint was a turning. So says I again, 'How d'ye do, parson? Have ye seen my boy yet?' And he looks strange and fierce like at me, and tells me to leave him. 'Lord love ye,' says I, 'I shall never leave ye more!' 'What do you mean?' says he. I doesn't wish to make a noise; so I looks at him so, grinning like, and puts my face down over him, and says, 'Why, Lord love ye, parson! don't you know that you be dead and buried, and that you and I be in Hell?' So he looks a bit camstrary like at that, and I nods, and nods, and nods agin at him. And he tries to say something, and clenches his hands, and looks as though he would kill me if he could; and he opens his mouth, and closes it again two or three times; and then there comes a rattle in his throat, and a sharp stop, and I knows it's all over with old Snore-lam!"—Vol. i. pp. 301—304.

Of the various love passages we have not space to cull samples, but there is one very striking and very beautiful passage in the second volume, respecting a certain crisis in the life of a young man of fashion, Lord Ducandraque, which we must manage to find room for, premising however that the adventures of this nobleman and his friend, a model clergyman, the Rev. Clarence Porter, though cleverly pourtrayed, are what we like least in the book. Some expressions are used by these worthies, which however natural upon their lips, might just as well not be repeated by others; there is nothing indeed in Milton Davenant which we should object to a wife or a sister or a daughter's reading; but still even the bare appearance of evil, or of what can be possibly construed as evil, is objectionable, if only as giving a handle to the enemy, But to proceed with our promised extract:—

"He soon reached the water's edge; and as he strolled along the solitary beach, and listened unconsciously to the eternal voice of the deep waters, falling in mournful music on the sand, or looked over the dark wave to the darker horizon, or cast his eyes upward to the blue vault of heaven, so brightly dark in its unfathomable depth of ether, or

marked the moon slowly rising to her lofty zenith, and throwing her mantle of silver over land and sea, or turned to mark the long white line of cliff, with the dark green land above and behind,—strange, indistinct imaginings stole over him; a something seemed to whisper in his ear, that he was made for higher, nobler aims than those which he had hitherto followed; earth, sky, and sea seemed mutely to plead for his soul; nay, he could almost fancy that inner voices syllabled his name, that some benignant being called him to return.

“ ‘No, no!’ he cried, as if answering some invisible companion; ‘it is too late *now*! I might have been different from what I am *once*: I know that. But what is the good of thinking about that now?’ And he dashed his foot passionately on the ground.

“Was it the groan of mortal being, or the low moan of the distant waves? or was it something yet more shadowy, though not less real,—some voice from that mysterious spirit-world with which we are so closely though invisibly connected?

“The Earl of Ducandraque starts; he strains his eyes with almost ghastly intensity, as he strives to penetrate the dim shadows that fall from yonder headland on the heaving flood, then draws a long deep breath, and ejaculates, ‘Poor Margaret!’”—Vol. ii. pp. 18, 19.

This is a strain of really energetic prose-poetry, and it is something far better, too, for it is replete with a deep spiritual significance, and could only flow from the pen of one who had himself realized, in no small measure, communion with the world of spirits. But we feel that our extracts have already extended to such a length, that although we have by no means satisfied ourselves in the execution of our task, though we feel that we have not cited those passages which are calculated to be most extensively popular, or even to work most lasting good, yet we must refrain from heaping citations on citations, and leave our readers to discover many beauties for themselves.

We will not deny that Mr. Bandinel has laid himself open to animadversion on some scores; he has introduced words (see more particularly the opening of chapter lxxv. in the third volume) which we think he would have acted more wisely in suggesting only; here and there he has used colloquial expressions of a low order, which we look upon as blots, such as the three words “cut his stick,” instead of “took to flight,” on page 178 of the same volume. In themselves these things are but slight drawbacks to the value of this book, but they will be, and have been, welcomed with great joy by the adversary, and converted into weapons of assault on their unsuspecting author. Appeals will be made, and have been made, to men’s *taste* to think but lightly of Mr. Bandinel’s work, and possibly to despise and neglect it altogether. We can well conceive how anxious a certain faction must be to strangle such a production in its birth; but

the intrinsic worth, and power, and interest of the book will be too much for them; the many beautiful ideas which are scattered through its pages must win sympathy and admiration; the open honesty, the unshrinking boldness, the unswerving self-consistency, the noble and unmistakeable churchmanship of the author, all speak for themselves, and will win many an enthusiastic adherent to the cause which he advocates. The genuine power of sarcasm, the biting wit and humour, which form two of the leading characteristics of "Milton Davenant," are certain to command an audience, if nothing else could; while the strong sympathy with the people, and courageous advocacy of social progress, and warm defence of the rights of that most important and long-neglected body, the middle classes, which will be found there, will endear the book to thousands of readers, and call forth, we doubt not, many more enthusiastic eulogies than ours. We shall not be able to prevail upon ourselves to conclude without gathering a nosegay of beautiful thoughts and images from various parts of these delightful volumes, and, being pressed for time, we must make our selections rather at a venture. To commence with a very striking and serious observation:—

"Why should not people enjoy themselves? I am sure that *I* see no reason, so long as their enjoyments are lawful, in kind and in degree, in themselves and in their effects; so long as they are hurtful neither to body or soul; so long as they do not engross their minds, or distract their attention from other things—higher or holier things—the duty and the business of life. . . . If you are without duties, and without business, that is, without the consciousness of duty, or the habit of business, then you are without God. . . . Even in Paradise man was not meant to be idle, nor woman either; for we are told that 'the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, *to dress it and to keep it*. . . . And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an *HELP* meet for him;' that is to say, that from the beginning man was created to do his work, and woman to help him to do it. Yes! work is the law of the creation; the condition of existence; the type of God's relation to the universe, of *spirit* to *matter*; the emblematic sign of the office of the eternal Son. Work is honour, idleness is shame; work is the mode and the vehicle of salvation, idleness the symptom, the seal, the assignment, and the assurance of the second death."—Vol. i. pp. 193, 194.

From an admirable description of an exceedingly Calvinistic and an ultra-tractarian young lady, we extract only the following concluding morsel; the sly observation betwixt the brackets is inimitable:—

Sophronia "had thought of appointing her old preceptor, the Rev. Silas Silliman, as *Spiritual Director* to her dear girls, but he has

gone over to Rome, (what a sad thing that we should lose all our best and holiest!) so she will propose the matter to Mr. Pym."—Vol. i. p. 234.

Here is a very beautiful description of a winter's day.

"It was a lovely day, though late in December; one of those days which we have not unfrequently in the West of England at that time of year; when the west wind is hushed, and the air is soft to the touch, and silvery to the sight, and here and there a misty veil hangs over wood or stream; whilst the rest of the scene smiles in a glad though subdued light, and the hill-tops strike against the deep blue sky. There is a stillness, a repose about such a day, that has all the quiet, with none of the gloom or terror of the grave. It seems like the tranquil rest of the holy departed, of the blessed that die in the Lord in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."—Vol. i. pp. 262, 263.

Nor must we fail to cite an exquisite image from a parallel passage in the third volume.

"The sun was declining, but his rays poured with undiminished glory upon hill and valley; that chastened kindly glory which the sun puts on as Christmas approaches, as though he felt constrained to humble himself before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness."

Here, again, is an admirable touch, extracted from an onslaught on conventionalism:—

"Had not the young ladies been brought up to consider their exclusive position as the greatest, noblest, highest of heaven's gifts, a thing actually of divine appointment, which it would be a sin akin to that of Esau to surrender, a crime little, if any thing, inferior to sacrilege to invade? And there was Robert Da'enant actually sitting on one of those chairs set apart for the sacred Few; he was sitting at that table never before approached but by the select presentables; he was, too, under the auspices of Pym, eating a biscuit, drinking a glass of wine. It was an awful, a harrowing sight."—Vol. i. pp. 283, 284.

The following tribute to the merit of one of the Church's most valuable sons, and most active servants should not be omitted from such a "catena" as we are here presenting to the reader.

"At a large round library table . . . sits a man passed, but not long passed, the meridian of life. He is one whom those that wish to bring our Church into bondage to Rome hate with a deadly hatred. Gentle and loving, and forbearing almost to excess, as these men sometimes are upon ordinary occasions, the meekest countenance amongst them assumes a decidedly unamiable expression when his name is mentioned. A little honesty, a little soundness, may be borne with, even in an adversary; but they feel the union, the fulness of these in one man, and that man one of their most determined opponents, to be utterly

unbearable, a downright personal affront to themselves ; and combined, as these qualities are in the present instance, with zeal and courage, they become really formidable, and subject their possessor to be dealt with in such manner as may best further the interests of '*Catholic unity*.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

Masterly is the conversation of Askerswell with Pym, the concealed Jesuit, especially this characteristic passage :—

" ' Yes, yes,' rejoined Pym, ' every one must have the very highest respect for Mr. Pilgrim. The Church, as Dr. Cattley says, owes a great deal, a very great deal to Mr. Pilgrim.'—And John Pym looked with that amiable and loving look which might light up the countenance of an affectionate boa constrictor. . . . He had more than once noticed, that with some men, whilst it was a habit to speak with tender solicitude and admiring forbearance of the one, (Pilgrim,) as though bent upon killing him with kindness, as the saying is, it was equally habitual to treat the name of ' Brumath ' " (the worthy doctor referred to in the last extract,) " with undisguised and unmitigated abhorrence ; men whose looks and gestures seemed to fill up the defalcation of their words, and cry, ' Hit him hard ; he has no friends ; he is a stranger and a foreigner ; give him, therefore, no quarter ; shout *mad dog ! mad dog !* or any thing else to get rid of him.' "—Vol. ii. pp. 46, 47.

We cannot find space to extract the beautiful sketch of " a parson's wife," in the person of Laura Askerswell, though we should not treat our readers fairly in withholding from them its concluding paragraph :—

" Such was Laura Askerswell ; nor does she stand alone in her high and holy vocation, her devotion to her Saviour and her God ! for never till that awful day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open, will man know what England owes to the wives and daughters of the orthodox clergy."—Vol. ii. pp. 80, 81.

The description of the good Evangelical clergyman, Obadiah Oliphant, one of the excellent of the earth, scarcely ought to be omitted, or the sarcastic remarks of our author there anent, respecting the necessity of hoarding up our charity for " the greatest Church of Christendom," and " men of Catholic sympathies." But we must pass on to the powerfully delineated interview at Rome betwixt Pym and the Superior of the Jesuits, though that also ought to be cited *in extenso*, if at all. We shall only make a single citation :—

" And as certain names were mentioned, the holy sign of the cross was profanely drawn over the false-hearted bosoms of the conspirators, whilst dark and terrible anathemas were muttered. I need not say that amongst those names were those of the Vicar of Leeds, the author of the '*Origines Liturgicæ*,' the writer of the '*Speculum Episcopi*,' and

the Doctor already alluded to ; nor was the same mode of commendation held back from a celebrated Canon of Westminster, and a no less celebrated *Curate* (shame on the patrons of England, still *but* a curate !) of Bisley."—Vol. ii. p. 169.

The chapters respecting Oxford are glowing with a noble enthusiasm, which will kindle many a drooping memory into fresh affection ; and we will venture to add, that the compliment to Mr. Parker is well deserved,—is, in fact, no compliment at all, but the bare assertion of a fact. The description of Mr. Askerswell's parish doings is very valuable ; the argument betwixt Dyke and Ellerton which occupies the better half of chapter xxxix. is almost invaluable. Let Romanizers and Romanists meet its conclusions if they can ! But the former are, ordinarily speaking, endowed with too plentiful a lack of brains to know when they are beaten ; and the former, whatever they may know or suspect, are bond-slaves to an iron system, which practically brands the light of human reason as "the accursed thing."



ART. V.—*Inner Africa laid open, in an attempt to trace the chief Lines of Communication across that Continent, south of the Equator ; with the routes to the Muropúe and the Cazembe, Moenemoézi, and Lake Nyassa, &c.* By WILLIAM DESBOROUGH COOLEY. London: Longmans, 1852. [8vo. pp. 149.]

IT is strange that Africa—though in the oldest authentic annals of the human race (those of the book of Genesis) it takes precedence immediately after Asia, that earliest seat of man both before and after the flood—should, even in the nineteenth century, be less known than either of its younger sisters, Europe, and the two Americas.

The course of the Niger has indeed been at length discovered by the intelligence of Laing, and the perseverance of Lander ; and the limits of the *terra incognita* have, of late years, surely, though slowly, receded before the footsteps of scientific inquiry, commercial enterprise, and missionary zeal. Still, however, much remains unknown ; much requires to be accomplished. The Nile still rises in regions untrodden by the foot, unseen by the eye,—impenetrable to the curiosity of the European ;—and many a region must be explored. many a mountain ascended, many a river traced, many a problem solved, ere the geography of this mysterious continent takes its place amongst the realities of experimental science.

We rejoice, therefore, at the appearance of Mr. Cooley's volume ; and without pledging ourselves to all his conclusions, either negative or positive, we gladly acknowledge that he has employed deep research and careful investigation in compiling the work now before us ; that his facts are interesting, his reasoning logical, his style lucid and accurate, and the information which he has here brought together extremely valuable.

The portion of Africa which is here laid open is one that has hitherto excited comparatively small interest, and concerning which our information has been peculiarly scanty. It is that vast region which extends from the neighbourhood of the equator, in a southerly direction, to the northernmost limit of the Kaffir and Hottentot settlements ; whilst it spans the breadth of the continent from east to west between the narrow coast lands possessed or influenced by Europeans.

The student of African geography will at once grant the truth

of our words, when we state that in no region of the earth has the imagination of theoretical geographers invented so many strange incongruities and palpable absurdities as in reference to the natural and artificial features of this vast continent. From the days of Ptolemy downward it would indeed seem to have occupied in topography the same place allotted to Limbo in the unseen world.

This universal law of African being has not been violated in the case of the tract which Mr. Cooley has endeavoured to illustrate; and a great part of his labour is occupied in clearing away the mistakes of the unwary, and the misstatements of the unprincipled. Whilst doing this, he endeavours carefully to establish the truth, and gives us a valuable map as the result of his labours.

"The interior of Africa," says he, "south of the equator, still remains, in our best maps, a blank; yet our information of that portion of the earth, scanty as it may appear, is sufficient, when aptly analyzed and combined, to shed a flood of light on a very interesting region. The chief physical features of that hitherto dark interior, and those most likely to operate on the social condition of mankind, may be made to shine forth with uncontrovertible evidence. To collect and duly concentrate every scattered ray of light, is the task herein undertaken. If successfully performed, it will invest with an authentic character much that is now involved in doubt and uncertainty; and, at the same time, it cannot fail to augment our knowledge with the consequences that follow on clear views. The first attempt of the kind was made in the 'Memoir on the Geography of Nyassi,' which appeared in the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society,' vol. xv. 1845. The novelty, extent, and intrinsic importance of the field therein opened to inquiry, would fully justify the repetition of its survey, even within the same limits; but we now resume its investigation with a wider scope, increased resources, and with a reasonable expectation which still hangs over the geography of Africa. The discoveries recently made in Eastern Africa by the missionaries settled near Mombas, will be also found here reduced to an authentic shape, and in their just proportions." —pp. 1, 2.

Amongst the many strange misconceptions which until late years prevailed respecting African geography, our readers will probably recollect—those of them who are old enough—how they were carefully taught to believe that the river Zaire, or Congo, as it is sometimes called, rose in some distant and unknown region far to the north of the equator; and in traversing the mysterious wildernesses of Central Africa, received the benefit of two rainy seasons. Some, if our memory does not fail us, identified this stream with that of the Niger; others gave it a less eccentric

route; whilst not a few connected its imaginary fountains with those of the Nile. It is with the higher course of this river that Mr. Cooley is occupied in the early pages of the volume before us.

He has in the first instance to reduce certain exaggerated distances to their true value, and to ascertain the real position of some localities in the neighbourhood of the eastern coast. He then proceeds:—

“In 1802, Francesco Honorato Da Costa, superintendent of the fair or factory of Casange, sent two Pombeiros<sup>1</sup>, or native mercantile travellers, into the interior, with instructions to cross the continent, if possible, to the Zambeze. But a principal object of their mission was to endeavour to establish relations of amity and intercourse with the Mupúe, or king of the Moluas (as they are called by the Portuguese), who was known to dwell beyond Casange, towards the N.E. or N.N.E. The wily Jaga or chief of Casange, it appeared, was adverse to such direct intercourse, and had hitherto prevented the Moluas from visiting the coast, by representing the Portuguese as cannibals, risen from the sea. But as this engrossing, obstructive, or protective policy prevails universally in Africa, it was to be feared that the Mupúe would not allow the Pombeiros to pass eastwards or southwards through his dominions. They were instructed therefore to lay aside their mercantile character, and to represent themselves as envoys of Mueneputo (the king of Portugal), seeking their chief's brother, who had travelled into the interior some years before, and had not since been heard of. The person thus alluded to was Dr. Lucerda, who in 1798 conducted an expedition from Tete on the Zambeze to Lucenda, the residence of the Cazembe, where he died soon after his arrival.

“The Pombeiros executed their undertaking, but experienced delays that showed its difficulty. At a distance of only eight days from the Portuguese limits, they met with obstructions from a petty chief. They pushed on, however, to Bomba, who effectually detained them above two years. Ransomed by Da Costa, they were allowed to depart; and after paying another ransom to a chief, named Moshíco, they at length reached the Mupúe, or Muáta ya Nvo, or ya Mbo, in 1805. By him they appear to have been kindly treated; and, continuing their journey without mishap, they arrived at Lucenda, the residence of the Cazembe, on the last day of 1806. Here they remained four years, prevented by wars from proceeding to Tete. At length, however, on the 2nd of February, 1811, they entered that town, were ill-received by the Portuguese authorities, and with very inadequate means, started on their return to Angola, where they arrived in 1815.”—pp. 8, 9.

Great indeed must be the energy, untiring the perseverance, and impregnable the patience of those who seek to explore the

<sup>1</sup> Pombeiro is the Portuguese derivative from the Bunda or Angolan word Pámbu, a route or journey.

interior of Africa. In this instance, we see thirteen years taken up in an expedition which elsewhere would not have occupied as many months. The memoranda of the Pombeiros are not very copious, but they are characterized by simplicity and veracity. From them, illustrated by other authorities, carefully collated, Mr. Cooley has elicited much curious and interesting information. We proceed to extract some of his results, leaving the reader to seek in the work itself the processes by which they were obtained.

"The starting point of the Pombeiros . . . . was the Mucari or domain containing the factory for Casange, within a day's journey, probably, of Pungo Andongo, in about lat.  $9^{\circ} 30' S.$ , long.  $15^{\circ} 34' E.$  Nearly fourteen degrees further E., and in the same parallel, stands Lucenda, the Cazembe's capital. Between these two points we have to arrange a route of 150 days' march, made by experienced travellers, who halted often and long for rest, and whose daily route may be taken at ten miles. . . . .

"In order to avoid Casange on the left, they went along the right bank of the Quanza, which rises in Bihè, at a distance of fifteen days S.E., perhaps, from Pungo Andongo. They thus came to the estates of Bomba, between the rivers Quanza and Quango, which are said to be but seven days asunder. The titles of this chief are thus enumerated by Francesco Honorato: 'Seculo Bomba, Cambambi, Camasaca, and Mugumbo Acalunga, Ruler and Lord of all the Songo and passage to the interior.' . . . . The Pombeiros . . . appear to have entered the territory of Bomba, when they crossed the river Jumbo on the twelfth day of their march. On the 22nd, they arrived at the town of the Seculo, or, as the Portuguese would say, the Duke Bomba. At a distance of four days from this they came to Pepumdi (?) Songo, also on a river Jumbo, and in three days more (twenty-nine in all) crossed the Quango.

"Five days beyond the Quango, the travellers crossed a desert nine or ten days in extent, to the town of Cabungi, on the frontier of the Muáta ya Nvo. The desert here mentioned, in which four rivers were met with, the road going along one of them (the Quihubue) for three days, extends probably over the dividing ridge between the valley of the Quango and that of the great rivers whereon lie the dominions of the Muáta ya Nvo. Nine days from Cabungi, they passed through a village forming part of the estates of Luconguésa, the queen-mother, and two days afterwards crossed the great river Casais (more probably Casézi) in a canoe. Again, in ten days, traversing another dividing ridge, marked by a two days' desert, they crossed the Lulúa also, the chief river of this region . . . in a canoe. In twelve days more, they arrived at the residence of the Muáta ya Nvo, or Muropúe."—pp. 10—13.

As our readers may have almost lost themselves in this laby-

rinth of outlandish nomenclature, we pause for an instant to remind them that from Pungo Andongo to the abode of that man of many names, "Duke Bomba," the travellers had proceeded up the valley of the Quango, in a south-easterly direction, that, soon after leaving this spot, they turned to the north-west, until they had reached the summit of that mountain ridge, which divides the waters that feed the Quango from those that fall into the Lulúa. Hence they proceeded due north, till they arrived at the capital of the Muropúe :—

"Leaving the town of this chief, at the end of May, 1806, on their way to the Cazembe, they tell us that they had the sun (rising) *full on the left side*, which implies a course about two points east of south; and in this course they persisted for about thirty-seven days. The frequent mention of rain, in this part of the journal, (from May to September,) shows that the wet season had set in. The rivers were numerous, and many of them waist deep. The chief were the Izabuigi, the Calalímo, Roando, Rova, Cazelle, the Caginrigi, crossed in a canoe; the Reu, Ropoege, and Lubúri, eighty yards wide, forded on the thirty-fourth day, and where the Muropúe's dominion terminates. These rivers, together with other and large streams further on, to a distance of twelve days, all flow into the Lulúa."—p. 14.

It is clear, from a consideration of facts, and from the features of the country, which have already been sufficiently ascertained, that the Lulúa is the main stream, and its valley the cradle, of the Zaire or Congo. The origin of that river is, therefore, to be found to the south, instead of the north, of the equator: the greater part of its course runs in a north-westerly, instead of a south-westerly direction; nor is it until it has performed more than five-sixths of its allotted journey, that it adopts that which has been supposed to characterize it throughout.

Cognate, with the term LULÚA, is the Gentile appellation ALÚA, by which Mr. Cooley designates the subjects of the Muropúe. The connexion between the people and their river is found in all parts of the world, in all times, and in all languages, for it is founded on nature. Thus we have the Iberians and the Iberus, the Ligurians and the Liger, Roma and the Rumon: we have *Es*k-dale men, and *Tyne*-mouth men; and, on the continent, with which we are at present occupied, the land and the people of Misraim, called after the Ægyptus, or Nile.

The Muropúe appears to be a sovereign of considerable importance. On both sides of the valley of the Lulúa his empire extends to a distance of thirty-four days' journey, though it is clear that on the western bank this measure must be taken as representing less than on the eastern :—

"The visit of the Pombeiros, bearing fine presents, among which were a scarlet coat, with gilt buttons, made a favourable impression on the Muátay a Nvo<sup>2</sup>, who dispatched, in consequence, an embassy to Mueneputo (king of Portugal). His ambassadors not being allowed to cross the territory of Casange, took the circuitous route by Bomba, and reached Loanda in the beginning of 1808. They bore presents consisting of slaves, skins of apes and zebras, mats, rush-baskets, two bars of copper, and one sample of salt. They were fine-looking men, with long beards, their arms and legs loaded with copper rings, and heads adorned with parrot's feathers. The Pombeiros, who conducted them to Loanda, described, in advantageous terms, the power and civilization of the Alúa, and the size and opulence of their capital. They also stated that the queen resided at a distance of thirty or forty leagues from the king, with a separate jurisdiction; one member of the embassy, indeed, was appointed by her majesty. This story, which has little likelihood," observes Mr. Cooley, "originated probably in the separate estate of the queen-mother, Luconquesa; and again," suggests he, "the respect paid to a female of the royal family, seems to indicate that among the Alúa the inheritance of the crown passes, not in lineal succession, but to the sister's son."—p. 17.

The Muropú's, however, is not the only powerful sovereignty which exists in the interior of Africa; between the fifth and fifteenth degree of southern latitude, that of the Cazembe is of at least equal importance, whilst on the north-eastern shores of the mysterious sea-lake of Nyassa, the ancient empire of the Moene-moézi, awakens the interest and curiosity of the student:—

"On crossing the Lubúri," proceeds Mr. Cooley, "the Pombeiros entered the territory of Muinga Mucenda, lord of the frontier, whose office it is to supply the wants of travellers on this most difficult part of their road between the Muropú and the Cazembe. Four days further on, the general direction of the march changed, and the rising sun, which had been hitherto on the left side, was henceforward (from the 11th September) constantly in front; the course had, therefore, turned to the east. The country now became undulating, the bare ridges taking a greenish hue from the copper ores, while numerous fine streams, the Lufúla, amongst the chief, hurried down to the Lualába<sup>3</sup>. Half a day was spent in wading across the marsh or lagoon of Quibonda. A visit was paid to Muire, the lord of the copper mines, who, with another chief, named Cambembe, manufactures all the copper bars exported from this district to both sides of the continent. In former days these chiefs were independent; now they are vassals of the Cazembe, and pay their tribute of copper bars to their neighbour and superior in rank, Quibúri, the Cazembe's immediate representative.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the same as the Muropú or sovereign of the Alúa.

<sup>3</sup> The Lualába is a distinguished tributary of the Lulúa running in a south-westerly course—from, therefore, the north-east.

Having forded the Luigíla, which forms at its junction with the Lualába, the famous salt-marsh of Quigíla, our travellers crossed on the forty-third day the Lualába itself, 100 yards wide, in a canoe, and entered the hospitable hamlet of Quibúri, the lord of the salt-marsh."—p. 18.

His dominion extends over a distance of sixteen days' journey.

It would appear that in other times this territory owned the suzerainty of the Muropúe: now, however, its chief acknowledges the supremacy of the Cazembe—a connexion which has been cemented by a matrimonial alliance.

"This appears to be a bare, elevated tract, partially covered with extensive marshes. The people of this country, we are told, do not cultivate the ground, because it was never the custom to do so, but buy cassava, millet, and other food, and grass cloth for apparel, with salt and copper, the only products of the land. A custom such as this," observes Mr. Cooley, "evidently implies an ancient and uninterrupted trade; for stoppage in such a case would be extinction. The elevated country abounds with game; the rivers and lakes with fish. The native traders, met with by the Pombeiros on their journey, were laden with nothing but manioc, venison, fish, salt, copper bars, and green stones or copper ores, probably for ornaments. The salt of Quigíla is said to be obtained by the evaporation of a lye made by washing the ashes of the plants that grow in the marsh . . . ; yet rock-salt also (*sal de Pedras*) is said to be carried from Quigíla."—p. 19.

This district, the country of the salt and copper mines, which constitute the main-spring of the internal trade of Southern Africa, is well known to the surrounding nations under the various names of Louvar, Lovale, Lobale, and Zavale. It is clearly the fountain-head, or origin of three systems of watershed—one falling eastward to the Atlantic by the channels of the Zaire, Quanza, &c., another eastward into the lake Nyassa and the valley of the Luapúla, and a third southward to the plains of the Seshéke. Leaving, however, for the while these abstractions, let us proceed with our energetic friends the Pombeiros:—

"Three days from the Lualába they forded the Bacasacála, which runs into the former, and consequently belongs to the basin of the Lulúá. . . . Passing for four days over the mountain of Conda Irungo, the road descended for four days along the river Lutipúca, which forms at its junction with the Luapúla, a marsh of great extent, and periodically dry; when seen by our travellers it was covered with wild animals of many kinds. On the twenty-fifth day from the Lualába the Pombeiros crossed the Luapúla, 112 yards wide, and lodged with Tambo Aquilala, the lord of the port or ferry. . . . They now turned a point or two north-eastwards, and had in December the sun on the right hand. Continuing their route down the right bank of the Luapúla, they came

in a day to the village of Pemba, Cazembe's sister, where they were hospitably regaled with fish and pombe or beer. Messengers dispatched to the capital to announce the arrival of the strangers, returned in a few days with the prince's welcome, and a present consisting of a goat, some cassava, fresh fish, and a slave girl. They then resumed their march, and in three days reached Lucenda, the town of the Cazembe.

"This town stands at a short distance from the Luapúla, on the northern bank of a broad marsh, or lagoon, called the Mouva, which receives the waters of several small streams, the Canegóa, Lunda, &c., and is connected with the Luapúla a little further down to the N.E. Being nearly surrounded by rivers and marshes it enjoys security from sudden attack, but is extremely unhealthy, on which account its site has been changed more than once, but never so as to remove it effectually beyond the reach of the pestilent influence."—p. 25.

We now reach a point which has been visited by Europeans, and that too from the eastern coast of Africa; thus joining, as it were, the two cords of discovery by a well-compacted knot; and the route from Lucenda to the shores of the Eastern Ocean is verified by a comparison of the journal of the Pombeiros already referred to, with that of Dr. Lucerda, and by various other independent testimonies.

Let us commence as our author does at the extreme east:—

"On the 3rd July, 1798, Lucerda started with a very large retinue from the northern bank of the Zambéze, opposite to Tête, and passing for two days through the estates of the Portuguese crown, entered the country of the Marávis, or independent native chiefs. The fifth day brought him to Mashinga in lat.  $15^{\circ} 19' 15''$  S. On the seventh he arrived at Lupáta, or the defile, where the district of Bive terminates. On the tenth, which brought him to Java, he twice crossed the Aruangoa, which he remarks is a great river; but he says nothing of its course or destination. On the 7th August, the fourteenth day, he halted near the town of Mocanda, a chief of the Mutumbúca, having crossed the rivers Rúf and Búe running eastwards to the Shire. On the banks of the Uzeréze, another affluent of the Shire, he met with natives whose traffic extended to Mozambique. Here," observes Mr. Cooley, "it deserves to be specially noted, that Lucerda had so far marched but fourteen days out of thirty-six, yet his followers it seems were horrified at the thought of marching ordinarily  $2\frac{1}{2}$  (Portuguese) leagues, or about  $9\frac{1}{2}$  statute miles a day. This," he justly adds, "is a weighty comment on the long marches frequently introduced into African itineraries. The country gone over was generally dry, and the water in the village wells as white as milk. The soil seemed poor, though it supplied the natives with a sufficiency of millet, yams, and batatas.

"The direction of the route, which had been hitherto N.N.W., now turned more westward. The town of Mocanda's son, Caperaméra, reached on the nineteenth day, was large and populous, and thronged



with Movíza, driven southwards by famine. The twenty-first march was over hills, the highest yet met with, ranging generally W.N.W. and E.S.E. These hills separate Caperamera (the Mutumbúca) from Masse (Muáza). The rugged tract being crossed, the march went over the territory of Mazavamba, and on the twenty-sixth day (the fifty-fourth, halts included) ended at the river Aruángo. This river was now, in the dry season, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep, and 35 yards wide, though, owing to the mouldering banks, its width seemed very variable. On its northern bank, close to the water, grew large trees, the first seen on the journey. Many traces were found of Movíza hunters, who kill the hippopotamus for food. Lucerda had intended to send a party down this river in a canoe, but found on examination that it is not navigable in the dry season. He also remarks that this was the third river which he knew of named Aruángo; one being to the S. of the Zambéze, another a few days N. of it.

"Beyond the Aruángo, the tracks of elephants grew frequent. On the thirtieth day (the fourth from the river) the route led over the Serra Muchingue, which is said to extend from the Shíre to Zumbo (on the Zambéze), or, in other words, to follow the left bank of the Aruángo. This part of the journey was extremely harassing; trees and bogs hindered the march, the country was dreary, the nights very cold, the day burning hot. When we are told that there was no change in the face of the country from Tête, we must understand that rugged bush and low thicket continued to be its chief features; that there was no large timber, no smiling luxuriant landscape. On the thirty-first day, a spacious valley was entered, filled with villages of Movíza, clad in cloth of bark, and with frizzled heads well powdered with a bright red dust, derived from wood. The millet harvest being just ended, the people were all intoxicated with the newly-made pombe or beer; but the villages generally bore marks of poverty and wretchedness, the country having suffered from famine. Here Lucerda repeats the remark which he had previously made, that there is no salt in these countries. The Movíza procure their salt either from Tête, or from the Cazembe. After passing over a succession of ridges, alternating with narrow swampy plains, our traveller reached on the thirty-ninth day (the thirteenth from the Aruángo) the (New) Zambéze. 'Here,' he says, 'end the famished territories of those frizzled and periwigged people (the Movíza).' The Zambéze, flowing to the left, was fifty yards broad and four or five feet deep. The Mosocúma in the camp, when asked where this river goes to, replied, that it joins the river (the Luapúla), which runs close by the Zimboe (Zimbáwe, royal residence) of the Cazembe. The Musocúma dwell on the shores of the Nhanja or Lake.

"A little beyond the New Zambéze, a narrow but deep affluent of that river was forded, the name of which we find written, Rucurue (Ruçurue or Risúro). And now the look of the country was totally changed. The hills which had confined the view from Tête to the New Zambéze were at an end, and a nearly level plain extended to the horizon. The first night beyond the river was spent in the large town

of Chimimba Campéze, where some Movízas were met with, who were engaged in conveying the Cazembe's ivory to the east coast. After wading through a dry marsh, the expedition arrived, on the forty-second day, at the town of the Fumo Chipáco, a subject of the Cazembe. This was the largest and most populous town seen as yet. The chief courteously assured the strangers that all that he possessed was at their disposal. After a day's rest, the march was continued, through an undulating tract, succeeded by a low plain, overspread with stagnant waters. On the forty-seventh day, the expedition, crossing the river Ruanzéze, arrived at the town of Mouro Achinto, where the district of Chipáco terminates. Here Lacerda learned that towards the N., and between the Musocúma, who are on the banks of the Shíre, or Nhanja, and the Movíza, are the Auémba, who, as well as the Mosocúma, are enemies of the Cazembe. The Arambes, or Ambos, to the S., are his friends. The country was now covered with large trees, which reminded Lucerda of the forests of Brazil. Elephants appeared numerous. From Mouro Achinto the Portuguese were obliged to make a forced march of seven days to Lucenda, over a country for the most part desolate. They soon came to a small hamlet, where they tasted some delicious *sura*, or palm wine, and learned that its inhabitants were bound to deliver, at the Cazembe's dwelling, every third day, fresh *sura*, made of the wild palm called Uchinda. A tract of undulating ground, rugged and stony, but not very elevated, interrupted, for nearly a day, the wide swampy plain. On the fiftieth day, a native remarked, that on the left was the Great Lagoon which he and Manoel Caetano (the creole trader who first drew attention to this country) had crossed in their last journey. Further on, the villages were found to be deserted on account of the lions. At length, on the 2nd October, the fifty-fourth day of the march (the ninety-second from starting), the expedition arrived at Lucenda, but its entry into the town was forbidden until the Cazembe should have gone through certain propitiatory ceremonies."— pp. 26—30.

This expedition, thus laid before the world, opens to our view a highly interesting country, points out an important mercantile route, and adds another portion to the previously existing stock of authentic geography. It is unfortunate for the cause of science that Lucerda, worn out with fatigue and fever, died at Lucenda on the eighteenth of October, only seventeen days after the arrival of the expedition at that interesting spot. His infinite superiority to his followers, both in science and intelligence, makes his loss an irreparable one. Still, however, many interesting particulars may be derived from their statements. One of the most characteristic circumstances occurred almost immediately upon Lucerda's death. The Cazembe became impatient for the production of his present, and, finding that it did not appear as soon as he expected, he sent to draw two of the teeth of Father Francisco João Pinto, upon whom the command of

the expedition had now devolved. The message, however, was not formally delivered, and the hint acted satisfactorily upon the worthy, though somewhat dilatory ecclesiastic. The prince's subsequent treatment of the strangers was uniformly kind and considerate, notwithstanding their frequent misconduct. He treated them, indeed, with munificent hospitality, and when a dangerous illness had alarmed him for his own safety, recommended them especially to the forbearance and good feeling of his people. Their request, however, to be permitted to proceed westwards to Angola he parried by every means short of absolute refusal.

"The Cazembe," we are told, "exhibited to the Muzungos, or white men (properly wise men), soon after their arrival, and evidently with a view to obtain information, the various contents of his private treasury. These were stuffs of several kinds, silk, velvet, woollen, and cotton, including some 'printed calicoes of the north,'—probably Manchester goods,—glass, porcelain, and packages of tea. Most of these articles had reached him from the eastern coast: the Banyans, as Lander frequently informs us, being, in reality, the merchants of these countries. He had also a few muskets. The exports of the Cazembe are slaves, ivory, skins of wild animals (leopard, Macaco ape, zebra, &c.), copper bars, green stones, and salt."—p. 36.

The Cazembe exhibited the most singular example with which we are acquainted of aristocratic sympathy. He possessed a herd of cattle which were running wild, and turned to no account. He would not eat their flesh, because he conceived that horned cattle were *fumos*, or nobility, like himself! And yet this refined and sentimental exclusive sold his fellow-men as slaves! A strange, a melancholy, a ludicrous depravation this of the human heart! and yet it is far from impossible that were some enlightened subject of this prince to visit Europe, he might carry back to his own wild land the record of habits of thought, and modes of feeling, ay, and of action too, which are quite as inconsistent with the natural laws and the inherent instincts of our being, to say nothing of that book which teaches us that God made all men of one blood.

Alas for the reason and the conscience of man! Whosoever and wheresoever the principle of *self* exerts its absolute supremacy, whether in the concentrated form of mere egotism, or in the more expansive phase of class interest, God above, and man around, melt from the mental vision, filled, wheresoever the diseased eye turns its gaze, with countless reflections and reproductions of the endless, infinite, eternal I.

But we must not moralize in the centre of Africa, or we shall

never get back again, although the interior of that continent has been thus ably laid open by Mr. Desborough Cooley.

"The Cazembe's people, the Arunda, or Alunda (in the singular, M'runda); are described as tall, vigorous, and quite black. They do not file their teeth, nor tattoo, nor mark themselves with scars. Their ordinary dress is a wrapper from the waist to the knee, fastened with a leathern belt. Their feet are covered with strung shells and polished stones, and their heads adorned with handsome feathers. On great occasions, they wear a kind of very full shirt, with a tricoloured border and gathered in front, which is said to make a fine appearance."—p. 37.

The sovereignty of the Cazembe is not of very ancient date; it was little more than a century ago that his ancestor, Ganga Abilonda, son of an officer of the Muropúe, being appointed lord of Quigíla, or the Salt Marsh, carried his arms eastward, and occupied Quichinga. Though the CAZEMBE is now independent, that title assumed by the conqueror appears to signify viceroy; and the monarch of Lucenda still affects to recognise, in some sort, the superiority or pre-eminence of the Muropúe, since, with marked respect of language, he styles him father.

We have dwelt so long on the route which we have been discussing, and on the territories of the Alúa and Alunda, that we have no space, within the limits allotted to this paper, for the other interesting subjects treated in the memoir under consideration. We have deemed it advisable rather to exhibit the main line in its entirety, than those fragments which, however interesting and valuable when considered in connexion with it, are, when taken alone, but *dissecta membra*. Nor could we otherwise have given any fair notion of what this volume effects. We must leave the reader to discover for himself, in the remaining pages of this well-digested volume, the notices which he will there find of the regions which border on the eastern shore of the mysterious sea lake, or river lake, Nyassa; of the routes which join the country of the Moenemoézi with the coast of the Indian Ocean; and of the results of missionary enterprise in a north-easterly direction.

With regard to these portions of his work, we are of opinion that he has very successfully demolished the snow mountain, Kilíma Njáro, though he is possibly rather too severe in his administration of the critical discipline to the travellers in question. Otherwise we have no fault to find with him, saving that we cannot feel at all sure that when "Khamis ben Othman declared that the River Liwáha, or, as he called it, the Lufigi, issues from the lake, and that he saw its outlet with his own

eyes," he was under a delusion, especially as Mr. Cooley allows "his testimony" to have been "earnest and sincere."

It will give us sincere pleasure to recur to the subject when further accounts of this very important lake, and of the very interesting people who dwell on its shores, are laid before us. We will only add at present that its *ascertained* length is from latitude  $7^{\circ}$  S. to latitude  $12^{\circ}$  S.; that it lies from north-west to south-east in long.  $30^{\circ} 35'$  W.; that it is covered with islands; that the width of the lake is said to be three days' journey in a canoe, and its length two months' voyage in a canoe, or one month's in an English ship.

We cannot, however, pass over without any mention the expedition of Oswell and Livingstone to the shores of the Lake Ngami, in lat.  $20^{\circ} 20'$  S., long.  $23^{\circ} 20'$  E. From this lake, a river, the Zouga, 200 yards wide, flows east and south-east irregularly, about 300 miles, till it is lost in the ocean:—

"After crossing an almost waterless desert of deep sand, the travellers beheld with delight the fine river, and the lake extending out of sight to the north and west, its banks shaded with trees of great size. But they were still more pleased with the intelligence that, on the north and west, rivers flowed into the lake, communicating with other and greater rivers, and that there lay towards the north-east a great extent of navigable waters. [This was in 1849.] To the examination of these they returned the following year, and . . . drove their wagons to the banks of the Chôbe, a fine navigable river, in lat.  $18^{\circ} 23'$  S., long.  $26^{\circ}$  E., and thus penetrated to a distance of at least 2000 miles from Cape Town. . . . Leaving their wagons at the Chôbe, they proceeded on horseback about 100 miles further N.E., to the banks of the Seshéke (sand banks), in lat.  $17^{\circ} 28'$  S., and found it to be from 300 to 500 yards wide, with a great volume of water and considerable swell. The natives all agreed in stating that it comes from Lobale, about 400 miles distant northward or N.N.W. About four days' journey below the point reached by the travellers, it forces its way in a contracted channel through some rocky hills, and its at length precipitated with such noise and vapour as to procure for the spot the name of Mosi wa thunya, or Smoke Sounds (roaring vapours). Lower down it is joined by another river of less magnitude, the Maninchi or Bashukolompo, and the united waters then take the name of Zabeza or Zambéze. The Chôbe also flows into the Seshéke from the west, and these rivers are furthermore reported to be connected with each other, and with Lake Ngami, and its rivers by transverse canals, which make of them, in the floods at least, a single system of waters. The Seshéke, or river of Barotse, . . . the centre of the system, and the largest of all the streams connected with it, appears to inundate the adjacent country to a distance of 15 miles from its banks. In fact, the country round the lower course of these rivers, must present in

copious floods the appearance of a sea, the limits of which are not easily assigned. The whole region overspread, and interlaced with swamps, rivers, and transverse canals, as represented in the map founded on native information, has an extent, from east to west, of 400 or 500 miles. In the latitude of Lake Ngami also, but from three to six degrees further east, are immense salt-pans, that of Twetwe being supposed to have a length of 100 miles, which are, of course, occasionally lakes. But the filling of the salt lakes, and the general inundation of the country seem to take place only occasionally, and not periodically. The climate is dry; little rain falls, and the floods, which give fertility to the soil, come from a great distance. . . . Such appears to have been the case both in 1849 and 1850, so that it still remains doubtful whether the inundation of the country and its conversion into a great lake, interspersed with islands, be a frequent or a rare phenomenon."—pp. 129—131.

And here we must take leave of our author, without entering into the very interesting questions of the subsequent course and fate of the Seshéke.

In sum, the principal information collected in this memoir may be thus condensed. In the centre of Southern Africa is the high land of Lobale or Lovar, the mine district; from the three slopes of this elevated country the waters fall respectively to the Atlantic, the Lake Nyassa, and the system of the Seshéke. The valley of the Lulúá, which represents the first of these inclinations, is ruled by the Muropúé or Muáta ya Nvo. Lobale itself, as well as the north-western slope of the high lands, though originally owning his dominion, is now ruled by the Cazembe, whose capital, Lucenda, is on the Lualúba, or main stream of the north-west; further eastward, and separated from his subjects, the Arunda, by hostile tribes, lies the great lake Nyassa, upon the northern shores of which exists the powerful empire or confederation (as the case may be) of the Moenemoézi. The southern slope is occupied by the Abutua, and its water system is represented by the great, but imperfectly known river of Seshéke, and intimately connected with the lake of Batlele or Ngami.

Thus much we already know. Let us hope that we shall soon know more; and in the meantime render our sincere thanks to Mr. Cooley for having thus far successfully laid Inner Africa open.

ART. VI.—*A Memoir of the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, in Regent's Town, Sierra Leone, A.D. 1816—1823. With some Prefatory Remarks. By the Rev. W. JOWETT, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's Church, Clapham, &c. London: Seeleys.*

FIFTY years ago the Missions of the Church of England were confined within comparatively narrow limits; and, assuredly, looking at the efforts which had been made so far, it must be admitted that there was deep cause for humiliation on the part of all members of the Church. How that apathy and indifference which appeared to brood over us were to be most effectually removed, was without doubt a question which was conscientiously considered by the pious men, who at the commencement of the present century established the "Church Missionary Society," for the conversion of the Heathen in Africa and the East. It was a question on which differences of opinion were likely to arise; and on which conscientious men, accordingly, were found to entertain views by no means in harmony. The ancient Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, had to the full extent of their means faithfully and effectually promoted the spread of Christianity in the British Colonies. But these means were comparatively limited, and the efforts of the former Society had been directed chiefly to the maintenance of Christianity amongst the descendants of English in the Colonies; while the latter had fostered the Missions in Southern India, founded by the apostolical Ziegenbalg and Swartz. But since the commencement of the present century, the work of Missions has advanced steadily, and with results so cheering and consolatory, that it might be said once more to the Church, "Rejoice, thou barren, that bearest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not: for the desolate hath many more children than she which hath an husband." In the East the Church Missionary Society has rescued New Zealand from heathenism; its missionaries have been gathering in a plentiful harvest in Hindostan, and toiling to plant the Cross in China. In Africa its triumphs in the conversion of the negroes have been great. In America, amongst the frozen wilds of Rupert's Land, it is pursuing its hallowed work. And as it has proceeded in that work, the means of supplying its needs have continually augmented:

it has been fertilizing the parent land with the evidence and reflex of that faith which its holy missionaries have been made instrumental in eliciting and cherishing. This Society, in its origin, represented chiefly one section of the Church; but it has been gradually winning the confidence, to a great extent, of Churchmen generally; and while its constitution appears to render collision with ecclesiastical authority possible, it has been found practically, for the most part, to be under the influence of such Christian feeling and discretion, and of a spirit of such sincere attachment to the Church of England, that its missionaries are recognized by the Colonial Episcopate as amongst their most valued and most faithful coadjutors.

We must now allude to the magnificent results of the labours of the elder societies of the Church. To the Propagation of the Gospel Society the Church is indebted for the faithful and persevering support of those Missions in the Colonies of North America, where, through the instrumentality of its missionaries, the foundation of a true and vital religion was substantially laid; and where its vigour and life were severely tested by the prevailing spirit of secularity, the indifference of the parent country, the absence of an episcopate long and vainly sought for, the presence of an unworthy and careless ministry. That seed of life cast in by the missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, survived the storms of the Revolution; and has grown on and expanded, till a Church, sister to our own, is seen in the United States, with its thirty bishops, its two thousand clergy, and its two millions of adherents. Nor is this the only triumph which has evidenced the Divine blessing on the labours of this great Society. Its missionaries have gained in Southern India conquests which are unsurpassed in magnitude and rapidity; nor is there a point in the English Colonies, or their vicinity, where the missionaries of this Society, now augmenting continually in numbers, as the funds of the Society increase, are not to be found labouring in their sacred vocation. And still the cry is for more labourers, and it seems that scarcely a limit can be placed to the successes of this Society, unless the means of promoting its work should be withheld.

We have spoken on more than one occasion of the recently founded Society for Church Missions in Ireland for the Conversion of Roman Catholics, and of the Irish Society for the same object. The fame of these Missions has now spread throughout the world, and the propagandism of Rome has at length found more than its match, and is fast yielding before the powerful agency of Truth.

It is our purpose in the following pages to notice two works, as



illustrative of the spirit, and also the action, of two of the Church societies to which we have above adverted—the Church Missionary Society, and the Propagation of the Gospel Society. We had recently occasion to direct attention to the truly apostolical labours of a missionary of the latter Society, the Rev. W. H. BRETT, in British Guinea. It will now be our pleasing duty to place before the reader an outline of the labours of a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. In these instances, as well as in the case of the Irish Church missionaries to which we have adverted before, obstacles and perils of the most formidable and discouraging nature, have given way before a spirit of stedfast faith and perseverance, and a system of instruction carefully and nicely adapted to the circumstances of the case. We may add, too, that in the case of the Irish Church Missions, and the Missions in Guiana, the work which has been carried on appears to have been thoroughly satisfactory in its results: no enthusiasm or false excitement appears to have been created; but the fruits of the Spirit have been evidenced in renewed hearts and improved habits of life. We have now to direct the reader's attention to one of the most remarkable and impressive narratives of missionary labour that has ever appeared. The Rev. W. A. B. Johnson, the subject of the "Memoir" before us, was connected with the Church Missionary Society, in the first instance, as a school-master, afterwards as a missionary, at Sierra Leone. At this station, surrounded by sickness and death, and in continual expectation of being visited and carried off by the plague which desolates that fatal land, this missionary laboured, in a spirit of perfect self-abnegation, and with an intensity of zeal and charity which has rarely indeed been rivalled or even approached; and whose fervour has, amidst its occasional errors, a grandeur which places its subject amongst the most remarkable men that have ever laboured to advance the kingdom of God.

It was the remark of a minister, referred to in the work before us, that "we do the best we can to raise up a succession of faithful ministers of the Gospel, and to a certain degree we succeed; though we often have to mourn over grievous disappointments. But now and then it pleases God to take the work into His own hands. He raises up a man, and makes him a preacher of the Gospel by His own especial teaching; and *then* we behold a very different sort of minister from any that human efforts or human skill can produce." The missionary Johnson would seem to have been an instance of this kind. What might not have been the effect had this man been permitted to survive to the ordinary term of human life, in the full exercise of his ministry? Without doubt, the entire conversion of that region was reserved for another

time and another agency; or else, to all appearance, this missionary would ere long have emerged from the comparatively narrow limits of Sierra Leone, and become the apostle of Western Africa.

The history of his call and ministry is most striking. He first appears as a poor German mechanic in London. His education has been very limited; and he has been engaged in the drudgery of manual labour, and the cares and poverty incidental to it. His distress drives him to prayer, and a remarkable instance of Providence awakens him further. He is fully awakened and converted through the instrumentality of some Moravian brethren. He is instantly at work, seeking to convert others. His strong impulses find an appropriate direction through the addresses of missionaries at a public meeting. He resists those impulses, however, for two years, from a belief that no missionary society would send forth a married man to its work. At length he meets a missionary who has been appointed to Western Africa, and by him he is brought to the Church Missionary Society.

Such were the evident zeal and devotion of this mechanic, that the Committee of the Society, after a single interview, appointed him as schoolmaster in connexion with the missions at Sierra Leone. He was trained for a year for this purpose, and then passed to the sphere of his labours. He was placed amongst a large population of ignorant savages just released from slavery, and commenced his schools with great and rapid success. But from the outset the schoolmaster was a missionary. His burning zeal—his love of souls—rendered it impossible for him to refrain from proclaiming, at all times, and in all ways, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The effects were immediate: numbers of heathens pressed forward to receive the waters of baptism. Children, men—persons of all ages were equally impressed. Persons came to speak to him of the state of their souls, and in many instances the workings of Divine grace were manifest.

So great a work was proceeding in the course of a few months, that the managers of the Missionary Society perceived the necessity of placing the schoolmaster in the position to which he was evidently called. He was accordingly ordained according to the Lutheran form by several of their missionaries in those parts—an irregularity which was not altogether without sanction from the practice of the elder society of the Church of England, and into the discussion of which we need not now enter. He then commenced as missionary at Freetown, where the effects of his teaching on the whole population appear to have been marvellous. Religion became the absorbing and devouring interest of the negroes. Young and old—persons of all ages and sexes were

attracted. The church was filled, and enlarged again and again, till it attained the largest dimensions. Numbers were continually baptized after they had afforded full evidence of faith and conversion. The communicants multiplied by hundreds. The sums contributed by the negroes towards the promotion of missions were astonishing. A general fervour of devotion was witnessed; the very fields were dotted with kneeling figures of men, women, and children praying with the deepest fervency, while tears were flowing down their cheeks. As night closed in, the men in one direction, and the women in another, united in singing the praises of God. The church resounded at all hours with young voices singing hymns, or engaged in prayer. The missionary was beset with anxious inquirers after the way of salvation. Every day, at morning and evening, the service was attended by these new-born Christians in multitudes; and they never seemed to weary of religious exercises. Negro teachers and missionaries began to appear and to be formed for their work: they preached to their brethren; they prayed with them; they went amongst the heathen of the surrounding country; they addressed epistles full of love and Christian faith to their beloved pastor during his absence. The religious fervour of these children of Africa had a tendency at first to excess and enthusiasm. The preacher was often interrupted by the sobs and cries of the people; persons were carried away fainting from excess of emotion; and it was with difficulty that their feelings were restrained within the limits of sobriety and decorum in public worship. In the mean time the country was improved: roads were made, and houses, gardens, and cultivated fields, and an orderly and well-clad and civilized population occupied a place which but a few years before had been a desert. In the course of a few years crime diminished so much that, while the population had quadrupled, the committals had fallen to one-seventh of their former amount.

This great work was the result of two or three years' labour, when it was interrupted by the illness of his wife, which obliged him to return for a time to England. During his absence of nine months, his mission was mismanaged by the person appointed to its charge, and a great falling off was the result. But on his return, in 1820, the lost ground was speedily retrieved, and a rapid advance took place, which was suddenly terminated by his death, of fever in 1823, at thirty-five years of age.

We must cite a few passages in illustration of the preceding details.

Shortly after his arrival at Regent's Town, he writes in 1816:—

"*Sunday, July 14.* Family prayer between five and six o'clock, A. M. —the house full. Opened worship by singing a hymn (of which the

natives are very fond); read and explained the latter part of the 46th chapter of Jeremiah; sung another hymn and concluded with prayer.

"*Ten o'clock.* Divine service. Opened worship by singing a hymn; read the Church Service; sung a hymn; prayed; explained the 18th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. Spoke on the sufferings of Christ, the fall of man, and the necessity of his sufferings; concluded with singing a hymn and prayer. The whole house, piazza, and windows full: some were obliged to stand in the yard. Oh! may God the Holy Spirit own His Word, and bless the few imperfect remarks which have been made.

"*July 18th.* Last week and last Sunday, after Divine Service I made it known to the different black settlers (some live about one mile from here), who have the children under their care (some have two, three, four, and five boys), to send them on Monday, when the bell (which the governor has sent last week) should ring for school. Accordingly, ninety boys, besides girls made their appearance. . . . The adults' school which I have likewise opened on Monday evening, consists at present of thirty-five men and sixteen women."

Shortly afterwards he writes thus:—

"Thus far I kept a regular journal, but now my labours became so great that I scarcely had an hour to myself from one Sunday to another. More captured negroes arrived from on board ship, and I had soon to provide for a thousand. A storehouse having been finished, I was obliged to send the people from this place to Freetown, which is five miles, under a guide, for rice every day. Had also to issue rice for this number of people every Wednesday and Saturday without any assistance. Sometimes I was on the point of giving up all; but the prospect of bringing them to a crucified Jesus, enabled me to endure. The schools also increased; and when I had gained a little order, and G. Lancaster was able to go on, he died. I was then again without assistance, and my day school increased to the number of 140 boys. At length, I received a boy from Sierra Leone, but who proved to be of no use whatever; he soon left me. I tried several more, who did more harm than good. Thus I was obliged to endure many discouragements, but still my encouragements were still more. Hearers and scholars increased daily. A stone church, which contains about 500 people, was then building, . . . about the fourth Sunday I had the great pleasure of seeing the church nearly full. The people in general became more industrious, and strove to get clothing in order to come clean on Sunday to church; in this they made a very rapid progress.

"Thus I went on speaking morning and night, and on Sundays three times, but saw no fruit of conversion, but, on the contrary, was sometimes much discouraged; for when I had done speaking, they would come and ask me for clothing, &c., which gave me reason to think they only came for that purpose.

"In October, 1816, one evening a shingle maker (Joe Thompson) followed me out of church, and desired to speak to me. I was in

some measure cast down, thinking that he wished to speak to me for clothing. However, with astonishment, I found that he was in deep distress about the state of his soul. He said, that one evening, he had heard me ask the congregation, if any one had spent five minutes in prayer that day to Jesus, or the past day, week, month, or year? He was so struck with it, and could not answer the question for himself. He had heard the present and future state of the wicked explained. He could answer nothing but that he was wicked; after that all the sins which he had ever done before, had entered into his mind. He had tried to pray, but he could not—he would therefore ask me what he should do to save his soul. What I felt at that moment is inexpressible. I pointed him to a crucified Jesus, and tears ran down his cheeks. I was obliged to leave him, for I could scarce contain myself. I went home and thanked God for having heard my prayers. The following week, several more came in like manner to me, which removed all doubts and fears at once, and I had such an assurance that God had sent me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles, that there was no more room left for me to doubt. I went and related the circumstance to Mr. Butscher, at Leicester Mountain, and begged him to come and baptize them, which he did. Twenty-one adults, one boy, and three infants, captured negroes, were baptized. On Saturday evening I examined them one by one, and I was astonished to hear in what manifold and wondrous ways God had revealed Himself to these poor people. Several more came soon after, and the number amounted in January, 1817, to forty-one communicants.”—pp. 36—38.

‘We now proceed to a description of the state of things at Easter, 1817, just after Mr. Johnson’s ordination:—

“In the morning, whilst speaking to a crowded congregation on John ix. 25, several were affected and wept, and prayed aloud for mercy. In the afternoon, the same scene took place, whilst speaking on 1 Cor. xv. 55.

“In the evening, whilst engaged in prayer, crying and praying became general, so that I was obliged to leave off, and give out a hymn, but all to no purpose; I exhorted them to silence, and gave out the text, then gave out another hymn, but all no use. The greatest part of the congregation were on their knees, and crying aloud for mercy. What I felt, it is impossible to express with this pen. I was at length quite overcome, and obliged to leave my congregation in that state. While I passed toward the door, I saw one man on his knees, knocking with his hands on the boards, and crying ‘Lord Jesus, me no let Thee go—pardon my sins first.’ I went home, and heard nothing but cries, &c., for the space of fifteen minutes, in every direction. From that period I was obliged to use means to prevent further disturbances; for sometimes when I only mentioned the name of Jesus, cries were heard immediately. I gave directions to the door-keepers, that when more than one was thus affected, to take them out, and by these means we

have been enabled until now, to keep Divine Service in quiet, though we seldom have a Sunday without being obliged to use the above means. Blessed be the Lord for His mercy, that He makes Himself known through one so vile and wretched. . . . On Sundays, some are so eager to hear the Word, that they will come an hour before service to secure a seat, in order to hear the Word. The church is now to be made into the shape of a cross, which will give nearly as much room again."—pp. 53, 54.

The excessive manifestations of feeling noticed in the above passage, elicited from the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society a very judicious and Christian admonition, representing the dangers attendant on excitement of the feelings, as giving full scope to the imagination, and leading to erroneous doctrine and sinful practice. This wise and well-timed advice had without doubt considerable and beneficial effect on the subsequent management of the mission. The letter itself is so excellent in many respects that it will be a gratification to our readers, we are assured, to peruse it:—

“ ‘ *The Secretaries to Mr. Johnson.*

“ ‘ *Church Missionary House, London,*

“ ‘ *June 26, 1819.*

“ ‘ *DEAR BROTHER JOHNSON,*

“ ‘ Your letter of the 24th of February reached us on the 2nd of June. The letter and journal by the ‘Pyrenees,’ and the journals of your excursion round the colony, and the minutes of your first anniversary of your Missionary Society forwarded in January, arrived safely, and have already been acknowledged and answered.

“ ‘ The Committee very sincerely sympathise with you in your present trials, and trust that you will experience the light and consolation of the Holy Ghost, by which your path may be made plain, and your mind supported.

• “ ‘ Under the circumstances stated in your letter, the Committee do not object to your return with Mrs. Johnson, should this reach you before the point shall have been decided, and the reason for your doing so still continue to operate.

“ ‘ We appreciate the importance of your situation at Regent’s Town, but do not doubt that sufficient means now exist in the colony for supplying your temporary absence. There will be less difficulty in making arrangements for this purpose, as it appears by a letter recently received by Mr. Collier, that Mr. and Mrs. Jesty and Mr. Barratt had reached Sierra Leone on the 26th of March.

“ ‘ The Committee feel greatly encouraged by the success by which the Lord has been pleased to bless the exertions of the Society in Africa. We pray that every plan for making the Redeemer known to the inhabitants of that injured country may be laid and executed in that faith, prudence, humility, and zeal by which His glory may be

most effectually advanced, and His grace and salvation most effectually diffused.

“ ‘ Your report to the April meeting of Missionaries is truly gratifying, and we desire to give glory to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for that blessing which has rendered your labour so eminently successful in bringing poor degraded Africans to a knowledge of Himself. We rejoice however with trembling, when we reflect upon *Satan's devices*, and the peculiar character of your people. Their knowledge of religion is, unavoidably, very limited, they have little experience in the Divine life, and their judgments consequently are very imperfectly formed, whilst their constitutions render them remarkably susceptible of having their feelings strongly wrought upon. A more perilous exposure to the ‘wiles of the Devil,’ can scarcely be conceived. A violent excitement to the feelings gives full scope to the power of the imagination, and it is by the imagination that Satan principally, if not exclusively, exerts his destructive agency upon the soul of man. Connect this view with the character of the enemy, and we may conclude certainly that traces of his influence will soon be visible among your people; First, probably, by an infusion of erroneous doctrine, and then by its inseparable concomitant—sinful practices. Be, then, ‘sober, be vigilant’—‘try the spirits whether they be of God.’ Have your eye constantly upon the word of God. Take it in all its parts and extent. Labour to make your people thoroughly acquainted with it. Ever bear in mind that error in religion, whether it consists in opinion or practice, cannot be corrected by excluding from your ministry the truth which it perverts or distorts, but by a faithful, unequivocal, Scripture statement of it pressed home upon the heart and conscience, upon the authority of that God whose truth it is. Great prudence, incessant watchfulness, inflexible firmness, patience, forbearance, and a spirit of unwearied kindness, are requisite under your circumstances, that your people may be kept steady and upright in ‘that narrow way which leadeth unto life.’ We do not state these things from any doubt of your discretion or circumspection, but to warn you of dangers which seem to us great and imminent. The word of Christ which has already yielded support and comfort to your mind, is still applicable to your situation, and still adequate to your need: ‘*My grace is sufficient for thee.*’ To that grace we commend you, and implore the great Head of the Church, who has redeemed with ‘his own blood’ those precious souls whom we mutually are solicitous to guard and preserve, to vouchsafe you all these gifts and graces whereby your ministry may throughout be so conducted as may best promote His glory, and His people's good:

“ ‘ We are, &c.

“ ‘ JOSIAH PRATT.

“ ‘ EDWARD BICKERSTETH.’

“ The wisdom and solid judgment which mark this letter will be appreciated by our readers; and it seemed due to the Society to let this feature in the conduct of its affairs be fully known.”—pp. 189, 190.

We quote the following from the report of a missionary newly arrived in the Colony in 1819 :—

“ ‘ I have now given you a faithful and imperfect picture of the state of Regent’s Town. The Lord has certainly blessed, in a peculiar manner, the labours of Mr. Johnson. The people love him as their father ; and reverence him as their spiritual guide. Should a dispute arise among any of them, they come to him to settle their palaver, and they abide by his decision. . . . The love which these people manifest among themselves, and toward their minister and all faithful missionaries ; their anxiety and the fervency of their prayers that the Gospel may be made known through all nations—these things are worthy the admiration of all Christians. It may almost be said of the inhabitants of Regent’s Town, that they  *dwell in love*  ; and that they live a life of prayer and praise to Him,  *who loved them and gave himself for them*  : for, beside their meetings for prayer every morning and evening, the hearts of many of them seem to be full of the love of Christ the whole day ; and when  *they are merry, they sing Psalms*  : such vocal music resounds from all parts of the town. A dispute is seldom known among them. They have every one of them cast off his gregree, and nearly all of them are become worshippers of the blessed Jesus. A few years since, none of the inhabitants of this place had ever heard the name of Jesus : they went about naked ; and were, in every respect, like the savage tribes—but now, oh what a happy change ! they are all decently dressed ; and it is the most heart-cheering sight to see them flock together in crowds to the house of prayer.”—pp. 168, 169.

We quote the following passage from a letter of another missionary, who was in some degree alienated from Mr. Johnson, and who therefore was an unprejudiced witness.

“ ‘ We were much struck with the INTEGRITY of the people. In their anxiety to save as much as possible, almost every article was removed. In the confusion many things were scattered about the yard : not one article, however, even the most trifling, was lost ; but all were brought again to the house, and fixed in their proper places. A boy, who had got possession of the box which contained the money for paying the mechanics and labourers, was found in the garden, parading with the box under his arm, and guarding it, though unnecessarily, with a drawn cutlass in his hand.

“ ‘ I was struck, during a fire which broke out in our house, with the sudden disappearance of the women, who, at the commencement, almost filled the house. On inquiry, I found that they had retired to the church, to offer up their prayers unto God. What but a Divine influence could draw them to God in this trial, to ask His blessing on the exertions of those employed ?

“ ‘ While we were replacing the books which had been scattered on this occasion, two of the girls came to us. I asked what was wanted : ‘ Nothing, massa,’ was the reply ; ‘ but we come tell you, God hear



every time somebody go talk Him.' 'How, my child,' said I, 'do you know that God hears His people when they pray?' She said 'Massa! when fire come this morning, I sabby your house no burn too much. Every morning I hear you and Mr. Cates, and you pray God keep this house, and all them girls and boys what live here; and when fire come, I say to Sarah, 'Ah! God plenty good: He heard what massa say to Him this morning: He no let this house burn too much.' What a reproof did I feel this! I knew how often my heart was indifferent while I asked for these mercies; and I trust it made me more anxious to urge the duty of family prayer on others more earnestly. Soon after, the same girls mentioned their desire for one of the elder girls to pray with the school-children, before they went to bed, and when they rose in the morning.

"Scarcely an event occurs but what they notice as springing from the over-ruling providence of God. Taught of God, they mark the painful events of His providence, as children would mark the dealings of a father. After the death of Mr. Cates, I have frequently heard their expressions of sorrow for sin, and acknowledgments of God's justice in punishing them. They have used such language as this:— 'We have done something very bad—God is very angry: He is removing all our teachers—by and bye nobody will be left to tell us good. We must pray, dear brothers and sisters: we must look into our own hearts—some bad live there.' Similar occurrences in England would have passed, perhaps, unheeded by the greater part of professing Christians."—pp. 242, 243.

The following will show the attachment of this excellent missionary to the Liturgy of the Church.

"*July 30, Sunday.*—The prayer-meeting in the church, at six o'clock in the morning, was numerously attended. I gave an exhortation on the Lord's day, showing the imperfections and interruptions with which we have to struggle, while we meet in this world to worship God; and how great the difference will be, when we shall keep the eternal sabbath, when,—

"No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach that place;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues."

"Divine service at half-past ten. I read the prayers as usual, and David Noah responded with the whole congregation: I must confess, when I read some of those beautiful and spiritual prayers, I could have wept. There appeared a holy awe throughout the congregation. I saw one woman, while she repeated the prayers, especially that part— 'Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!'—weeping bitterly. After the prayers were read, I preached on Rev. iii. 19.—*As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent.*"—p. 250.

He alludes in several places to the errors of the Ranters and others who tried to disturb the churches. The following passage alludes to this subject, and to the want of more assistance.

“ ‘Sending missionaries to Freetown will be the only means of putting a stop to the many heresies which have sprung up there. The longer that place is left as it is, the more will the people’s minds be prejudiced against the Church, and against the truth. Missionaries who will simply preach Christ crucified, will alone succeed.

“ ‘But how hard it is to get missionaries!—yea, to get men who will really deny themselves, and take up their cross and come to Africa, not conferring with flesh and blood! We want men who have the mind of St. Paul, when the Holy Ghost witnessed in every city, saying that ‘bonds and afflictions awaited him.’ Paul conferred not with flesh and blood, but said, ‘None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.’ When he was besought with tears not to go, he declared that he was ‘ready not only to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.’

“ ‘Oh, may God the Spirit separate more Pauls from the Church for the work of the ministry among the Gentiles, especially for Africa, which has the greatest claim on the Christian world. None have been more injured than Africa, and none is more degraded. I cannot help wondering, that so few come over to help us—all are for India or New Zealand, and Africa is scarcely left alive with a few fishermen. I think it is also time to assume the character of the widow in the Gospel, ‘Avenge me of mine adversary!’ I plead not my own cause, but the widowhood of Africa—for her will I cry with importunity, ‘Send Missionaries, send Missionaries! Avenge Africa of her adversary!’

“ ‘As soon as Mr. Düring has left us, I shall visit all the settlements again. Mr. Reffell wishes to accompany me.

“ ‘Yesterday we had the Lord’s Supper, and it was very gratifying for me to see *my children* come from every quarter to partake of that holy sacrament.”—pp. 311, 312.

The negroes required a peculiar form of management.

• “*May 20.* Married two couples, after which a few disagreeable palavers were settled. Mr. Beckley arrived, and complained much that the apprentice-boys did not attend school in the evening. I am afraid there are faults on both sides; when the African gets a bad opinion of an European, there is no help. I know by experience that the missionary who has the affection of the people, can do more by two words spoken in season, yea, by a sorrowful look, than another with never so severe means. I have seen some who have used most entreating language to no purpose; why? Because the individuals entreated did not believe it came from the heart. Mr. Reffell asked me how I acted with such boys. I said, I reasoned with them, which had generally the right effect. Once, when a few carpenter’s boys refused to attend school, I ordered them to go to Kissy, and fetch each

one bushel of lime; and when they came home, they begged my pardon with tears in their eyes.

"It was useless for me to entreat Mr. Beckley to use milder means, and act as a kind father. I am sorry he does not see things better. I believe he is zealous, but too impatient. Mr. Reffell was of my opinion, and wished I could speak to Mr. B. by myself, which I did. He promised to follow my advice. Last night as the people were moving to go, Mr. Reffell arose and addressed the people. He spoke very pleasingly, and begged them to remember what they had heard, and follow the advice I had given them."—pp. 339, 340.

We quote an interesting anecdote illustrative of the power of conscience:—

"A circumstance occurs to me, which happened on Saturday, which I think is worthy to be related, as it will show how the Lord has favoured many of these dear people with tender consciences,

"Walking in my piazza, I saw a school-girl, a communicant, about seventeen years old, who is generally very steady, coming up the hill, with another girl, rather thoughtlessly, laughing and talking: which is unusual, as most of the people, at that time, when they have got every thing ready for Sunday, sit down and read their Bibles. When she had passed my house, I called to her, and said, 'Mary, what day is to-morrow?' She made a full stop—cast her eyes to the ground—paused a while; and then looked up with a sad countenance, and said, 'The Lord's day, sir.' Seeing that she was sufficiently reproved, I resumed my walk. When I turned about, I saw Mary standing at the other end of the piazza, and tears rolling down her black cheeks. When I came near, she made a low curtsy, and said, 'I thank you, sir;' and then turned about and went to the school-house, and I have no doubt, fell on her knees and turned to her Bible."—pp. 354, 355.

We now come to the closing scene of this admirable missionary:

"It was about six weeks after the date of his last short note, when Mr. Johnson, having received the above permission, and having made the best arrangements in his power for supplying his place during a brief absence,—embarked on board the 'Betsy and Anne,'—which vessel had, a short time previous, brought Mr. Düring back to Sierra Leone. The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Düring was committed to his care, their only surviving child, they having lost their son, a fine child, between two and three years old, a few days before. A young native woman, one of Johnson's communicants, accompanied them to take care of the child: a circumstance providentially ordered, as will presently appear.

"Mr. Johnson embarked in apparently the soundest health, but on the third day of sailing, the seeds of the fatal disease, which he must have carried with him on board, began to exhibit their effects. The

day after which, Wednesday, the fever increased so that he began to anticipate the worst. On Thursday a blister was applied to his chest without any favourable result. On Friday the disease had made such progress that he could not turn in the bed :—the cough now came on, and he suffered much from the black vomit. ‘I think I cannot live,’ he observed to his weeping attendant.

“Just after his embarkation, he had addressed a letter to his coloured people, exhorting them to continue in the grace of God ; so anxiously did he at all times regard the work which the Lord had given him to do ; and in his dying moments, he did not forget the many claimants on his paternal affection, whom he was about to leave behind him.

“On Saturday, May the 3rd, he had intervals of delirium, during which he called on David Noah, his faithful native assistant at Regent’s Town, and on his faithful friend Düring, saying that he wished to tell them all that he had to say before he died. When composed, he expressed an earnest wish to see his wife, and spoke encouragingly to his poor convert, who waited on him with the tenderest solicitude, striving to calm her fears, and directing her how to proceed on her arrival in London. He asked her to read to him the twenty-third Psalm ; ‘and when,’ said she, afterwards relating these melancholy particulars, ‘I had read it, he said to me, ‘I am going to die—pray for me.’ I prayed the Lord Jesus,’ she added, ‘to take him the right way.’ He afterwards charged her to take good care of Mr. Düring’s little girl, and to desire the Society to send a good minister to Regent’s Town, as quickly as possible, or the people would be left in darkness. ‘If,’ said he, ‘I am not able to go back, you must tell David Noah to do his duty ; for if Noah say, ‘Because massa dead, I can do nothing,’ he must pray, and God will help him, and so we shall meet in heaven.’ His last intelligible words were, ‘I cannot live, God calls me, and this night I shall be with Him.’”—pp. 398, 399.

We must now offer a few concluding remarks on the volume before us. The earliest religious impressions of this devoted man appear to have been derived from sources unconnected with the Church of England, and which are in some degree liable to the imputation of enthusiasm. And accordingly there is a species of phraseology running through his journals, and a class of ideas which, amidst all their piety, betray evidences of a sectarian origin ; and we should say that the effects of his preaching in exciting the feelings would show some want of judgment on his part. At the same time we must remember the exceedingly impressible and excitable natures of the Africans ; and also the fact, that the love of this admirable man for his hearers was evidently so intense, that it could not fail to affect most deeply all who came within its influence. On one occasion he expressed the feeling, that if he had ten thousand lives he would give them to save one African ; and he lived in the daily peril of death for

their sakes. Almost continually himself visited with symptoms of the fatal malady which was carrying off all his fellow-labourers—and fully persuaded that the climate of Sierra Leone was the worst in the whole world—he was so enwrappt in the welfare of his people, that he deliberately declared that he could not *live* elsewhere. Can it be a matter of surprise that one who was so intensely absorbed in the love of souls, should have exercised a most extraordinary influence, and carried all hearts along with him, as it were, by a miraculous agency?

It is a matter of thankfulness to hear from the volume before us, that the work so nobly commenced by Mr. Johnson, has never ceased to exercise its hallowed influence, though for a long series of years this Mission was, from unavoidable circumstances, left almost without pastors. It still survives; and we trust that the devoted bishop who has just been sent forth to this distant and perilous station, will be enabled to renew the great and glorious work from which this holy missionary was prematurely removed.

- ART. VII.—1. *Dr. Wordsworth's Sermons on the Irish Church.* Rivingtons. 8vo, pp. 295.
2. *A Fortnight in Ireland.* By SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD. Murray. pp. 400.
3. *The Irish Church. Its History and Statistics.* By WILLIAM SHEE, *Serjeant at Law, M.P.* London: Aylott and Jones. Dublin: James Duffy. pp. 228.
4. *Reply to Serjeant Shee.* By ARCHDEACON STOFFORD.

OUR readers may remember that, in our number for last July, we commented at considerable length on the theory, not the old-fashioned, but the modern theory of "religious liberty," or, as it is now called, of "religious equality." Since that time, the theory in question has assumed a new feature, with respect particularly to the Church of Ireland. An association has actually been formed, under the auspices of the Romish hierarchy, and, mainly, by the instrumentality of Mr. G. H. Moore, not for the spoliation, and demolition, and destruction of the Irish Church—such an object would be at once scouted by all right-thinking persons, even in Ireland—but merely for the purposes of "appropriation," of "religious equality," of just and legitimate "restoration." In plain terms these men are modest enough not to put on the face of their proceedings the intention of Mr. Lucas—that Irish Lion, who, in the English House of Commons, "roars as gently as a sucking dove," as we fully foresaw he would do—the intention, we say, of Mr. Lucas to "subvert" the Establishment, to cut it off root and branch as a cumbrer of the ground—they merely propose to rob the Irish Church of a moiety of her lawful possessions, for the purpose of endowing with the plunder, not simply her most bitter enemies, but the most bitter enemies also of the Irish country and the Irish people. And this modest plan is recommended to the people of England, not by Irish demagogues, like Mr. Lucas, but by an Irish gentleman of very high standing at the English Bar, who was returned in the last Parliament for the county of Kilkenny. Any thing from the pen of Serjeant Shee is entitled to our respect, even though our differences of opinion may be as wide as they well can be. We have not forgotten his chivalrous disavowal, at the Rotunda Meeting, of the vile persecution, in Tuscany, of the poor Madiais, a per-

secution which, of course, Mr. Lucas zealously defended. We are only very sorry to see a gentleman like Serjeant Shee mixed up with such a "rabble rout" of persecuting spoliators as compose the "religious equality association"—an association whose members, actuated in reality by a purpose which they dare not openly avow to the world, are compelled to mask under a false and specious title their design of destroying and subverting the Irish Establishment. We can fancy how Dr. M'Hale and Mr. Lucas—*par nobile fratrum*—must have chuckled over the good-natured simplicity of the learned member for Kilkenny, when they find him disavowing, and we believe with perfect sincerity, any intention, or even desire, of injuring the Irish Church. "Truth to say," says the learned Serjeant, in a passage which reflects the highest credit on himself personally, while it proves him very far too honourable a man for the party with which he is connected:—

"Truth to say, there is nothing in the scale or pretensions of the greater part of the Protestant churches or glebe-houses in Ireland, which ought, after proper arrangements made for their own Church, to offend the Catholic people. Truth to say, the abolition of parochial assessments for church purposes, and the conversion of tithe into rent-charge, have materially diminished the annoyance and burthen of the Establishment. Truth to say, its clergy have not generally been wanting, during seasons of disease and famine, in acts of neighbourly kindness to those by whom their spiritual services are rejected. It is time to exhibit, in the shape of a definite scheme of Church revenue appropriation, a practical proof of the sincerity of our repeated declarations, that we seek not to subvert the Establishment, as settled by law within the realm. . . .

"It is a convenient rule for those who take part in public discussions out of Parliament, so to shape their schemes of reform as not to transgress the bounds by which they, and those whom they expect to support their views, might find themselves controlled had they the opportunity of promoting them—in Parliament. On this question, a Legislature of Church of England men has marked out for its own observance, probably for many years to come, but certainly for the guidance of Catholic members, a line of parliamentary conduct from which, if they hope to effect any practical good for their co-religionists, it is their true policy not to swerve. They cannot enter parliament without a solemn adjuration of all intention to subvert the Church Establishment; they must faithfully promise to defend the settlement of property established by the laws, and not to use any power or privilege of which they may become possessed to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom<sup>1</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> Shee's Irish Church, pp. 213, 214.

Has Serjeant Shee, the writer of this passage, ever seen the oft-repeated declaration of the *honourable* member for Meath, Mr. Lucas? For the sake of contrast, we will give him the opportunity of reading it:—

“By the blessing of God in heaven,” said Mr. Lucas at Kells, “I will never rest nor cease my exertions, so long as I am in any position to exercise any public functions whatever, until that accursed monopoly, the Established Church, BE CUT DOWN BY THE ROOT.”

And this man has solemnly sworn, at the table of the House of Commons:—

“I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and ABJURE any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, as settled by law within this realm—So HELP ME GOD!”

This is the man, with whom Serjeant Shee, honourable, high-minded gentleman as we verily believe him to be, this is the man with whom Serjeant Shee delights to take counsel—with whom he condescends to fraternize for the purpose of robbing the Irish Church! We warn Serjeant Shee that he must either, and that speedily, break off such a connexion, or he must expect to incur a similar measure of justly merited condemnation.

Our space will not allow us to go into the details of Serjeant Shee's book, nor indeed is it necessary to do so, because, as we shall prove before we have done, his statistics cannot be depended on for a single moment. Suffice it, briefly at present, to state that, for the purpose of “conciliation and peace,” he proposes, by various methods, such as reduction of the incomes of bishops, curtailment of the usual payment for expenses of public worship, taking half the average of the sums annually expended by the ecclesiastical commissioners in building churches, &c. &c., to raise a fund, to be divided between Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, for the support of their respective religions. The “Protestant Establishment” is in no way whatever to be weakened by this plan, but, we presume, its general efficiency to be rather improved; and thus members of the Irish Church, Romanists, and Presbyterians are, henceforward, to dwell together as “an united happy family”—all is, for the time to come, to be harmony and peace! Surely there never was a case to which the line of the Roman satirist was more applicable, *Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?* Granting, for a moment, the justice, the wisdom, the expediency, of this lucid arrangement, we ask Serjeant Shee, as an honest man, does he himself believe, for a single moment, in its practicability? Does he think it would ever work? What! “Archbishop” Cullen, and the “Lion of



the fold of Judah," and Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Wilberforce, *et id genus omne*, consent to be placed merely on a level with any other religious denomination! They, whose watchword is, not "Ireland for the Irish," but "Ireland for the Church of Rome," are they, forsooth! to sit down quietly contented with a moiety? Are they to recognize, as, on Serjeant Shee's plan, they plainly must recognize, the ecclesiastical *status* of the "Saxon heretics?" Surely Serjeant Shee must be very ignorant indeed of the real principles of those with whom he associates in pursuit of "religious equality," or else he cannot be sincere in proposing a plan which is utterly opposed to the arrogant pretensions and haughty insolence with which the Romish Church invariably thinks fit to regard those without her pale. From Mr. Bright we can receive such a proposal, and only laugh at it; but it assumes a very different aspect indeed when propounded by a Roman Catholic, who, from the very position he at present occupies, is brought into intimate fellowship with the most extreme members of his own exclusive communion. We trust Serjeant Shee will take some notice of this point in his next edition. We wish ourselves to respect him as a straightforward man, but certainly his sagacity or his straightforwardness seem very strangely impeached by his present proposal. He either knows very little indeed about his own Church, or he is not honest in the arrangement he proposes for her adoption,—an arrangement utterly opposed to every principle on which she has hitherto acted.

"But let us now consider, not the practicability, but the justice of this proposed arrangement. Has the English Parliament a right to confiscate the property of the Irish Church—any portion of that property—for the benefit of Irish Romanists? That will be our first article of inquiry in this paper. Next we shall inquire, whether, supposing the right cannot be proved, is it expedient, "for the sake of conciliation and peace," to adopt Serjeant Shee's plan? In other words, have the Romish priesthood, by their past conduct, deserved that endowment, as a favour, which they cannot legally and morally claim? Have they been loyal and obedient subjects? Have they trained their flocks in the principles of peace and love? Have they discouraged turbulence and sedition? Have they caused their own personal characters to be respected? Are, in short, the fruits of their teaching such as to render it desirable, for the sake of "conciliation and peace," not simply to place that teaching on a more definite footing, but to extend, and increase, and foster it to an hitherto unheard of extent? This will be our second article of inquiry. And then we shall inquire, lastly, whether, granting either the justice or the expediency of adopting the proposed arrangement, Serjeant

Shee's plan is practicable—whether it can, practically, be carried out. These are the three points we have especially to consider in this paper. And we are, fortunately, at no loss whatever for material wherewith to answer each of the questions we have just propounded. It does seem well nigh a direct interposition of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, that, at the very precise period when the Romish Hierarchy, by the aid of the “religious equality association,” are preaching a new crusade against the Irish Church, a volume of sermons, such as that of Dr. Wordsworth, should have been given to the world,—a volume, we hesitate not to say, destined to exercise an incalculable influence upon the future prospects of the Church of the “Island of Saints.” In no spirit of flattery towards Dr. Wordsworth—flattery which he would scorn to accept, as much as we to offer—do we express our deliberate and decided conviction, that it is impossible at present to estimate, in any thing like an adequate degree, the benefit which we fully believe will accrue, by God's blessing, to the Church he has defended with such learning, eloquence, and zeal. We only regret that the limits at our command will prevent us from laying before our readers more than a cursory abstract of the contents of that volume. We do earnestly hope that the time will shortly come when, by the publication of the text of his sermons on the Irish Church, in a form and at a price adapted for general circulation, Dr. Wordsworth will leave every one, who cares any thing whatever about the subject he has exhausted, without a shadow of excuse for future ignorance respecting her real history and her real position.

Our next question will be answered by a reference to the result of a visit recently paid to Ireland by that prince of tourists, and most shrewd of observers, Sir Francis Bond Head; while for an exposure of the, we doubt not unintentional, blunders committed by Serjeant Shee, we shall refer our readers to the answer of Archdeacon Stopford to that gentleman's, so-called, “History of the Irish Church.”

Let us then see how far Dr. Wordsworth's volume will furnish us with materials for discovering which of the two Churches at present existing in that country, is the ancient Catholic Church of Ireland—for that, after all, is the real question to be considered. If Serjeant Shee can show us that the Church to which he belongs is entitled to that appellation, then we willingly allow that his proposed plan falls very far short of the real merits of the case, is but a very trifling instalment of long-delayed justice. If, on the other hand, his Church be not the old Catholic Church of Ireland, then he will find it very difficult, if we mistake not, to persuade the English Parliament

to rob and plunder that which is the true Church, for the sake of endowing a schismatic community. Now on this particular point we would commend to Serjeant Shee's very special notice the following quotation from Dr. Wordsworth:—

“Among the pre-requisites for the attainment of this object, one of the most important is, that the public mind, both in this country and in Ireland, should be disabused of certain fallacies concerning the history of Christianity in that country, and should be rightly informed on that subject.

“For a long time, the advocates of Romanism in Ireland, have been commonly permitted to appropriate to themselves the venerable and attractive words, ‘the Old Religion,’ ‘the Ancient Faith,’ ‘the Church of the Fathers.’ Thus, many among ourselves have been led to imagine that these phrases are synonymous with the Religion and the Church of Rome. On this ground some have gone so far as to affirm, that to encourage and endow Romanism in Ireland would be only a work of Justice and an act of Restitution. And, on the same principle, it has been asserted by some, that the hundreds and thousands of Irish, who have recently renounced the errors of Rome, have, by so doing, abjured the faith of their Fathers, and have embraced a new Religion. It is time that the light of History should dispel these illusions. It is time, that they who hold this language should be called upon in the name of Him Who is the Truth, to substantiate what they say. *Produce your cause, saith the Lord; bring forth your strong reasons.* Let us not have assertions, but proofs. Let them show,—if they can,—that the Bishop of Rome exercised supreme authority in Ireland for a thousand years after Christ. Are they able to do so? No, my brethren, the truth is—and it is time that the truth should be known by all,—that Romanism in Ireland is a new religion, that it came in by stealth, in an age of darkness; and that the renunciation of the Papal Supremacy is not an act of apostasy, (Heaven forbid!) but a right and necessary exercise of Christian Liberty; and if it be coupled—as it ever ought to be coupled—with the reception of Holy Scripture (interpreted by Antiquity) as the supreme Standard and all-sufficient Rule of Faith, then it is a blessed *return* to the *Old Religion*, the religion of ancient Ireland, the Religion of the Island of the Saints, in her purest and happiest days.

“If this can be clearly shown (as it is my belief it may, and with God's blessing it is my hope to prove it can), then an unspeakable comfort will thence arise to those who abjure Popery, and a strong motive will thus be presented to others to follow their example. They will feel that by ceasing to be Papists, they become better Patriots; that they identify themselves with their own ancestors of their earliest Christian History, and with the noblest and most glorious associations of their native land, and that they are recovering their ancient religious privileges, to which it owed its happiness and glory.”

\* Sermons on Irish Church, pp. 11—13.

With a view of showing the falsity of Romish assertions on this point, Dr. Wordsworth, in his second sermon, enters fully into the history of the Apostle of Ireland, as he may well be called, ST. PATRICK. He proves clearly that the venerable saint, probably by birth a Scotchman, had no connexion whatever with the See of Rome, and consequently that her claim to a Supremacy over the Irish Church, in consequence of St. Patrick's mission, is a false and idle claim. Dr. Wordsworth then gives St. Patrick's "Confession of Faith," which we must quote at length, giving, at the same time, the deductions which, by every principle of logical inference, must plainly be drawn from that Confession:—

"And what was his doctrine?

"At the commencement of the same work he has inserted his own profession of Faith. It bears a strong resemblance to the Nicene Creed.

" 'There is no other God' (he declares) 'besides God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ, Whom we confess to have been from everlasting with the Father, and Who was begotten before all things, and by Whom all things were made, visible and invisible, and Who was made man, and overcame death, and ascended into heaven to the Father. And God gave unto Him all power over every name in heaven and earth, and under the earth, that every tongue should confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord and God. We believe in Him, and expect that He will come again to judge the quick and dead, and will render to every man according to his works; and He has poured out upon us abundantly the gift of the Holy Ghost, the pledge of immortality, Who maketh us to believe and obey, and to be sons of God the Father, and to be fellow-heirs of Christ Whom we confess; and we adore One God in the Trinity of the Sacred Name.'

"Such is the CREED of ST. PATRICK, set down with his own hand, at the close of his long life, in the Volume which he left as a bequest to the people of Ireland.

\* "What, therefore, shall we now say? With feelings of respect and affection, we address ourselves to our Roman Catholic brethren in the Kingdom of Ireland. Take the Creed of St. Patrick in one hand; and take the Trent Creed, or Creed of Pope Pius IV., in the other. Place them side by side. Compare the two. The Trent Creed, which Rome now imposes on all Ecclesiastics, has added twelve Articles to the Nicene Creed, which we hold; and it declares that belief in those twelve Articles is necessary to everlasting salvation. It says, 'Hæc est Catholica Fides, extra quam nemo salvus esse potest.' Now, let us inquire, Do you find those twelve Articles in the Creed of St. Patrick? One of those Articles is an assertion of Roman Supremacy. Do you find that there?—No. Another is, Obedience to the Pope. Do you find that there?—No. Another is, Belief in Transubstantiation. Another is, Belief in Purgatory. Do you find them there?—No.

Another is, Communion in one kind. Is that there?—No. Do you find a single one of those twelve Articles there? No, not one. And yet you assert, that a belief in all these Articles is necessary to salvation, and you denounce us as heretics and innovators, because we do not, and cannot, receive them. What! if all these are necessary, how is it that St. Patrick does not mention one of them? Was the Apostle of Ireland a heretic? If so, *we* are content to be heretics with him. We are satisfied with his Creed. We hold every Article of it. And we leave it to you to consider, whether, if you are not content with St. Patrick's Creed, you ought to claim St. Patrick as your Apostle,—or, if you desire to have St. Patrick as your Apostle, you ought not to be content with your Apostle's Creed?

"Once more. As we have observed, St. Patrick's Confession is an autobiographical memoir of his ministerial career.

"If now, St. Patrick had been sent to Ireland from Rome, if he had been ordained at Rome, if he had been dependent on Rome, and had supposed that Ireland was subject, either temporally or spiritually, to the Roman See, he would have intimated in his Confession that this was the case. Your Bishops now call themselves, Bishops by the Grace of God and the Apostolic See, meaning thereby the See of Rome. St. Patrick, the first Bishop of Ireland, would have done the same. But now refer to his own life. Open his Confession. Does he state that he received his ministerial authority from Rome?—No. Does he say that he and his flock are subject to Rome?—No. What then, does he say of Rome? He mentions the Clergy of Ireland; he mentions the Clergy of Britain; he mentions the Clergy of France; but he never mentions the Clergy of Rome. The words Roman Bishop, Roman See, are not to be found there. The name of Rome does not occur once in his work. I leave it to you, my brethren, to draw the necessary inferences from these memorable facts<sup>3</sup>."

In his third sermon, Dr. Wordsworth considers the Irish Church in the age of St. Columba, and draws a very beautiful picture of her then happy and flourishing condition. We can only find room for one striking passage:—

"More than a thousand years ago the Church of Ireland was the *burning and shining light* of the Western World. Her Candlestick was seen from afar, diffusing its rays, like the luminous beacon of some lofty Lighthouse planted on a rock amid the foaming surge of the ocean, and casting its light over the dark sea, to guide the mariner in his course. Such was the Church of Ireland then. Such she was specially to *us*. We, we of this land, must not endeavour to conceal our obligations to her. We must not be ashamed to confess, that with regard to Learning,—and especially with regard to *Sacred Learning*,—Ireland was in advance of England at that time. The sons of our nobles and gentry were sent for education thither. Ireland was the

<sup>3</sup> *Sermons on Irish Church*, pp. 44—48.

University of the West. She was rich in Libraries, Colleges, and Schools. She was famous, as now, for hospitality. She received those who came to her, with affectionate generosity, and provided them books and instructors. She trained them in sound learning, especially in the Word of God.

“Nor is this all. We, my brethren, are bound to remember that the Christianity of England and of Scotland was, in a great measure reflected upon them from the West, by the instrumentality of Irish Missionaries, especially of those who came from the Scriptural School of Iona. That school was founded in the sixth century by St. Columba. He came from Ireland. He was of her ancient line of Kings. He is justly regarded as the Apostle of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. And if (as we have already seen to be probable) St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was a native of Scotland, both countries may find pleasure in the reflexion, that Ireland repaid the debt, and sent an Apostle to Scotland in the person of St. Columba<sup>4</sup>.”

But we approach an epoch in Irish Church history of very grave importance, and one we must consider carefully. Dr. Wordsworth proves to demonstration, that, from the introduction of Christianity in the fifth century down to the seventh and eighth centuries, there are not the faintest traces of the Church of Rome having exercised the slightest spiritual domination over the Church of Ireland. But, in the ninth century, Ireland was invaded by the Danes, who established themselves principally in Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford. Being converted to Christianity in the tenth century, these invaders did not unite themselves, as they should have done, with the ancient Church of Ireland, but, claiming affinity with the Normans, already planted in Britain, they procured consecration for their bishops from the see of Canterbury; and thus, the English Church being then under subjection to Rome, in the course of the next century a footing was first gained for Rome in Ireland,—a footing which she did not fail speedily to extend. A. D. 1106, the first Papal Legate, Gillebert, Bishop of Limerick, was nominated by Gregory VII. Then, A. D. 1171, came the invasion of Henry II. The petty chieftains of Ireland, worn out with internal dissensions, readily submitted to his sway. At the Council of Cashel, 1172, Ireland became, “temporally and spiritually, subject to England, and through England—to Rome.” Then came the degradation of John, when the King of England did homage for his crown to a Papal Legate.

It is impudently asserted by Romanists, that we owe *Magna Charta* to the influence of the Romish Church. What says Dr. Wordsworth on this point:—

<sup>4</sup> *Sermons on Irish Church*, pp. 71—73.

"The Barons of England obtained Magna Charta from King John, and it is sometimes alleged by adherents of Rome that the Barons of England were Romanists, and that therefore we owe Magna Charta to Rome. But what is the fact?

"After the submission made by King John to the Papal Legate, the Pope, Innocent III., claimed England, as well as Ireland, as his own. The King had bound himself by an oath to the Barons that he would observe Magna Charta. But the Pope absolved him from that oath.

"To cite the Pope's own words, in a Bull still extant, 'We utterly reprobate and condemn this compact, and we forbid the King to observe it under pain of anathema.'

"Rome condemned Magna Charta; she absolved the King from his oath to keep it; she interdicted him from observing it. And yet, it is said by some, that England owes Magna Charta to Rome."

We have next to consider the period which intervened between Henry II. and Henry VIII., a very interesting period to consider, and for this reason:—Rome tells us that the only method of tranquillizing "unhappy Ireland" is by bringing her under her dominion. But the answer is obvious. What is the most melancholy period in Irish history? When did she groan under the greatest amount of crime, oppression, and misery. Precisely at that identical period, when Rome had the fullest sway, during those identical three hundred years between the two Henrys, when her rule was most absolute,—when, if ever, on her showing, Ireland should have been flourishing and happy. But she was then, as now, "unhappy Ireland," and then, as now, from the same cause, the baneful and pernicious influence of the Church of Rome. Dr. Wordsworth draws a striking picture of the misery of the Irish people during this period. We must extract the conclusion at which he arrives from the consideration of it:—

"We are placed," he says, "on our guard against the specious allegations of those who would now persuade us that if Ireland is to flourish, she must accept the Rule of Rome. If she is to prosper, they say, Romish Legates must be received there, a Romish hierarchy must domineer there, Romish titles must pass current there, Romish Councils must be convened there,—and, if they would complete the picture of Romish domination,—Italian Priests must be beneficed there—Italian Prelates must levy tribute there,—Peter-pence must be paid there.

"But to this we reply, Why do you speak to us of what might be? All these things that you desire, have already been. Your wishes *have been* gratified; your aspirations have been fulfilled five centuries ago. We do not ask for ideal dreams of the future; we know—know too well—the stern realities of the past. Rome does, indeed, labour to

beguile us by shows and semblances of sanctity. She has fastings, and prayers, and processions, and pilgrimages, litanies, and jubilees, religious houses, and confraternities:—she comes to us wearing on her head a halo of holiness. Thus she dazzles our eyes. But what says Christ? *By their fruits ye shall know them.* By her fruits we *have known* her. And now we need only say to these enthusiastic advocates of Roman domination in Ireland, who would regenerate that country by means of the Papacy, Look back first to the most glorious period of Irish History; and then look back to the gloomiest period of Irish History. Ireland knew nothing of Rome in the first period; she knew much of Rome in the second period; and then her *gold became dim, and the fine gold was changed into dross. How did the faithful city become an harlot! it had been full of judgment: righteousness had lodged in it; but now murderers. Her princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them.* These were the fruits of Roman ascendancy for which you so eagerly sigh. Enough of these fruits yet remains to satisfy you; for the tree still survives. And if it be permitted to strike deeper root, and to stretch its branches more widely, these fruits will abound more; and we know too well from the past what will be the result for the future<sup>6</sup>.”

And now, we approach the period of what Romanists call the “Great Schism,” but what we call, and God grant that we may never cease to do so, the “Glorious Reformation.” Dr. Wordsworth very ably replies to the *ad captandum* argument respecting the personal character of Henry VIII. He shows that God, in the Old Testament, is described as frequently accomplishing His purposes by very unworthy instruments; secondly, that Romanists have certainly no right, looking on their own history, to taunt us with respect to that monarch; and, moreover, however bad he might be, he was exactly what the Church of Rome herself made him! We must quote one passage here:—

• “First,” says Dr. Wordsworth, “we would turn to our Roman Catholic Brethren and ask, May not their own argument haply recoil upon themselves? You affirm that Rome is the ‘Mistress of Churches,’ and that the Roman Pontiff is ‘Universal Bishop.’ But by *whom* were *those* titles conferred? By the Emperor Phocas. And who was he? a murderer,—another Zimri—who slew his master, the Emperor Maurice. And why were those titles bestowed by Phocas on the Roman Bishop and his see? From resentment against the Patriarch of Constantinople, and from ambitious desires to gain the favour and countenance of Rome to his own enormities. They were given by a sanguinary tyrant for a wicked purpose. Reproach us not therefore with the sins of Henry VIII. whom we *do not* recognize as Founder of

<sup>6</sup> *Sermons on Irish Church*, pp. 145, 146.



the Church in Ireland, lest we remind you of the vices of one from whom the titles were derived, on which you claim the homage of the world.

“Again, let us desire you to recollect, *who* first subdued the Church of Ireland to the sway of *Rome*? King Henry II. And by whom was he invited to Ireland? By an adulterous Prince, Dermot Mac Murrough. And what was the character of Henry II.? You yourselves charge him with murder—the murder of one whom you have canonized as a Saint and a Martyr, Thomas of Canterbury. We know also that he was a faithless husband and a bad father. And you assert that he was brought to Ireland, not by any love of the Church, but from personal ambition. Strange it is that the *subjugation* of Ireland to Rome by such a prince as Henry II. should be a laudable work, although, as you admit, it was effected by evil men, acting from the worst motives, and yet you should not allow us to deny that the *emancipation* of the Irish Church from the thralldom of Rome by Henry VIII. was evil, because the agent employed by God to effect it was not a religious King, and was not swayed by holy desires’.”

We must pass very cursorily over the proof which Dr. Wordsworth brings forward of the regularity and order with which the Irish Reformation was conducted. He shows that it was carried on by lawful Synods of the Church—that in 1551, a Synod of Irish Bishops received the English Liturgy—that in 1560-1, a Synod of Irish Bishops was held for “establishing the Protestant religion”—that all the Bishops of Ireland, except two, took the oath of supremacy, the only two recusants being the usurping occupants of the Sees of Meath and Kildare, from which Sees Queen Mary had ejected the lawful prelates, because they were married men—and that Ireland was gradually, but surely and quietly, conforming to the principles of the Reformation, until the excommunication of Elizabeth by Pius V., to whom, and to whom alone, all the subsequent miseries of Ireland are really to be attributed. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the Romish Church in Ireland, as in England, is an usurping and schismatic Church. We must quote the very striking passage in which Dr. Wordsworth discusses this point:—

“Again, with respect to Church Government. They assert that the present Reformed Church of Ireland dates its origin from the middle of the sixteenth century; that it is a New Church, and, therefore, No Church.

“But not only do we deny this, but we desire them to look at themselves. According to the decrees of the Ancient Church, there can be but one Bishop in a Diocese, and one Archbishop in a Province; and

he who intrudes into a See already occupied by another, is guilty of schism, and is no lawful Bishop. Now, therefore, let us ask the present Romish Bishops in Ireland,—Who sent them? Who gave them authority to execute the Episcopal office in Ireland? Let them trace back their succession, if they can, even to the middle of the sixteenth century. Grant, for argument's sake, that they can do this, which is dubious. But, if they arrive there, there they must stop; they cannot go a single step further back. Their Ecclesiastical ancestors of that period were *not consecrated by Bishops of Ireland. The hands of the successors of St. Patrick were never laid upon their heads.* They started up without predecessors, uncalled and unlooked for. They were not of Irish creation; they came from foreign lands, from Italy and Spain; some of them sent under a curse from the Pope, if they refused to go. And wherefore did they come?—To seize upon Episcopal titles worn by rightful owners; to invade Episcopal offices executed by lawful rulers; to intrude into Irish Dioceses occupied by Irish Bishops. Thus they set up a new altar against the true altar; they raised up a new Priesthood and a new Episcopate against the ancient Priesthood and ancient Episcopate in Ireland; they were spiritual usurpers; they followed in the way of Jeroboam, and walked in the *gainsaying of Korah.*

“And by what means and instruments did they prosecute their work? Not by the arms of the Spirit, but by fire and sword. During the first ten years of Queen Elizabeth, Ireland was comparatively peaceful. It seemed as if she had now, at length, a promise of happiness. The Word of God had been made more accessible to the people. Many thousand printed copies of the Holy Scriptures were now, for the first time, circulated in Ireland. The Queen had given command that the Bible should be translated into the Irish tongue. There seemed to be One Church and One People. Then it was that the Bishop of Rome interposed and confounded all things. He excommunicated the Queen. Thrice he fulminated his anathemas against her. He pretended to dethrone her, and to give her dominions to a foreign power, and sent the Spanish Armada against her. He excited her subjects to rebel, and despatched emissaries into Ireland, who fanned the flame of civil war, and brought consecrated plumes, and banners, and beads, and Agnus-Deis, from Rome, and promised the same indulgences to those who fought against their Queen as he gave to those who warred against the Turks. Thus Ireland became the scene of a religious war. So it continued for near forty years. Churches were burnt and pillaged, and the work of Reformation was arrested. Such were the circumstances under which the predecessors of the Romish Hierarchy in Ireland were introduced into that country\*.”

And now, for the present, we must leave Dr. Wordsworth. We shall have to refer to him again, by and bye, when we come

\* Sermons on Irish Church, pp. 226—229.

to speak of the NEW REFORMATION, which is now, with such wonderful rapidity, progressing in Ireland. We have said, we trust, sufficient to prove that Serjeant Shee's proposal, specious and moderate as it appears on paper, is really a fraudulent proposal, and can only be carried out by spoliation and robbery. If the Irish Roman Church be schismatic, as we have shown it to be—if the only Church which can trace her lawful and unbroken succession to the earliest periods of Irish Church history, be the Established Church—then, surely, Serjeant Shee can have no shadow of a right to take away the property of the one, for the purpose of endowing the other, any more than the English Parliament can have a right to take the revenues of the See of Canterbury for the purpose of endowing the "Archbishopric of Westminster."

But we turn now to our second proposed subject of inquiry, viz.:—Have the Romish priesthood so conducted themselves in Ireland, as to have at all events a moral, if not a legal claim to attention, support, and assistance from the British Parliament? Fortunately, owing to the recent researches of Sir Francis Bond Head, we are at no loss for an answer to the question. We strongly suspect, that no traveller ever spent so short a time in a strange country, who produced such a mass of valuable information as the result of his visit. We regret, deeply, that we cannot give to Sir Francis the space and attention to which he is fairly entitled, but as we bring his testimony forward for a definite and specific object, we can only allude very briefly to the general contents of his able and interesting volume.

Sir Francis gives a very graphic account of the "National System of Education." We must extract his description of the infant school department; and also the reflection which suggested itself to his mind after a thorough inspection of the routine of arrangements:—

"On proceeding," he says, "to the infants' school, I found 300 of them in their playground, drawn up in four or five formal lines, just ready, with little monitors at their side, to tottle into school.

"Their faces were all clean, and they were waiting with serious countenances for the ringing of the bell, when, all of a sudden, in consequence of a little 'soft nonsense' I had whispered into the ear of the teacher in charge of their yard, she called out to them in a loud tone, '*Children! you may have five minutes more play!*' By the explosion of gunpowder one could scarcely have scattered them more suddenly in all directions. In one second the formality of their position and countenances had vanished, and all over the gritty precincts of the yard they were, mostly with little bare feet, to be seen running, tumbling, jumping, and laughing. A lot of more intelligent faces and beautiful

complexions no one could desire to behold. Their glossy hair was of all colours.

"In the middle of the yard were two poles, but the amusement they appeared most to enjoy was scrambling up a steep inclined wooden trough, and, on reaching the summit, squatting down and, without the slightest attention to the adjustment of their clothes, sliding down a corresponding descending wooden trough, the *bottom* of which was not only highly polished, but literally worn into two little furrows by the endless friction that, by the inventive powers of the Commissioners, had been applied to it. In a few instances, as a great joke, a child, instead of sitting, went down this *montagne Russe* head-foremost, on its stomach or back as it preferred.

"Any one witnessing the innocent, happy joy of these children, would reasonably have hoped that the hand of Time would have been arrested, but, as usual, he was inexorable; the five minutes came to an end—the bell rang—the children, stomach versus back, fell out into five lines, and by word of command of her majesty the queen of their yard they once again tottled into their schoolroom.

"On arriving there in the morning they deposit their hats and caps in a basket placed at one end of each of their respective forms, and their bread (dinner) in another basket at the other end.

"In the schoolroom I found, seated in various directions, a number of very intelligent-looking female teachers, each of whom had suspended before her a picture. One represented the whole process of making bread, from the ploughing of land for wheat to reaping, thrashing, grinding, and baking. Another, the various preparations which leather undergoes, and the mode of making shoes. Another was a carpenter's shop, with delineations of all his tools. Another, as a trifling change, a representation of the solar system.

"Each poor teacher, like Prometheus on his rock, was chained to the picture she had undertaken to explain; but as she could not long continue to propound its contents to one group, the chief Superintendent every now and then, as if a wasp had stung her, gave a stamp and a whistle, on which each group of children, under a tiny monitor—in many instances not four years old, and who is changed every week—moved successively to the next picture, which was no sooner explained than, in obedience to another sudden stamp and whistle, these little butterfies, with their monitor, flew to sip the honey of the adjoining flower.

"In a neighbouring room I found a congregation of infants on benches raised one above another, merrily singing a tune, into which had been artfully slipped a very small portion of the multiplication table, and as this medicine evidently made them very shortly more or less drowsy (I saw one tiny sinner from the bottom of her soul give a decided yawn), the teacher artfully revived them by saying very softly, '*Let's take another sleep!*' on which, with great glee, they all threw themselves backwards, an exertion and a joke combined, which on their being ordered to awake, completely revived them. One little girl, however, of about two years old, who had over-acted the part, remained

sound asleep; and, as, with her tiny mouth open, her glossy flaxen hair lay wild and loose upon her rosy cheeks, I strongly felt how unconscious she was of the parental endeavours which the Lord-Lieutenant, together with Commissioners the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop Murray, Lord Bellew, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Meath, the Right Hon. Alex. Macdonnell, and others of the highest attainments in Ireland, were making to impart, not only to her, but to 511,239 other children throughout Ireland, infantine habits of cleanliness and obedience, as also the inestimable advantages of an admirable education. And yet I could not help repeating to myself how lamentable is the reflection, that while, at an annual expenditure of 164,577*l.*, Parliament is assisting this great work, the Commissioners, although they have benevolently spared no pains in giving to the children they have undertaken to educate every temporal assistance that ingenuity could possibly desire, cannot to this day agree among themselves as to the admission of the Bible, or even in the construction of any simple Christian prayer in which the rising generation of Irish, Catholics and Protestants, might be taught to unite! In short, to the discredit of both religions, these children, who are taught so innocently to join together 'with heart and voice' in a harmonious song of national homage to their Sovereign, are literally, by the dark rules of the institution—which 'exclude from the general school all Catechisms and books inculcating *peculiar* religious opinions'—strictly forbidden from exclaiming together with similar unanimity,—

"'GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN'."

One subject, to which Sir Francis paid great attention, is, at the present time, of special interest, viz. the College of Maynooth. Our readers will be glad of the opportunity of obtaining some authentic information respecting that College. Sir Francis thus describes the method by which that information was acquired:—

"In a few minutes," he says, "the door from the entrance-hall opened, and in walked the Vice-President, in his black gown. He appeared to be about 40 years of age; he was tall, light, and active, with a countenance not only exceedingly clever, but particularly mild and pleasing. He had my card in his hand; and I had scarcely apologized for calling upon him, as a complete stranger, when he replied, 'You were Governor of Canada?' I answered, 'I was.' And, rather to my surprise, he then added, 'And you have taken the part of Louis Napoleon?' As I did not want to enter into that subject, I briefly said, 'I had;' muttering to myself at the moment, 'Well, you read the *Times* at all events!' 'Do you want,' said he, 'to see our College?'

"Of course I did; but as I was particularly anxious that he should

not consider I had come merely from private curiosity, I at once took my black note-book out of my pocket, and opening it, and displaying to him some ten or fifteen pages of pencil writing, I said very gravely, 'I yesterday took these notes of the system of Irish education pursued in Marlborough Street, Dublin. If you see no objection, I desire to take similar notes, not on theological subjects, but on the general management of this College.'

"For a moment I fancied I saw a very small cloud of reflection flit across the sunshine and serenity of his countenance; but it had scarcely vanished when he said, with great kindness of manner, 'I will show you every thing myself'."

He then gives the following account of the Institution:—

"It appears that the establishment of the Royal College of St. Patrick at Maynooth, founded on Mr. Pitt's recommendation, in 1795, by the Irish Parliament in the reign of George III., consists at present of a President, a Vice-President, a Dean, two junior Deans, a Prefect of the Dunboyne establishment, who also acts as Librarian, a Bursar, and a Secretary to the Board of Trustees, composed of three Catholic Archbishops, seven Bishops, and four Irish noblemen.

"The Professors are of

"Dogmatical and Moral Theology.

Natural Philosophy.

Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.

English Rhetoric and French.

Ecclesiastical History.

Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics.

Humanity.

Irish.

"There are also attached to the Institution, a Counsel, a Law-agent, a Physician, a consulting Physician, a Surgeon, a consulting Surgeon, two resident Medical Attendants, and lastly a Printer and Bookseller.

"For the maintenance of this establishment the sum of about 8000*l.* was annually voted by the Irish, and afterwards by the Imperial Parliament, from 1795 to 1807, when an additional 5000*l.* was granted for the enlargement of the buildings. From 1808 to 1813 the annual vote was 8283*l.*, and from 1813 to 1845 it was raised to 8923*l.* By the Act of 8 and 9 Vict. c. 25, the College, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, was placed on a new foundation, and permanently endowed for the maintenance and education of 500 students, and of 20 senior scholars on the Dunboyne foundation, for the support of which the College receives from the fee simple estates of the late Lord Dunboyne 460*l.* a-year.

"Besides providing for the annual cost of commons, &c., for these 520 students, of allowances to the 20 Dunboyne students, and to 250 students of the three senior classes, and of salaries to the president,

superiors, and professors, the Act above quoted moreover vested in the Commissioners of Public Works the sum of 30,000*l.*, for erecting the buildings necessary to accommodate the enlarged number of students, which at present amounts to 520.

"The rules for their admission are as follows :

"No applicant can be received as a student at Maynooth College unless he be designed for the priesthood in Ireland, be sixteen years of age, be recommended by his bishop, and unless he be competent to pass a prescribed examination.

"The ordinary course of study requires for its completion five years, after which the student is deemed fit to be made a priest; but those who, by their superior qualifications, have been selected for the Dunboyne establishment, continue their course for three additional years. The studies principally consist of Greek and Latin classics, rhetoric, mathematics, French, English composition, the historical books of the Bible, logic, moral philosophy, natural history, ecclesiastical history, theology, and the Hebrew and Irish languages.

"The Vice-President explained to me, that within the territory of the College, which comprises about 80 acres, there are three separate sets of buildings, namely :

"1. One containing 390 senior students, composed of a sort of barrack, forming three sides of a hollow square (the front of this building is that with two wings, which I have already described).

"2. A new college just erected in rear of the old one by the Parliamentary grant of the 8 & 9 Vict. c. 25, forming also three sides of a hollow square.

"3. A large detached building of two fronts, containing 130 junior students whom, on their arrival, it is deemed advisable to keep for three years by themselves<sup>2</sup>."

The manner of living, and the opportunities of recreation, are thus described :—

"At nine in the morning the students have breakfast, composed of bread and butter, with tea or cocoa. At three they dine (excepting on Fridays and fast-days, when they are restricted to eggs, puddings, pies, and potatoes) on meat, vegetables, bread, beer, and water. At eight in the evening they have a supper of bread and cocoa.

"On descending we came into the hollow square, surrounded on one side by the entrance front, and on the other side by the dormitories I have just described, which occupy on each side three stories of 33 windows each. The space included by these buildings is an encircled green lawn, on which are growing very luxuriantly two dark yew-trees.

"As a group of students passed us I asked the Vice-President whether they were ever allowed to go into the village? In reply, he told me that on Wednesdays they were permitted to take a walk under the guidance of the Dean; that at Christmas and Easter they have a few days holiday, but remain in the College; that in the summer they

<sup>2</sup> A Fortnight in Ireland, pp. 76—78.

have 55 days' vacation, during which they are supposed to be delivered over to their bishop or parish priest. I asked whether those who remained at Maynooth during the vacation (this summer they amounted to upwards of 60) were allowed to go out? 'Oh, no,' he replied; 'a student with us is *always* under the inspection of his superior.'

" 'On the 3rd of September,' he added (I copied his words as he spoke them, and afterwards read them to him to see that they were quite correct), 'On the 3rd of September commences a 'spiritual retreat.' During the whole of that interval all the Superiors, Professors, and Students observe perfect silence, devoting themselves wholly to religious exercises, and communing only with God. So solemn is the separation from each other and from the world, that they are in the habit of taking leave of each other, by shaking hands and bidding farewell as if going on a long journey; and when it is over, in like manner, they meet each other as if after a long absence, as though they had not seen each other in the interim<sup>3</sup>.'"

Sir Francis gives the following extract from one of their books of devotions, which he found lying about :—

"A portion of it appeared to have been much thumbed, and, the leaves opening of their own accord at that particular spot, I read as follows :—

" 'Oh! Holy Trinity, one God, have	Honourable Vessel.
mercy upon us.	Vessel of Singular Devotion.
Holy Mary.	Mystical Rose.
Holy Mother of God.	Tower of David.
Holy Virgin of Virgins.	Tower of Ivory.
Mother of Christ.	Tower of Gold.
Mother of Divine Grace.	Ark of the Covenant.
Most Pure Mother.	Gate of Heaven.
Most Chaste Mother.	Morning Star.
Most Undeified Mother.	Health of the Weak.
Most Amiable Mother.	Refuge of Sinners.
Most Admirable Mother.	Comfort of the Afflicted.
Mother of our Creator.	Help of Christians.
Mother of our Redeemer.	Queen of Angels.
Most Prudent Virgin.	Queen of Patriarchs.
Most Venerable Virgin.	Queen of Prophets.
Most Renowned Virgin.	Queen of Apostles.
Most Powerful and Most Merciful Virgin.	Queen of Martyrs.
Most Faithful Virgin.	Queen of Confessors.
Mirror of Justice.	Queen of Virgins.
Seal of Wisdom.	Queen of all Saints.
Cause of our Joy.	O Lamb of God, who takest
Spiritual Vessel.	away the sins of the world.
	Spare us, O Lord.'



"The little volume containing the above prayer was entitled 'THE KEY TO HEAVEN'."

And yet Romanists tell us that they pay no homage to the Blessed Virgin, which is in the slightest degree inconsistent with that entire devotion of heart and mind, which Scripture, in every page, directs us to pay to that DIVINE BEING in whom the spirit of Mary rejoiced as HER SAVIOUR !

We shall conclude our notice of Maynooth with a description of the daily routine of Students in term. It will be seen how minutely every moment of the time is marked out—how rigid is the rule under which they live:—

"They rise ordinarily," says Sir Francis, "at 6. (In May and June at 5.)

" From	6	to	6½	Dressing.
"	6½	"	7	Prayer.
"	7	"	8½	Study.
"	8½	"	9	Mass.
"	9	"	9½	Breakfast.
"	9½	"	10	Recreation.
"	10	"	10½	Study.
"	10½	"	11½	Class.
"	11½	"	12	Recreation.
"	12	"	2	Study.
"	2	"	3	Class.
"	3	"	3·40	Dinner.
"	3·40	"	5	Recreation.
"	5	"	6·45	Study.
"	6·45	"	7	Recreation.
"	7	"	8	Study.
"	8	to about	8·12	Supper.
"	8·12	to	9	Recreation.
"	9	"	9½	Night Prayer.
Lights extinguished at 10.				

"I then observed to him that I was glad I had visited compartment A of the Library, as people in England were usually of opinion that Roman Catholics did not read the Bible.

"He replied in the following words, which I read to him from my note-book to ascertain—as I told him—that I had correctly copied them from his mouth.

"'It is a rule of our Establishment,' said he, 'that every young man at entrance should be provided with a copy of the Bible, for his own individual use; and so solicitous are we for the observance of this rule, that our Procurator purchases a number of Bibles, one of which is

handed by him to each student, immediately after his accession, if he has not already a Bible in his possession.'

" 'But,' said I, 'do you not alter or suppress some portions of the Bible?'

" 'On the contrary,' he replied, 'we admit *more* books of Scripture than most Protestants.'

" 'And,' said I to myself, 'if the Procurator of the College of Maynooth actually purchases a Bible, and *hands* it to every candidate for the Roman Catholic priesthood; and moreover, if Catholics admit more books of Scripture than most Protestants; what possible excuse can the Commissioners of Public Instruction in Dublin offer to God, or man, for virtually excluding the said Bible, throughout Christian Ireland, from the education of the Catholic and Protestant youth of both sexes?'"

In the second part of his book Sir Francis discusses at very great length the "degraded condition of the Irish people," and the origin of that degradation. He proves by an induction of particulars, into which our space forbids us to follow him, that this degradation is *not* to be attributed either to the Imperial Parliament, the British Government, the Irish Landlords, or the Irish people,—not, we presume, *mainly* to be ascribed, for we suspect that each and all of them have had a certain share in causing that degradation. He then puts this question:—

"ARE THE PRIESTHOOD OF IRELAND THE CAUSE OF THE MORAL DEGRADATION OF IRELAND?"

"I reply, 'THEY ARE?'"

"The affirmation of these two small monosyllables will of course excite the anger of those against whom they are directed; but, as it is in sorrow rather than in anger that I very deliberately make the assertion, I calmly defy all the talents, ability, sophistry, artifice, and indignation of the Irish priesthood to repel the evidence I am about to adduce, for the avowed object of degrading in the estimation of every Irishman, and most especially of every Irishwoman—to the proper level—a clergy who—I *will prove it*—have brought scandal on the sacred character of the Catholic Church, who have disgraced the cloth they wear, and who are culpably driving from a beloved soil hundreds of thousands of men, women, and little children, whom it was their especial duty spiritually and morally to befriend.

"As far as I am individually concerned I have no interest whatever in the prosecution of those whom I have thus publicly arraigned. I am in no way connected with them, with Ireland, with the Irish Government, with the Whig Government, or with Lord Derby's Government; but, like everybody, I owe a duty to my Sovereign and to my country, and, in performance thereof, I will at once proceed to substantiate what I have affirmed. All I ask of Ireland—in return for

the service I am endeavouring to render to her—is an unprejudiced hearing, a cool judgment, and an honest decision<sup>6</sup>.”

He grounds his assertion on the enormous amount of spiritual power wielded by the Romish priest through the agency of the Confessional, of Indulgences, of Excommunication, of suppressing parts of God's Word, and of the celibacy of the Clergy. He then alludes to a local instance of the power of the Irish priesthood, and then asks the following very pertinent and searching question:—

“And yet, how comes it, I emphatically ask, that with all these positions, and with all this superhuman power, the poor, good, virtuous Irish people, who, in fervent devotion to their revered religion, will proverbially do any thing that their priest bids them—how comes it, I ask, that, bound together only by Ribbonism, they are to be found almost every where, in squalid rags, living with their pigs and asses, and without metaphor, existing—most fearfully—with nothing between them and the far west of America but the rind of a round root, which it has lately pleased the Almighty to fester and corrupt before it even comes to maturity?

“Is it because the facility of cultivating that root, which supports dogs, sheep, fowls, pigs, *and children*, encourages early marriages; and that for every such early marriage the improvident couple is required to pay to a certain personage the exorbitant fee of 25*s.* *to begin with*, with a further demanded fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* for every child that it produces?

“Are the receipts of those fees the *latent reason* why every well-organized system of emigrating from such a degraded state has been strenuously opposed by the Irish priesthood?

“Is it to prevent the stimulating light of knowledge, which education would throw upon the Irish poor, that Archbishop M'Hale, and the majority of the Irish priesthood, have unceasingly opposed, and are still strenuously opposing, that national system of education, the beneficial effects of which I have imperfectly described,—just as they have opposed that legal provision for the poor which prevents the parish priest from remaining their sole almoner? And while a stranger, in travelling through Ireland, cannot give a little child a halfpenny without receiving in return the indigenous words ‘God bless your Arnh'r,’ why is it that the Catholic population of Ireland have been and are still taught to revile, as a bitter enemy, that generous benefactor, the British Parliament, which in the late period of their distress assisted them to the enormous extent of eight millions? In short, in plain terms, is it, or is it not, the interest and the object of the Irish priesthood to keep their flocks in their present state of degradation? For if it be neither their interest nor their object, why, I ask, have they neglected to teach those who have so implicitly confided in them, to maintain clean dwellings, to wear decent clothing, and to adopt a species of cultivation

<sup>6</sup> A Fortnight in Ireland, pp. 251, 252.

which would prevent them, to a considerable degree, from falling victims to a vegetable disease?

"Lastly,—I beg leave to ask, how comes it that the constabulary map at the commencement of this volume indisputably proves, to any one, *at a single glance*, that in the north of Ireland, where the poor are, generally speaking, under Protestant clergymen, as also on the western coast, where Protestantism has made great progress, there are infinitely less police stations—that is to say, there is infinitely less crime—than in the remaining portion of Ireland, where the poor are under the especial and almost exclusive care of the Irish priesthood?

"In reply to my queries, will the archbishops, bishops, and Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland affirm that really they are not invested with power or influence enough to produce that moral change which Major-General Sir Duncan M'Grigor and Colonel Brown—as it were by word of command—effect upon every Irishman that enlists either into the constabulary or into the Dublin police?

"In the face of the staring fact that Father Matthew—single-handed—prevailed upon millions of illiterate Protestant as well as Catholic Irishmen to drink cold water instead of warm whisky, will the archbishops, bishops, and Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland declare that the Church of Rome has gifted them with so little power, and such feeble influence over their flocks, that it would be utterly hopeless to advise them to break the wicked band of Ribbonism, which, as is well known, is composed *solely* of Irish Roman Catholics?

"The only calm and reasonable solution that can be offered of the phenomenon of an intelligent people living in the state of moral degradation I have, so often described and bewailed, is either that their priests, whose influence over them is undeniable, are not gifted by the Pope with sufficient power, or that these Irish priests have had worldly objects in view, which, to say the least, have distracted their attention from the temporal welfare of their flocks; and on the horns of this dilemma I leave Archbishop M'Hale'."

But Sir Francis does not content himself with bare theoretical assertions. He enters also, very minutely, into the practical part of the subject by an inquiry, "What has been the open aggressive conduct of the Irish Priesthood?" We only wish that we could insure the answer which he supplies to this inquiry, being placed in the hands of every British senator, when the "religious equality" question is brought forward in the House of Commons. Much of the proceedings of the Irish Priesthood at the recent elections we described in our last number. We must quote from Sir Francis, proof of the soundness of the reason we then gave for the desperate game the Irish Priesthood played at that election:—

"The Roman Catholic priesthood," he says, "clearly seeing that the 'Exodus' of their fee-paying flocks, whom they have invariably refused to accompany, was progressing; that every family settled across the wide blue waters of the Atlantic were beckoning to their compatriots to follow them; that 'millions of Catholic souls had been lost' in America; that the contagion was spreading even to the metropolis of their own country; and, lastly, that as the result of these united movements, by cholera, famine, &c., the Protestant population had so alarmingly increased, that it not only already nearly equalled, but that it threatened very shortly to overbalance in number (as it has always greatly overbalanced in wealth and in land) the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, felt that,—unless some bold and decisive movement was made by them to get into Parliament members favourable to their views, namely, 1st, 'tenant-right,' or a destruction of the title deeds of Protestant and Catholic landlords; 2nd, 'a reversion,' as Archbishop M'Hale has adroitly expressed it, 'of the ecclesiastical funds of the Protestant Church to their original purposes of promoting Catholic piety, charity, and education;' 3rd, the stoppage of emigration; and, 4thly, above all, the abolition of the existing combined Protestant-cum-Catholic education of the people under the direction of the National Board of Education in Dublin,—their power, like their flocks, would vanish from the land.

"Hitherto their masked influence had, as I have shown, been apparently simply negative. It was, however, only by positive force, by uniting together, and boldly casting aside their spiritual character,—in fact, by what may justly be termed 'taking the field,'—that they could hope to maintain their position. They therefore, as is notorious, virulently increased their opposition to education: although the population of Ireland had sunk from eight millions to six, they *increased* the number of their priests; and, as I have indisputably proved by *their own* evidence, they regularly organized a system for advocating, from the altars of their chapels and again in person on the hustings, hostility to landlords, to Lord Derby's government, to Lord John Russell's administration; in short, to every human authority and to every human power that should dare presume to offer to their temporal interests and objects the smallest opposition.

"Of the conduct and speeches of the Irish priesthood during the late elections, I received from gentlemen and persons of high character who were present, and whose names, if called upon, I can produce, statements, on the truth of which the reader may *implicitly* rely\*."

We may observe here that, since the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Vincent Scully very coolly called on Sir Francis to give up these authorities. His answer was of course a refusal to do any thing of the kind, but he, at the same time, pledged himself to

\* A Fortnight in Ireland, pp. 363—365.

produce them, and to substantiate every one of his statements, *before a Committee of the House of Commons.* Will Mr. Scully move for such a Committee? We rather think not!

We proceed to give a few extracts, descriptive of the manner in which the Irish priesthood wielded the enormous power they possess over the minds and consciences of the Irish people:—

“On the 27th of June, the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, addressed his congregation as follows:—

“‘The approaching election is not a war between two kingdoms, but it is a war against your religion; you ought therefore to vote for the Liberal candidates. \* \* \* is a supporter of Lord Derby’s government, and if Derby gets a majority he will crush you; the Government has already done all in its power to crush your religion. Priests and nuns are prevented from wearing their religious habits; the people therefore should be ready to sacrifice their lives for the support of Liberal candidates. Those who have no votes should go to the houses of those who have, and if they will not go with you, *you know what to do*; and as regards myself, *I will not administer the last Sacrament, if they were dying, to any person who shall vote for the support of the present Government.*’

“On Sunday, the 25th of July, the priest of \* \* \* spoke from the altar as follows:—

“‘I have to state, that those persons in this parish who yesterday voted for \* \* \* are perjured men. Let them not come to me to speak about religion, for as long as I am in the parish *I will have very little to say to them.*’

“On the following day the seats of the persons alluded to were broken to pieces and thrown out of the chapel.

“On Sunday, the 1st of August, a woman whose husband had voted for \* \* \* was turned out of church by the priest of \* \* \*, who, striking her at the same time on the back, exclaimed, ‘Be off, mother of the old devil!’ (The poor woman was so frightened that she was confined to her bed for many days.)

“In the middle of the service of the mass, the priest, seeing this woman’s son, turned him out, too, saying,

“‘*I will not administer the Communion to any one while that man remains!*’

“When mass was over, the priest went into a house, where, happening to meet another son of the woman he had ejected from the church, he turned him out, saying,

“‘If I had but the \* \* \* boys, *I would hunt your family out of fairs and markets.*’

“In the chapel of \* \* \*, after mass, the priest addressed his congregation as follows:—

“‘One of you present has voted *for his landlord.* I tell you all that any cause *that man undertakes* will not prosper. The man that is base enough to vote against his conscience and his country, his name and his

children's names will be handed down to the tenth generation. If such a person should enter your house, *order him out!* If he remains, let every one in the house walk out; and when he goes to fairs or to market, let every one say, 'There goes the man *that betrayed his country!*'

"The priest of \* \* \*, after mass was over, addressed his congregation as follows:—

"After denouncing 'landlords and their accursed exterminating system,' he said—

"'As long as you get your rights commit no offence; but if the days of Cromwell are to return, I will not stop your arms from the wild spirit of revenge. (Cries of Bravo throughout the chapel.) *May the curse of God* light on the Judases who have voted against you, and may their conscience torment them till they go and hang themselves as Judas did!'

"'Any man,' said the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, 'who shall vote for a supporter of the Derby Government, his name shall be recorded to be handed down to posterity *in everlasting disgrace.*'

"After mass, on the 4th of July, the priest of \* \* \* addressed his congregation as follows:—

"'Catholic freeholders of this parish, now is the time for you to show independence, by voting for \* \* \* and \* \* \*.

"'Any man that through fear of his landlord shall vote for the supporters of the present Government, I declare him to be a *perjurer.*

"'O'Connell called Lord Stanley a viper, and he has now brought forward a measure to prevent the Catholic clergy from appearing in their robes at any public meeting. *I shall visit you all* during the ensuing week'."

The Irish priesthood ought to be the especial conservators of the peace of the country. Let us see how they discharge their mission:—

"On the 29th of June the priest of \* \* \* addressed his congregation as follows:—

"'The time is coming. I recommend that all of you get ready and have your *blackthorn sticks* and your arms prepared. Vote according to your consciences; but I tell you that he who votes for the *enemy* will not afterwards be able to live in the country.

"'Do not spare those who vote for the *enemy*, but yell after them in the streets, to *drag them and strangle them.* Vote for your *religion*'—and striking the altar with all his force, he added, 'for your God. Never will there be greater work in Ireland than on this occasion.'

"It will appear from the following speech, that from 'blackthorn sticks' the Irish clergy gradually but Jesuitically recommended the use of more deadly weapons.

"On Sunday, the 20th of June, the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing

his congregation on the subject of the approaching elections, spoke from the altar as follows :—

“ ‘ I challenge Mr. \* \* \* to see which of us shall have the votes of the people. How, I ask, can *his* voters get to \* \* \*? for the colliers will be there with their picks. The law prevents them from carrying *arms*, but it does not prevent them from carrying their *picks*, because their picks are their tools.’ ”

Let us also give a specimen of the language sometimes employed by these Irish “ pæficators.”

“ The priest of \* \* \*, addressing his congregation in favour of ‘ tenant-right,’ said,

“ ‘ These big-bellied bailiffs have fattened on the poverty of the people. I request the women who hear me to attend the election, and, if the *men* will not do it, I will get you women to *rip open their big bellies*.’ ”

“ On the 3rd of July the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing from a window a mob of people, said,

“ ‘ Let us give three groans for \* \* \* ; three groans for the Crowbar Brigade ; and nine times nine for *the Scorpion Stanley*. There are in this town some base, rotten, renegade, miscreant Catholics, who would, as at Stockport, pull down a chapel, and every thing in it, for a glass of whisky. But I will keep my eye upon them, and I hope, my friends, you will too. I don’t want *you* to use physical force, but I promise you that I will *pitch the silk into them* hereafter. There will be a public meeting in this town on Tuesday next, when the clergy of the diocese, and other influential gentlemen, will be present ; and I expect that *every man, woman, and child* of this and the adjoining parishes will be present to cheer on the champions of their religion, and to hunt the nominee of *Scorpion Stanley* from the field<sup>2</sup>.’ ”

And what are the practical results of all this ? Let us see. Here are one or two of them :—

“ 1.

“ ‘ John Cunningham, take notice if you dont give your vote to the man whom it was asked for on Sunday last, you may have your coffin to Manorhamilton with you. So take warning in time, do as the rest of your neighbours do,—if you dont you will be shot *like a dog*.

“ ‘ A civil Caution.’ ”

\* “ 3.

“ Notice.

“ ‘ Take notice John Lang that you will not receive from the sooper John Colman any milk or if you do it is not a notice you will get but dedly wounds Sign buy me

“ ‘ CAPTAIN THUNDERBOLT.’ ”



" 4.

" ' To Mr. Turner \* \* \*

" ' Sir      Take notice that if you go to give your vote against  
——— you may quit both your mills: besides your life is in danger  
also your son—in like manner.

" ' You may please yourself, but mark what will follow.' "

" 5.

" ' To Mr. \* \* \*

" ' I herfore warn you if you go against us leave this place or lose  
your life. You do not know the instant you or *your wife and child*  
will be killed.

" ' Tom and Short  
without shame or fear ' "

Again :—

" 8.

" About half-past two o'clock in the morning of the 20th of July  
about 40 persons came to the house of Michael Ledwith, situated in  
the townland of Carrackateaur, and asked why *the priest* was refused  
his oath? Ledwith replied, he did not refuse the priest! A book was  
then handed to him by one of the party, when his son James swore on  
it that his father should vote for Fox and Greville. They broke 9 panes  
of glass in one window, and 2 sashes. They then went away, saying,  
if he did not vote for Fox and Greville, they would again visit him and  
level the house.

" 9.

" " On the 18th of July seven or eight men visited John Geraghty's  
dwelling-house at Cloonsheeran on the night of the 18th instant, broke  
the windows and door, and fired a shot into the house. Geraghty hap-  
pened to be from home at the time. Two of the attacking party desired  
his family to tell him that if he did not vote for *his clergy* and his  
country, that they would visit him again after the election.

" 10.

" On the 18th of July, at 2½ o'clock A.M., ten persons called at the  
house of Thomas Devine, situated in the townland of Carrickatrave,  
called him up, and asked him for whom he would vote; he said for his  
country and *his clergy*. One of the men, who had a gun, broke a pane  
of glass by thrusting the gun through it. They then shook hands with  
him and said that was all they wanted, and went away.

" 11.

" On the night of the 11th of July, about 11½ o'clock P.M., a party  
of 9 or 10 men, two of them armed with pistols, and a third with a

\* A Fortnight in Ireland, pp. 374, 375.

gun, came to the house of Denis Evers and obtained admission, after threatening to break in the door if it was not opened. When they entered they called for Evers, and asked for whom he proposed voting; he replied, for those he thought most worthy of it; and they then said that he should vote for *the Priest*, that he had been warned before, and that if they had to come again he might have his coffin made, for that they would shoot him and put him into it. They brought him outside the door, and told him to kneel down until they would shoot him; he refused doing so, and they then fired one shot close to his ear; he resisted, in consequence of which he received two cuts on the head: after repeatedly threatening him, they went away across the country<sup>4</sup>."

And now with all these facts before us we put it to Serjeant Shee whether he thinks it a very probable thing that a British Parliament will appropriate the undoubted property of the Irish Church to the support of a priesthood, who, as we have shown, have left no means untried by which Ireland should be rendered a byword, a reproach, and a hissing, among the nations. God forbid that we should ignore the fact that there are many, very many, Christian pastors among them, who are quietly and devotedly working out the high purposes of their sacred calling with zeal and devotion; but when we are asked to legislate for the Irish priesthood, we must take into account the many who strive to rouse the people to turbulence and rebellion, and not the few who strive to make them loyal and peaceful. But Sir Francis Head has discussed this question so forcibly, that we will not weaken his observations by any remarks of our own:—

"Now just," he says, "as in a Protestant Church the clerk officially exclaims 'Amen' to every prayer the clergyman utters, so, as might naturally be supposed, the illiterate congregations of the Irish priesthood outwardly and inwardly repeated the same word after every malediction which they heard their priest utter against Irish *landlords*; and, accordingly, following the example of their priest, or rather in obedience to his unholy mandates, *they* cursed as *he* cursed—*they* threatened as *he* threatened; *they* had recourse first to sticks, and finally to deadly weapons, exactly as *from the altar* HE had desired.

"In fact, the anonymous signature of 'TOM SHORT, *without shame or fear*,' and warning coffins, have, I believe, sufficiently explained to the reader how completely the Irish *poof* have been victims to the fury of their priesthood.

"THE SERPENT BEGUILLED THEM, AND THEY DID EAT.

And what, I now ask of the priesthood of Ireland, has been the result

<sup>4</sup> A Fortnight in Ireland, pp. 376, 377.

of the guilty hatred you have inculcated between your poor parishioners and the legitimate proprietors of the soil they cultivate? You have excited passions which, as Christian ministers, it was your especial duty to allay. In the name of God, and from your holy altars, with all the power of that education which the British Parliament gave to you at Maynooth, you have not only denounced, cursed, and threatened the Irish *landlords*, but, diverting the enormous spiritual influence you possess to temporal purposes of the most sordid description, you have instigated your illiterate followers to the commission of the dreadful crime of MURDER; and, that there may be no mistake as to the awful consequences of your eloquence, your imprecations, and of your appeal to blackthorn sticks, iron picks, arms, and other deadly weapons, I call upon you, before the civilized world, to read—and as you read may you repent—the following list of landowners (designated by you ‘tyrants, exterminators, and oppressors of the poor’) and land-agents, who, in Irish graves, are now lying festering around you, either with fractured skulls and broken limbs, or with bodies perforated by bullets and shot, fired upon them as they were inoffensively coming from market—as they were innocently cultivating their land,—and in several instances as, in the sacred enjoyment of domestic happiness, seated in their own homes, they were surrounded by families who are now mourning over their irreparable loss. . . .

“When this list of murders shall be affixed—as I trust it will be—to the door of every Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland, will the priest thereof dare to cross its threshold to administer holy mass to a devout Christian congregation? Will virtuous Irishwomen tolerate his presence at the altar?—will they confess to him who, for his own sordid, revengeful views, has been the means of turning wives into widows, and helpless children into orphans? Finally, whether they do or not, I ask the Irish priesthood, whilst this list of murders is before their eyes, themselves to declare whether I was not justified in asserting that ‘They have brought scandal on the sacred character of the Catholic Church—that they have disgraced the cloth they wear—and that they are culpably driving from a beloved soil hundreds of thousands of men, women, and little children, whom it was their especial duty, spiritually and morally, to befriend?’

“MEN OF IRELAND! While in Italy, Germany, France, Portugal, and Spain, the upper classes of society are what they themselves term ‘philosophers’—our religion, said a German lady, is ‘*Indifferentism*’—Ireland is the only country in Europe in which the eminent merchant, the lawyer, the judge on the bench—in short, in which the well-educated Catholic—is a sincere Papist. I respect your sincerity,—I admire your honesty,—I revere your devotional attachment to your Christian creed,—and I should despise any one who would unnecessarily offer to your religion, or indeed to the religion of any man, insult or offence. But, without even a latent desire to endeavour to convert you to Protestantism, I ask you, as men distinguished by

talent, wit, ability, and courage, Are you not *ashamed of the conduct of your own priests?*"

Before we leave our consideration of Sir Francis Head's volume, we are, very reluctantly, constrained to state that we differ from him, *toto cælo*, in his concluding remarks. They who have followed us so far in our inquiry, will be scarcely prepared to find this distinguished writer advocating the continuance of the grant to Maynooth, and the residence of a British representative at the court of Rome. With regard to the first point, he thus graphically describes the total failure of Mr. Pitt's famous project for improving the character of the Irish priesthood:—

"In 1795 Mr. Pitt, conceiving that, if the Irish priesthood were to be forced to cross the Channels of Ireland and England to the Continent of Europe in quest of education, they would with religious instruction imbibe Jacobinical principles, proposed the formation of a home college, in which they might learn not only to be religious but *loyal*: in short, he conceived that he would secure the Irish priesthood to the throne by educating them in Ireland. His expectations, however, have been reversed; for while Roman Catholic priests on the Continent have always been in favour of monarchy or despotism, in Ireland *alone*, generally speaking, they have been, and are, liberals or republicans.

"But the establishment of the College of Maynooth has produced other disadvantages which might have been foreseen.

"If candidates for the Irish priesthood had continued to go for education to the Continent, the mere expenses they would have had to incur would have secured to the Church the sons of respectable people. With an opportunity of mixing with foreigners, their manners would have been polished, and their ideas enlarged. Indeed, in the French School of Theology at St. Omer there is very little of what is commonly called 'ultramontanism.' On their return they would thus have been fit to enter into the very best society of Ireland,—an intercourse of which the advantages would evidently have been reciprocal.

"Now, in the cheap wholesale manufacture of priests at Maynooth, there exist the following glaring errors:—Instead—like our young Protestant clergy at Oxford and Cambridge—of enjoying the advantages of association with gentlemen and noblemen of *all* professions, their education is exclusively confined to themselves;—indeed, the stone wall that environs them is but an emblem of that which is artificially constructed round their intellects, their minds, and their hearts; and as their life is evidently divested of all refined intellectual enjoyments, none but the sons of small needy farmers and small shopkeepers are willing to embark in it, and thus it may be confidently asserted

<sup>5</sup> A Fortnight in Ireland, pp. 384—387.

that among the whole of the Irish priesthood there scarcely exists the son of a gentleman. Indeed, the bishops of the various dioceses are practically aware that young men chosen from the very lowest ranks of society are more subservient to them than had they been selected from a higher caste; and it is on this account that in Ireland the Irish priest is rarely to be found in the society of a gentleman.

"In the class-books at Maynooth—for instance, in Dens' Theology—ultramontane principles are irrevocably implanted in their heads; their discipline (*vide* the number of hours they are at study, page 95) breaks down their minds; abject subjection to their superiors crushes their spirits: in fact, not only is the system altogether one of utter slavery, but, I regret to say, it ends, as I have shown, in the slave becoming a tyrant.

"The addition to education money, granted in late years by Parliament, has not produced much improvement; for although it has undeniably increased the *number* of priests, it has not improved their *quality*. In short, Mr. Pitt's project, in almost every point of view, has proved to be a most serious failure<sup>6</sup>."

And yet, in the teeth of this failure, in the teeth of these lamentable results, he gravely deprecates any withdrawal of the grant, not because, as some say, the national honour is pledged to its continuance, which we altogether deny, but because of the enormous amount of evil which has resulted from it; because the conduct of the priests is really the best evidence against them; because it is of vital importance that we should not only satisfy, but undeniably prove to the civilized world, *who it is that has been to blame*. With great respect, we demur very strongly to the soundness of this conclusion. It is doubtless very desirable that the world should know the authors of Irish misery and Irish crime; but, as we are not to do evil that good may come, so we plainly have no right to encourage an institution, merely for the sake of the bad effects resulting from its establishment. We object to the endowment of Maynooth for three reasons. First, because we object on principle to the endowment of a false religion. Secondly, because of the results of that endowment. And thirdly, because of the aggressive attitude of the Romish Church both in England and in Ireland. We candidly acknowledge that, had the results of Maynooth been different—had we seen the Romish priests educated there quietly bringing forth *the peaceable fruits of righteousness*—had we seen them training up their flocks in habits of loyalty to their Sovereign and obedience to the law, we might have hesitated as to the propriety of disturbing an existing arrangement, to which, at the outset, we might have entertained grave objections. But when we see the very reverse of all this—

<sup>6</sup> A Fortnight in Ireland, pp. 394—396.

when we see the Romish Hierarchy hurling defiance at the majesty of the law—when we see the Romish priesthood inculcating principles which lead directly to sedition and lawlessness, to open violence and to midnight murder—then we say, let us, at any rate, wash our hands of any share in these foul transactions—let us sternly refuse to lend any longer the smallest support and the slightest assistance to any system which is proved, by unhappy experience, to lead to such frightful and terrible results.

And so, with regard to a British ambassador at Rome, we trust we may never see the day, when one shall be accredited there. We must not, in discussing this question, forget the special claims which the Bishop of Rome so arrogantly puts forward. If he were the mere temporal “Head of the Italian States,” and, as such, desired to interchange communications with the Court of England, no one could in that case fairly object to his doing so. But it is not so. The Bishop of Rome claims to be *gubernator orbis*—he assumes to himself the authority both of the sword and the keys—he pretends that it is his especial prerogative to set up and to pull down *thrones, and principalities, and powers*—and, so long as these claims are not withdrawn, so long must we refuse in any the slightest degree to recognize his pretensions. We must not forget that Rome professes to be unchangeable—that what has occurred, may occur again. We must not forget the lessons which history teaches us. We must not forget that that same power, which heretofore claimed the right of giving away the realm of England, has, only just now, claimed the right of parcelling out that realm as he pleased—of superseding our laws—of over-riding our constitution. Do any doubt that if, which God forbid, the time should ever come when Napoleon III. should seek to subjugate England to his sway, the “Head of the Italian States” would be fully prepared to bless that war as a “war of religion,” would be fully prepared to lend every assistance and give every sanction to the great work of rendering “the fair form of Catholicism” the dominant religion of England? Therefore do we say again, so long as the “Head of the Italian States” refuses to treat with us as a mere temporal prince, let us sternly resist every attempt, no matter by whom made, to bring about any recognition whatever of his power by the Court of England; let us steadily resist any endeavour, no matter what the present inconvenience, to bring about the appointment of a British ambassador to the Court of Rome.

But we purpose now to turn our attention a little more closely to the details of Serjeant Shee’s book. What will our readers think when we tell them that the statistics of the learned Serjeant

are perfectly worthless, that his calculations and deductions are not worth the paper on which they are written. The Archdeacon of Meath has proved this to demonstration in a "reply to Serjeant Shee," which ought to entitle the author to the earnest gratitude of every member both of the English and Irish Church. Taking Serjeant Shee's tables as they stand, he has gone through them *seriatim*, and a fearful amount of dry detail he must have gone through in his process of dissection. Certainly a more ludicrous series of "Irish blunders" were never published, than is contained in a volume, of which the purpose is to prove the wisdom, the justice, and the expediency of transferring Irish Church property to the use and benefit of the Romish communion. But our readers shall judge for themselves on this point.

The Archdeacon thus commences his reply :—

"If one must be engaged in controversy, it is a reason for thankfulness to have to do with an opponent who respects an oath, and who understands the courtesy of a gentleman.

"I trust I shall not be deficient in a corresponding courtesy to Serjeant Shee. It is not himself that I am going to pull to pieces, but the figures in his book.

"I feel it due to him to state, at the commencement, that, after a very careful examination of the book, I am convinced that he is innocent of the offences of those figures. I cannot believe that he had any thing to do with the getting up of them.

"I heard an eminent auctioneer once say: 'I am sure no lady or gentleman here would suppose me capable of telling a falsehood, when I should be so easily found out.' Now, giving Serjeant Shee credit, as I do, for a much higher standard of morality, I am also persuaded that even if this were not so, it is impossible that he should have knowingly so dealt with figures, when he would be 'so easily found out.' His character and his abilities equally forbid the supposition.

"I must, therefore, suppose, and I do feel convinced, that not a figure in this book was got up by himself—that persons were employed to get it up, who were unworthy of his confidence, and incompetent to deal with the subject; and that he was too much engaged with his other occupations to examine the book, or even to bestow one quarter of an hour in examining the principle on which its calculations were made.

"I feel it due to Serjeant Shee to express this my conviction; and thus to exonerate him, in the only way I can imagine, from any personal intention to mislead. The proofs of this will appear as I examine the figures of his book. At the same time I cannot wholly justify him in thus giving his name to a book of which it is impossible that he could have known the real merits. And it is also due to the public, and to the Church, to point out that we are not to suppose

that we have Serjeant Shee's personal character as a voucher for the correctness of its statements and figures. Those figures and statements must be taken as coming from some unknown persons, to whom Serjeant Shee too incautiously lent his name.

"Again, I entreat Serjeant Shee, and every one else, to keep in mind, as they peruse the following pages, that it is his figures that I attack, and not himself; it is his plan, and not himself, that I suspect. I may sometimes, for brevity, speak of Serjeant Shee as the author of this book, but I desire that it may be thus understood."

We stated, above, that Serjeant Shee's plan was not one, even ought it to be, and could it be, carried out, which would, for a moment, satisfy his co-religionists. Let us hear Archdeacon Stopford on this point:—

"Serjeant Shee declares, that 'his opinion has always been, and he does not now feel at liberty to conceal it, that a scheme of Irish Church reform, to be proposed by Catholics to the Parliament of the United Kingdom, should be free from all suspicion of a design to subvert the Church Establishment, or weaken in its legitimate range of action the influence of the Protestant religion'—(p. 224).

"While giving Serjeant Shee full credit for sincerity, we must remember that he holds his seat in Ireland from the Roman powers. They made, and they can unmake him. They can use him as they did Henry Grattan in Meath; and they can replace him when it suits their purpose. And therefore, without the slightest imputation on Serjeant Shee, we must say, that while the heads of the Roman power in Ireland avow their intention to subvert the Established Church, no scheme coming from any instrument of theirs can be free from such suspicion.

"Serjeant Shee's attendance at a Meeting for Religious Equality, held in Dublin, October 28, does not tend to free his plan from such suspicion. I admire Serjeant Shee's manly conduct at that meeting on another subject, and it is with regret that I must allude to his attendance there with any other feeling. But I am bound to show on what grounds suspicion must attach to his plan.

"I take the Report of that Meeting from the 'Tablet' newspaper of October 30; I find this resolution: 'That the settlement of the Church question, on the basis of *perfect equality*, is essential,' &c.

"Now, does Serjeant Shee suppose that the 'Conference for Religious Equality' would consider his plan consistent with 'perfect religious equality?' He knows perfectly well they would not. He heard the mover of that resolution (Mr. R. Potter, M.P.) say: 'One of those duties was to secure for Ireland religious equality *in the fullest sense of the word*; . . . (he) trusted they would never relax their efforts



till *they had wiped out* ' (by Serjeant Shee's plan ?) ' for ever this stain upon the Irish people. . . . Many of the Irish people had shed their blood, and they were determined to persevere in the same course till they accomplished their purpose.' Serjeant Shee next heard Alderman Reynolds say : ' They were for complete religious equality ; *for the destruction of the iniquitous intercourse between Church and State.* . . . They were protesting against the giant evil of the Established Church in this country ; they were there as Catholics, to declare emphatically that they did not believe they were really emancipated, *so long as this badge and sign of degradation continued to exist.*' Did Serjeant Shee hear all this, and not know the meaning of the resolution : ' That the settlement of the Church question on the basis of perfect equality is essential,' &c. Yet Serjeant Shee did not then get up and say, ' that a scheme of Irish Church Reform, to be proposed by Catholics, should be free from all suspicion of a design to subvert the Church Establishment ;' but on rising, after hearing all this, he expressed himself as ' concurring in all the resolutions,'—that one, among the number, which he had heard so expounded.

" Now overlooking this apparent inconsistency in Serjeant Shee, and giving him full credit, as I do, for sincerity in respect of his oath, I cannot see how the plan of Irish Church Reform, proposed by one who so co-operates with such associates, can be regarded as free from all suspicion. Without personally suspecting Serjeant Shee, we cannot but suspect his plan<sup>8</sup>."

From the late hour at which the Archdeacon's very crushing " reply " has reached us, we cannot follow him very far in his inquiry into the accuracy of Serjeant Shee's *figures*. We will give however sufficient proof to satisfy our readers, how very desirable it would be if, the next time the Serjeant attacks Irish Church property, he would secure the services, not only of an able accountant, but of some one who really has some slight personal knowledge of the facts on which his statistics profess to be grounded.

For instance, it is part of Serjeant Shee's plan to cut down a variety of Irish livings to 300*l.* and 400*l.* a year, devoting the surplus to the purpose of endowing other communions. But let us see how he gets his surplus. Take, as an instance, the parish of Rathgraffe, in the county of Meath. Serjeant Shee puts the available income of this parish down at 501*l.*

Now Archdeacon Stopford shows, first, that the gross income, rectified by rent-charge, is only 472*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.* and, then, he thus exposes the fallacies of Serjeant Shee :—

<sup>8</sup> Reply, &c., pp. 3—5.

“The actual ‘income’ of Rathgraffe must now stand thus :

Gross income, rectified by Rent-charge . £472 5 9

Deduct:—

Rent of glebe . . . . £25 4 0

Quit-rent . . . . 13 4 5

Curate of Mayne . . . . 55 7 8

Visitation Fees . . . . 2 4 11

Interest on charge recoverable 7 7 8

Diocesan schoolmaster . . 1 2 6

104 11 2

Available income, as in the return which

Serjeant Shee professes to give . . £367 14 7

As stated by Serjeant Shee . . . . £501 0 0

“I have chosen this instance, not because the deductions are large, for they are small compared with many cases, but because it illustrates so many points. And it may serve to illustrate one or two more.

“A perpetual curacy and a district curacy have been established in remote parts of this parish since the return was made ; a portion of the above income, amounting to 18*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* has been allotted to those districts (the rest being made up by endowments and other private funds), the income of the incumbent of Rathgraffe is therefore, 349*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*

“Now Serjeant Shee proposes, in page 217, to raise a surplus of 127,639*l.* by reducing all benefices to 400*l.* in the north and 300*l.* in Meath, and appropriating the surplus of those benefices. He must, therefore, have counted on Rathgraffe for 200*l.* ; but 151*l.* 14*s.* of this surplus has disappeared already. And we have not yet considered poor rates. And though the incumbent has only 349*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*, he has to pay poor rates on 454*l.* I will show elsewhere that 2*s.* in the pound is a fair estimate for this ; and tithe rent-charge, unlike any other income in Ireland, pays full poundage. So out of 349*l.* 14*s.* the incumbent pays 45*l.* 8*s.* poor rate. And the benefice now not exceeding 300*l.* by any thing worth confiscating, Serjeant Shee’s whole surplus has vanished. And I am prepared to show that the very same thing will happen to his surplus from Irish Church income at large. In fact, his surplus consists wholly of income which the Clergy have not.

“If I succeed in proving this, I trust that his regard for his oath will prevent his proposing to make out a surplus by taking away from us what he has now recorded his opinion that we ought to have<sup>9</sup>.”

We wish we had space to follow the Archdeacon through his exposure of the gross mistakes, with respect to other clerical incomes, committed by the learned Serjeant. We must find room for one pertinent question, which we think Serjeant Shee will be puzzled to answer :—

“Suppose,” says the Archdeacon, “such a case as this,—and many such cases occur,—an incumbent is entitled to receive 800*l.* ; he is bound to pay away, or to allow, in poor rate, glebe-rent, quit-rent,

<sup>9</sup> Reply, &c., pp. 10, 11.

salary of perpetual curate, and other charges, 400*l.* Serjeant Shee professes to reduce this parish, if in the north, to 400*l.* per annum, and to appropriate the other 400*l.* But *which* 400*l.* does he intend to confiscate? This no where appears in his book. Will he leave the clergyman the clear 400*l.* to live upon, and take the other subject to its charges? If so, what becomes of his surplus? Or will he take the clear 400*l.*, and leave the clergyman the other, subject to its charges? If so, what becomes of the oath which he respects?

"I am sensible it is hardly fair to put such questions to Serjeant Shee. Such facts as these have not entered into his contemplation. He has put out his 'Statistics,' and calculated his surplus, knowing nothing of these things; and he cannot be expected to answer such questions now. But it is important that those who may be inclined to rely on his book should be aware of all this<sup>1</sup>."

But let us see the account which Serjeant Shee gives of the living of Kells. We certainly, when we first read it, felt almost disposed to envy our friend, the Archdeacon, his singularly fortunate position. The living of Kells is worth, according to Serjeant Shee, 1553*l.* Pretty "snug lying" this, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger would say, for an Irish incumbent, with, of course, a snug parsonage, an Archdeaconry to boot, and nothing whatever to do for it—"Protestant parsons" in Ireland, according to Romish writers, never have any thing to do! Well, but let us hear the Archdeacon's account of the matter:—

"Kells," he says, "is set down at 1553*l.* as the income of the parish itself, without taking into account the income of the Archdeaconry, which is given separately in page 45. Now, the gross income, as given in the Third Report, page 186, is 1447*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.* From this Serjeant Shee professes to deduct one-fourth of the composition, or 295*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* The figures he was bound to give were therefore 1152*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*, instead of 1553*l.*

"Again, Serjeant Shee himself, in col. 1, gives the parish as divided into two, Kells and Balrathboyne; yet he sets down the income as undivided.

"The true figures for Kells should now be . . . .	£832	0	2
From which deduct proportion of money			
sunk on house at 10 per cent. . . .	£53	4	0
On money recoverable at 5 per cent. . .	65	13	0
Proportion of tax to Ecclesiastical Com-			
missioners . . . . .	114	0	0
Poor rate and County rate, at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> .	104	0	0
Visitation fees . . . . .	4	0	0
	<hr/>		
		340	17 0

Actual income to the present Incumbent . . . . . £491 3 2  
without deducting curate's salary or schools. And this is the income which figures in Serjeant Shee's third column at 1553*l.*!

<sup>1</sup> Reply, &c., p. 17.

“ On the principles on which Serjeant Shee professes to calculate his surplus, viz., appropriating the income of each parish above 300*l.* in col. 3 of his tables (see p. 217 of his book), he must have reckoned on this parish of Kells for 1253*l.* of his surplus. Yet, if he really intended to leave the next incumbent 300*l.* per annum to live on, his surplus from it will be only 228*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*, and of this he himself proposes to allow 75*l.* for a curate, reducing his available surplus to 153*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*, instead of 1253*l.*; so here is 1099*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* of his surplus gone, by examining the facts of one parish alone<sup>2</sup>. ”

So much for Serjeant Shee, and his knowledge of the statistics of Irish clerical incomes. But we said that the learned Serjeant stood in great need of the services of an accountant, who might add up his figures for him. What says the Archdeacon on this point?

“ I have shown what the figures are worth which stand in the money column (column 3) in Serjeant Shee's Reports.

“ It can hardly be necessary now to examine the figures which stand at the foot of this column in each diocese, and represent its total, but it may be amusing to do so.

“ There are thirty-two of these columns, each totted up separately (exclusive of Newry exempt jurisdiction, in page 74). Would not any one expect that the figures at the foot of the money column were really the total amount of the money column, obtained by adding its several sums together? Yet in two only out of the thirty-two (and those very small in amount, viz., Clonfert, 3209*l.*; and Kilmacdaugh, 1638*l.*) do the figures at the foot give the actual amount of the column! and the difference often amounts to hundreds and thousands of pounds. This seems incredible; but I have got the accountant of a bank to go over the figures, and he agrees with me. . . . There is nothing in Serjeant Shee's book to account for this. Yet I thought it impossible but that some account could be given. I have tried every method I could think of, and none serves even to lessen the difficulty. I thought the suppression of some benefices might throw light on it; but how could that be, since he is as often over the mark as under it? And besides, he includes suppressed incomes, with exceptions so few as to make me think them accidental: and having obtained a list of suppressed benefices and their value, I find it does not solve the difficulty in any case. I tried evident misprints, and this failed in every case. I tried ministers' money, and it throws no light on it. I tried every conceivable deduction from clerical income, and failed in every case. Wilful misrepresentation is out of the question; for errors, often amounting to hundreds and thousands of pounds, are as frequent on the one side as on the other; and the balance on the whole is against the case which the book seeks to support.

“ After many days of intense labour, I was forced to the conclusion

<sup>2</sup> Reply, &c., pp. 19 20.

that if I had taken a handful of figures out of a bag and shaken them out on the table, and then set to work to investigate the principle on which they were arranged, I should have had as hopeful and as possible a task. There is no solution but the utter incapacity of the persons engaged in getting up this book of statistics. As far as one can judge from the book itself, there was not one person engaged in it, who was capable of totting up a column of figures, or who thought it worth his while to do so. In Kilfenora diocese (p. 186), there were but six lines to add up, and the amount is only £1317—a child three months at a parish school should do it, yet the error in the total is £131<sup>3</sup>."

May we not well say with the Archdeacon, "Ohe, jam satis est!" We assure our readers that the specimens of the book we have already given, are perfectly fair specimens. Supposing Archdeacon Stopford's "reply" to be correct, of which we entertain no doubt whatever, the book, from beginning to end, is full of such blunders as those to which we have alluded. Were we to prove this statement in detail, we should simply have to quote the whole of Archdeacon Stopford's "reply." Let us give only one more instance. Serjeant Shee quietly assures his readers, that archdeacons, and other clerical dignitaries, have "no duties to perform," because the predecessor of Archdeacon Stopford, in his answer to the question whether there were any, and what duties *annexed* to the office, answered, "there were no such duties;" supposing the question to refer, not to inherent duties, duties "which belong to the office of *common right*, and by the general law of the Church," but to duties "superadded by some local custom or accident."

"My predecessor," says Archdeacon Stopford, "fell into this natural mistake as to the meaning of the query, and answered that there were none such. But surely Serjeant Shee's legal knowledge might have told him that there were duties imposed by common right and positive law upon every archdeacon. I beg to tell him mine:—

"1. To examine solemnly, and to make diligent inquiry concerning, all candidates for Holy Orders; and to testify the result of this examination and inquiry at ordination. (See Ordination Service.)

"2. To examine persons presented to livings whenever directed by the bishop.

"3. To be the 'Oculus Episcopi;' to watch over the general condition of the diocese and every parish in it; and to report to the bishop whatever may require the bishop's interference.

"4. To attend confirmations and visitations; and to be ready at visitations with all information about every parish.

"5. To aid the bishop in the whole administration of the diocese, whenever and as required by him. Thus, during the illness of the late

<sup>3</sup> Reply, &c., pp. 22—24.

bishop, I had to undertake the whole administration of the diocese for six months, without any additional pay or profit; and it was my bounden duty as archdeacon to undertake this when required; and when the bishop is resident, to take whatever part he directs, and to give whatever assistance he requires, in the administration of the diocese.

"6. To hold all inquiries the bishop may direct. Such occur pretty often.

"These are duties not annexed, but inherent in the office itself. Besides these, many duties not legally belonging to it do naturally attach to the situation; such as advice to the clergy in many matters in which they seek it; and considerable correspondence; and other duties which must needs be undertaken by persons in such situations, such as answering Serjeant Shee's book, and examining all its figures and calculations, and totting all its columns! Such duties sometimes keep me, as they do at present, at work for seventy-eight hours in the week.

"In this case Serjeant Shee had some excuse for saying 'no duties to perform.' But what can we say of his statement in the note which I have already quoted from page 216 of his book when he says, of *all* dignitaries, 'none of them have any duties to perform.' What! when he had whole columns of the returns before him, stating that archdeacons have duties to perform, when he had the same thing distinctly affirmed in the Second Report itself, page 11.

"Surely deans have their cathedrals to attend to, and archdeacons have all the proper duties of their office, and very few of them have any pay for it. Only twenty-one archdeacons have any income as such.

"Thirteen archdeacons have no income as such.

"These facts may explain why Serjeant Shee's book gives no tabular statement of the incomes of dignitaries.

"As for those who really have no duties, most have already been stripped of all their income by the laws now in force; and all will be dealt with as vacancies occur<sup>4</sup>."

But we have exposed Serjeant Shee's blunders, we must now expose the gross injustice by which he proposes to provide his 'surplus fund,' or rather, the Archdeacon shall expose it in his own peculiarly forcible manner.

"But Serjeant Shee's proposal for dealing with a supposed income in the hands of the Commissioners presents some points worthy of notice.

"The Act 3 & 4 Will. IV. c. 37, relieved the land from building and repairing churches, and paying clerks, sextons, &c.; and threw this whole burthen on a Church property which I have shown is too small, according to Serjeant Shee's ideas, for bishops and parochial clergy only. Of this Serjeant Shee says: 'Truth to say, the abolition of parochial assessments for Church purposes, and the conversion of

<sup>4</sup> Reply, &c.

tithe into rent-charge, have materially diminished the annoyance and burthen of the Establishment.'—(p. 213).

"He now finds that we are spending, through the Ecclesiastical Commission, a sum of 32,929*l.* 3*s.* out of our own incomes, to meet those charges from which landed property has been relieved. He fixes his eye upon this, and he says: 'Would it tend to the subversion of the Protestant Church Establishment, or disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom, if these requisites, &c. &c., were provided in every benefice at the cost of those who profit by their use? . . . If not, that sum might well form the nucleus of a fund to be devoted, with the sanction of Parliament, to the great object of promoting among all classes of Irishmen the blessings of conciliation and peace.'—(p. 215).

"Was ever 'stand and deliver,' said with a better grace? To satisfy Serjeant Shce's clients the burthen was thrown on the Clergy who minister in the churches; and now they say, 'Cannot you put it on the congregation, and hand us over that portion of the Clergy's income?'

"And suppose we take this further step, who will secure us from such a request as this hereafter: 'We find you still have money stirring for your churches, just please to conciliate us with that too?'

"I pass over some other proposals for raising a surplus out of imaginary income, and I come to one which is at least amusing. Page 218, he finds an item 'of 6436*l.* for salaries to Commissioners, Secretary, Treasurer, Clerks, &c.:' and he asks, 'Would it endanger the Protestant Church, or disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, &c. &c., if persons were selected to perform their duties at salaries less by one-half than the amount hitherto taken credit for? If not, a further sum of 3200*l.* would, in a few years, be applicable to the purposes of conciliation and peace.'

"There is a beautiful simplicity in this method of raising a surplus, which is worthy of the notice of a Chancellor of the Exchequer in difficulties.

"Let us just imagine a conversation between such a Chancellor and Serjeant Shce.

"*Chancellor of the Exchequer.*—'My dear friend, what shall I do? There is a great deficiency in the Budget, and no possible means of supplying it.'

"*Serjeant Shce.*—'Oh! nothing can be simpler. Just take some public office, and divide by two.'

"*Chancellor of the Exchequer.*—'But suppose the business of the office should suffer by employing unsuitable men.'

"*Serjeant Shce.*—'Pooh! what do you care for that? I will stake my character as a lawyer that it is not contrary to the Oath of Allegiance. Just divide by two.'

"*Chancellor of the Exchequer.*—'But, my dear friend, when I am about it, why not divide by four? the saving would surely be greater.'

"*Serjeant Shce.*—'Oh! no, don't try that. Dividing by four is a

difficult and hazardous operation. I tried that often, in reducing tithe composition to rent-charge; and somehow I found that the sums *would* grow larger in the process,—so don't try that. But dividing by two is safe and easy, any one can do it.'

"Has it occurred to Serjeant Shee to inquire whether proper clerks could be got for a public office at one-half what the Commissioners now pay? Has it occurred to him to inquire for what the Treasurer is responsible, what security he must give, and what salary he gets?"

"The present income is about 80,000*l.* per annum, received and disbursed in very small sums, which must be separately stated; the Treasurer gives *bona fide* security on landed property for 60,000*l.* His salary is 500*l.* per annum. Serjeant Shee proposes that more than 100,000*l.* additional per annum should pass through the hands of this Treasurer (p. 219), and that his salary should be 250*l.* per annum. Will Serjeant Shee now apply to a Guarantee Society, and ask them what they would charge for security on the handling of such an income? or whether they would give any security for the Treasurer of such an income on such a salary? When he shall have got their answer, he will know what men of business will think of his off-hand proposals<sup>5</sup>."

In the 17th chapter, Archdeacon Stopford gives a very amusing reply to the assertion of Serjeant Shee, that the Irish Church is really the cause of all the difficulties of "unhappy Ireland." As the chapter is a short one, for the amusement of our readers, we will quote it entire:—

"As a matter of course, Serjeant Shee, in the first page of his book, states that the present Church Establishment 'is at the root of *all* the difficulties of the Queen's government in Ireland.' If all Ireland were subject to Dr. Mac Hale, the Queen, perhaps, would have no difficulty at all.

"It is useless to argue against such opinions. In every household there is some one to bear the blame of all mischief done. In most households it is 'the cat.' It is always 'the cat did it,' and very strange things are sometimes laid upon 'the cat.' We have just had an earthquake, and it is amusing to see in the newspapers how commonly the poor people who were roused up out of their beds did lay the blame upon 'the cat<sup>6</sup>.' Yet, as far as evidence goes, poor puss may be innocent. It cannot find that 'the cat' did really jump off the top of the press, or upset the wash-hand stand, or throw the house out of the windows.

<sup>5</sup> Reply, &c, pp. 61—64.

<sup>6</sup> "I at first thought the cat had leaped from the top of a press to the ground. On inquiring among my friends I found that this impression was very general."—*Saunders' News-Letter*.

"He was awake by a loud noise and a shaking of the house, which, however, he attributed to something heavy having been thrown down by the cat."—*Liverpool Standard*.

"I was awakened by a loud noise and a tremulous motion of the house. At first I thought it was occasioned by the cat."—*Times*, Nov. 10, p. 8.



"It is, however, useless to defend 'the cat' while there are others who do mischief. But we may, at least, inquire whether any proposed method of dealing with 'the cat' will stop mischief for the future.

"Serjeant Shee would not kill the cat; he would only ask to cut off some of the superfluous joints of the tail. Well, the Isle of Man cats have no tails. It might be worth inquiry whether 'the cat' does mischief there. The Establishment is better provided for in Ulster than elsewhere, and the Queen's government gets on pretty well there. The Presbyterians are friendly to it; they have before now interfered for its support, and they may yet so do again when need may require. They regard it as a bulwark of civil and religious liberty, which cannot safely be surrendered to Rome.

"In many parts of the south and west the Establishment hitherto could hardly be said to exist. For instance, the Union of Ballinakill, in Galway, containing ten parishes, and stated by the Commissioners of Public Instruction to be fifty miles in length, has had until lately only 270*l*. Yet those parts have not been free from Irish mischief; yet Serjeant Shee hopes for a remedy in abstracting superfluous joints. It is true, he calculates proportions so ill, that we fear he may take off the cat's legs too. And some may applaud his scheme, thinking it will then be quite easy to catch and kill her at pleasure. However, Serjeant Shee has sworn not to kill the cat, and he respects his oath. But does he really believe in the efficacy of what he proposes to do? Now let Serjeant Shee answer this himself: 'It were too much for the author to presume that the reforms suggested in the preceding pages would, *in their nature and extent*, satisfy the requirements or obtain the support of his co-religionists.'—(p. 224).

"Would Serjeant Shee recommend a client to compromise a suit on such promise of peace as he offers us here? When the Established Church shall be brought forward in the House of Commons, as the author of all mischief in Ireland, I hope some one will say, 'The cat did it!'"

In the next chapter the Archdeacon supplies some valuable material for ascertaining which of the two communions now existing in Ireland, is a schismatic Church. He says:—

"In page 5, Serjeant Shee says, 'But for the zeal of the bishops ordained by authority of the Pope, of whom, *at the accession of James I., there was one in every diocese*, the people had been left without any observance of public worship.' This question has obtained some importance from the recent discussions whether the succession of the Irish Roman Bishops had been preserved since the Reformation.

"Serjeant Shee refers to the case of *præmunire* in Sir John Davis's Reports. The words in that case are, 'For *almost* in every diocese of this kingdom there is a titular Bishop ordained by the Pope.' Ser-

jeant Shee, in the passage above quoted, leaves out 'almost,' and quotes it as proving that 'there was one in *every* diocese;' and that, though the case itself happens accidentally to prove beyond all question, that in these dioceses at the time of this case, and as the case itself says, for 'many years together,' there was no such Bishop. For the very thing for which Lalor was brought to trial was for acting as 'Vicar-General of the *See Apostolic*, within the Archbishopric of Dublin and the Bishoprics of Kildare and Ferns,' and this delegated authority from the Pope himself is conclusive that there was not any Bishop in those Sees acknowledged by the Pope.

"I will presently show the importance of this fact, in the light which it throws on the appointments made by the Pope.

"Serjeant Shee knows that statements made by counsel are not proof unless supported by evidence; and those who will consider the following evidence may agree with me in thinking, that the 'almost' in the above statement must be taken in a pretty wide extent.

"In the *Historia Catholica* of Philip O'Sullivan Beare, written in 1619-20, and published by him in 1621, I find the following, p. 297:—

"'. . . . In memoriam revocandum est, in Ibernia Archiepiscopatus quatuor, et episcopatus complures esse, *omnisque hodie ab hæresiarchis possideri*: ob idque titulis eorum Catholicos præsulis *nomini raro creari*, quod sine vectigalibus ecclesiasticis tanta episcoporum turba dignitatum et honorum tueri non posse videatur. Quamobrem Archiepiscopi quatuor qui sunt a Romano Pontifice inaugurati, in suffraganeis Episcopatibus Vicarios generales constituunt, auctoritate apostolica accedente. . . .'

"I shall show presently that this must be taken with some limitation even as to the four Archbishoprics; but it is a clear confession, that no succession was kept up in the other Sees. And this confession comes eighty-four years after the rejection of the Pope's supremacy under Henry VIII., and sixty years after the Reformation under Elizabeth\*."

In his last two chapters, the Archdeacon enters very fully and conclusively into the questions of the "title to Irish Church property," and of the "union of the Churches of England and Ireland:"—

"It may be fitting," he says, "in conclusion, to notice briefly the title to Irish Church property. Serjeant Shee does not allude to this subject, and his associates at the Religious Conference Meeting were evidently anxious to evade it; but silence on this subject is worthy of notice. For *one* has spoken on it publicly who knows what lies beneath. 'Those ecclesiastical funds, long misused, should, after the life interests of their present occupants, revert to their own original purposes of promoting Catholic piety, charity, and education. . . .

It is fortunate that there remains such a fund for the erection and endowment of Catholic schools, and the building of Catholic churches, and, *should it extend so far*, to serve as an outfit for the purchase of Catholic glebes. It will be an act of just and tardy *restitution* of property, long diverted from its legitimate objects.'

"But this did not suit the politics of the 'Conference for Religious Equality,' and accordingly we find an editorial article in the next 'Tablet,' October 2, labouring to explain it away. Speaking of the above passage, the only passage on the subject in that letter, the writer in the 'Tablet' says: 'We apprehend his Grace's letter has been mistaken in one respect. We do not understand him to have urged the endowment of the Catholic Church in Ireland in lieu of the endowment of the Protestant Church, or the substitution of one establishment for another; but to have contemplated a *redistribution* of a national fund impartially *among all classes and religions, &c.*' Let any one who can put this construction on the above words of Dr. Mac Hale; it will not be harder to get rid of hereafter than the evidence so often given, and the oaths so often sworn, that Roman Catholics have no intention to subvert the Church Establishment.

"But however such intention of redistribution may be professed in public, *restitution* is the notion among themselves. Not long since a sermon, which was duly reported, was preached in the Chapel of Kells, on the subject of restitution, and the application of the sermon lay in this, that it was impossible that I could enter the kingdom of heaven unless I made restitution of the archdeaconry of Meath to the rightful owners. The present evasion of this claim in public, is, therefore, no reason why we should lose sight of it: I therefore consider briefly the rightful title to Church property in Ireland<sup>9</sup>."

He then ably shows that the Church is a body corporate, with capacity to hold property; that all laws, both of the Church and the State, place the succession of the Church in the succession of the clergy; that "they who abandon the succession of the clergy lawfully continued, are not the body corporate; they who adhere to it are;" and that, therefore, the only real question is, "what bishops in Ireland are now the legitimate successors of the Irish bishops before the Reformation?" a point we have already fully considered in our notice of Dr. Wordsworth's Sermons.

But it may be said, "granting that you prove the *succession* of your bishops, still that succession was '*not lawfully continued*,' because they were not in communion with the Romish See, and, therefore, could not lawfully claim the property of the ante-Reformation Church." Archdeacon Stopford shall answer the objection:—

<sup>9</sup> Reply, &c.

"But if he maintain," he says, "that submission to the Papal jurisdiction is necessary to the existence of a Church, we meet him on this too, from the law and practice of the Catholic Church from the beginning.

"And not only upon that, but upon the law of this land in every age, before the Reformation as well as since. Let him read the Irish Acts, 7 Edw. IV. c. 2 and 3, and 10 Henry VIII. c. 5. It was under these Acts that the Church held property in Ireland before the Reformation. Does Dr. MacHale really mean to accept those Acts,—the Statutes of Provisors and *Præmunire*,—when he claims the 'restitution' of Church property—'all as free and independent of any sinister interference of the secular power as when first abstracted from those pious uses?' Dr. MacHale was certainly on dangerous ground when he claimed this restitution under the former title.

"Those Acts are demonstrative that, by the law of this country, the Church, before she was reformed, held property in Ireland, not by virtue of her submission to Roman jurisdiction, but notwithstanding it. And on the laws of the land, before the Reformation, we are ready to meet the real claim of Rome whenever she may venture to put it forward; for it is in fact nothing else than this—that although a body corporate has existed in this country from time immemorial, and still exists, acknowledged by the State as capable of holding property, and still actually holding it in perpetual succession,—yet the Pope, having withdrawn his countenance from this body corporate, and having constituted a new one by his own authority, he has power to transfer the property to his creation, and the law of the land cannot resist him. This is the claim; when probed to the bottom, and dragged into light, it will be found to rest solely on the Papal supremacy as having a right superior to the law, of disposing of Church property in this country.

"But it is not convenient to put this forward; and hence we may understand why Serjeant Shee commences his history with Edward VI. and Elizabeth, leaving unmentioned all that was done under Henry VIII. No Roman doctrine was therein removed; but it is notorious that, from the year 1542, the whole Irish Church was unanimous in rejecting the Papal supremacy and the Council of Trent. Will any one tell me who then stood up for it? Well, then, did the Irish Church then forfeit her title to Church property? It would be very awkward to answer *yes*, for that would amount to a premature confession of the title now set up against us; it would be still more awkward to answer *no*, for then the Reformed Church has never lost her title by renouncing the Papal supremacy. So Serjeant Shee omitted all this, and plunged in *medias res* in the time of Queen Elizabeth<sup>1</sup>."

So much for the justice of the case. But the Archdeacon goes into the facts in detail:—

<sup>1</sup> Reply, &c.

"If ever," he says, "there were any Church property in Ireland to which Rome could show an original title, it was the monasteries of the modern foundation, i. e. from the thirteenth century forward, when the supremacy of Rome had established itself. But this is exactly the property which the Irish Church does not possess. The reason of this is evident, on considering the difference of the earlier and later monastic systems. From the sixth to the tenth century, the Abbot of an Irish monastery was ever the Bishop of the diocese; a diocese at first without definite boundaries, enlarging as it gained upon the heathen, till it became bounded by meeting with another. The monastery was, in fact, the Bishop and his Clergy, living in common, according to the original system in every missionary Church; and the monastery was also the missionary school. As the parochial system gained ground, the Abbot gradually changed into the modern diocesan Bishop, and the property of the monastery became the property of the See. But the modern monasteries never had any connexion with the Bishop or the diocese. Hence the Bishops, at the Reformation, retained the property of the old Irish monasteries, while the property of the later ones was confiscated, and passed away from the Church. They who would now seek restitution of the only property that Rome could ever claim in Ireland of her own right, must look elsewhere than to the Church for it.

"So far from gaining by those later monasteries, it would be well for us now if the Irish Church had not lost heavily by them. For those monasteries by degrees engrossed the tithes and glebes of all the parishes around them; and these, too, went in the general confiscation. This was the great cause of the failure of the Reformation in Ireland. Hundreds of parishes were every where left without a ministry, a prey to the emissaries of Rome and of rebellion. This short-sighted policy was the ruin of the country, both politically and religiously. Serjeant Shee himself has given us an instance: 'In vain did Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy, represent to her Majesty . . . that it might like her, as a most virtuous Queen, to give warrant that some convenient portion of the revenue of every parsonage be bestowed on the minister and church of the same'—(p. 4). And all this was confirmed by 3 & 4 Phil. and Mary, c. 8. We feel the effect of this neglect to this day. In every district occupied by the later monasteries, there was, for a long period, no provision for a reformed ministry; there is yet a very poor provision for one; and such districts are to this day most subject to Rome. Hence the richest and most fertile districts, where monasteries were usually settled, such as the valley of the Boyne, and the rich lands adjoining, are the least reformed, while poor districts in the same county are the most reformed.

"But however we may have suffered by this, we are at least able to say, that no property to which the Church of Rome could show an original title has passed into the hands of the Church at the Reform-

With regard to the "Union of the Churches of England and Ireland," the Archdeacon proves the fallacy of the assertion, that that union dates from A.D. 1800. He shows that it dates from the Synod of Cashel, in 1172; that it was recognized at the General Council of Constance in 1414, where the "Anglican Church" was represented on all committees and judicial tribunals by "Patrick, Bishop of Cork," and was again recognized by the temporal and spiritual power, both in England and Ireland, at the time of the Reformation; that, although an attempt was made in 1615 to introduce a separate set of Articles, yet that attempt was never legally sanctioned; and that, in 1634, the English Articles were formally adopted by the Irish Convocation. And then the Archdeacon thus concludes:—

"Is it possible now to trace the origin of 'the Church of England and Ireland' to the Act of 1800? Can that Act be any thing more than a solemn recognition and pledge to maintain a union existing for centuries before?"

"Our enemies will seek to separate us; let us learn to maintain our ancient union. That union, at its commencement, brought Ireland under foreign subjugation. Let it not be now disclaimed to perpetuate the evil<sup>a</sup>."

And here for the present we take our leave of Archdeacon Stopford, tendering him our very best thanks for the triumphant manner in which he has, at such very great personal labour, exposed the gross blunders, and the unjust deductions from those blunders, of Serjeant Shee. We only trust that, if ever the Irish Church be exposed to a similar attack, she may be fortunate enough to meet with so zealous and able a defender as the Archdeacon of Meath.

But there is a further reason, wholly independent of any we have yet given, why we think Serjeant Shee will find it very difficult to persuade the British Parliament to appropriate to the use of the Romish priesthood the property of the Catholic Church. We would suggest to Serjeant Shee, that it is scarcely a time, when Ireland is quietly, but not the less surely, slipping from the grasp of the Church to which he belongs—when thousands and tens of thousands are leaving the faith to which they have heretofore, as we used to be constantly told, clung with such unshaken steadfastness, such unparalleled devotion—when thousands and tens of thousands more are only detained within the pale of the Romish Church, because of the brutal violence, and the ruffianly persecution to which, if they followed the dictates of their own consciences, they would inevitably be subjected—violence and perse-

<sup>a</sup> Reply, &c.

cution, moreover, of which the Irish priesthood are, beyond all doubt, speaking generally, the immediate instigators, and, not unfrequently, the active abettors—it is, we say, scarcely a time gravely to ask the British Parliament to endow schism, and violence, and sedition, at the expense of that very Church, within whose sheltering arms such vast numbers of Irish Romanists are daily taking refuge. What would Serjeant Shee think of that man's sanity, let alone his common sense, who, when by a reform in our legal system, men are enabled to bring their suits before a tribunal at a fiftieth part of the time, and cost, and labour, and anxiety heretofore required, should gravely propose not to simplify, but to render tenfold more intricate the details of a suit at law—not to lessen, but to increase the multiplied and vexatious technicalities of the old established system? And, yet, what but this does the learned Serjeant now propose to do? Ireland is gradually casting off the trammels of the Romish Church, and this is the time, of all others, when he gravely proposes to endow that Church on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, and that from the property of the very Communion through whose exertions Rome is receiving her death-blow! Archdeacon Stopford thus forcibly alludes to the subject of the movement now in progress:—

“I have now to consider the figures in Serjeant Shee's columns 8, 9, 10, which give the numbers of the different religious denominations in the several parishes. Serjeant Shee takes these figures from the Report of the ‘Commission of Public Instruction’ appointed in 1834 to ascertain these numbers. We can hardly expect to find that his figures have been taken correctly. Each page that I have examined presents numerous and important errors. But there are greater objections to Serjeant Shee's use of these figures than such inaccuracies as these. Serjeant Shee proposes to legislate for parishes individually, on the presumption that these figures show the present proportion of the different religious denominations in each parish;—whereas every one acquainted with the history of Ireland for the last six years knows that that Report of the Commission of Public Instruction has been rendered mere matter of history, as much as if a century or two centuries of ordinary times had elapsed since it was made.

“If any one should now propose a scheme for the future government of Australia, in which each minute subdivision was to be dealt with for the future on the assumption that a statement of its population two years ago afforded grounds for legislation, every one would exclaim that you might as well legislate for Australia as it was a century ago.

“Ireland has in the last six years passed through ‘a famine of the middle ages falling on a population of the nineteenth century.’ Perhaps a million of her inhabitants have since crossed the ocean, and the tide is rising as it flows. And she has entered on a movement of

religious opinion which promises to rival the sixteenth century. Tens of thousands of Roman Catholics, in the face of an organized intimidation to which that century hardly affords a parallel,—an intimidation which threatens the life of converts, and the daily subsistence of themselves and their children,—have openly cast off the religion of Rome, and are now among the most earnest and attentive members of the Church of England and Ireland.

“Those who have faced dangers so terrible to the Irish peasant are but the proof of the religious opinions of still greater numbers, whose hearts yet fail them. There is around the converts a mixed multitude who would fain go up with Israel, but the passage of the stormy sea before them, the baptism they have to be baptized with, the howling wilderness beyond,—all these make their hearts yet to faint, and keep them still in the bondage from which they would fain be free. And no wonder that they faint: I write of that which I do daily witness. Men paid for ringing handbells through the streets to raise a mob of all ‘lewd fellows of the baser sort,’ to hunt the Scripture readers, and to beset the house of every one who dares to entertain them; readers stoned by infuriated mobs, and daily covered with mud and filth; and when the law stops actual assault, hunted, at every moment they appear, by crowds of street boys furnished with whistles, bird-calls, cat-calls, specially imported for the purpose by the organizers of the system; and as these boys start off in pursuit at the sight of their game, they are heard to exclaim to one another, ‘Come, boys, let us earn the halfpenny;’ the passions of the people excited to the highest pitch by sermons from the altar, by ribald ballads distributed by basketsful in the chapels, and handed out of the windows of the priest’s house; and by addresses by priests from the same windows to the lowest mobs, containing such sentiments as these: ‘There will never be peace nor quiet in Ireland till the day that’s coming, when Napoleon the Third shall land in England with his imperial diadem upon his head.’

“With what danger such addresses are fraught to converts we have witness. Almost while I write, two Roman Catholic strangers, who worshipped in the chapel, were seized upon in the middle of the priest’s address, by an infuriated mob, upon the mere suspicion (quite unfounded, so far as I can learn) of their being converts, and under the very roof with the priest, were hurled down the gallery stairs, and with difficulty escaped with their lives.

“And this in a town in which, until the system of terror was organized in the usual mode, the readers had free access to the houses and were kindly entertained; where they would still be freely received by many, if their courage was equal to their will.

“I do not write as surprised at these things, or as complaining of them. The experience of a multitude of different localities has taught us to face them with a confidence of success. For where the people are forced to see that in no other way can their religion be defended against the only weapon which is used against it—the Douay Bible—they become the more anxious to inquire. I only advert to



these things here, that it may be borne in mind that the following results have appeared notwithstanding a great falling off in the number of population, and, in perhaps every instance, in defiance of such an organized system of terror as I have described<sup>4</sup>."

The Archdeacon then shows the wonderful increase in the number of Protestants, and thus proceeds:—

"Have we not unquestionable proof from other sources of the real disposition of the people? Is it not a matter of notoriety that, of Irish Roman Catholics who have gone to America in late years, not one in four has continued a Roman Catholic there. I learned, on good authority, three years ago, that this very statement had been made by a professor of Maynooth College. In April of this year a letter has been published in the *Tablet*, *Freeman's Journal*, &c., written by Mr. Mullin, R. C. Curate of Clonmellon, who was sent out as a deputation by the Roman Bishops in Ireland to collect funds for their new University. This gentleman publishes the result of his inquiries about Irish Romanists in America since the year 1825. His result is as follows:—'Number lost to the Catholic Church, 1,990,000. Say, in round numbers, TWO MILLIONS.'

"Is it wholly inconceivable, that the Irish Romanists should entertain any similar disposition in their own country? Is there any difference so great in the two positions as this, that a system of terror is in operation in Ireland from which in America they are free?

"Did the writer of Serjeant Shee's book know nothing of all this? Ay did he. In page 38, after stating the episcopal patronage of an Irish diocese (upon his own exaggerated figures), he observes: 'The stimulus which this gives to the proselytizing zeal of the incumbents of the smaller livings, and of ill-paid curates in dioceses of which the Bishop who has a proselytizing turn, can hardly be imagined by those who have not lived in Ireland.' So the writer of this book did live in Ireland, and not in London, during the last five years; and yet he has mistaken his facts. The movement among the Irish Clergy is as great as among the Irish people. It is not the incumbents of the small livings only, nor the ill-paid curates only, that feel their heart stirred within them. Professional advancement is not the only motive that can influence the Irish clergyman. It surely is possible that those who have found God's Word and promises precious to their own souls may have a real zeal, from that motive only, to make it known to others. And if the writer who lives in Ireland would look about him, he might see this zeal displayed not only by ill-paid curates, but by those whose station, character, and abilities might well entitle them to notice, if they avoided this work; but whose worldly prospects can hardly be advanced, by raising up against themselves that storm of obloquy and hostility which they have to encounter in this cause.

"But the writer's cognizance of these facts (such as it is) throws a

<sup>4</sup> Reply, &c., pp. 70—72.

new light upon his book. His scheme is to reduce all livings to a low level. In furtherance of this plan, he here points out the stimulus which *he thinks* the inequality of livings has given to proselytizing zeal—pointing out a means to an end. Persuaded as I am that his reasoning is wholly wrong,—knowing, as I well do, that those who have been the longest and most earnest labourers in this work, have never engaged in it as a means towards professional advancement,—I yet see in this statement an object of this book. And this directs me to its concluding paragraph:—‘A scheme of Irish Church Reform, to be proposed by Catholics to the Parliament of the United Kingdom, should be free from all suspicion of a design to subvert the Church Establishment, or weaken, in its legitimate range of action, the influence of the Protestant religion.’

“This is in pursuance of the oath, ‘I will never exercise any privilege, to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion;’ but the oath contains no qualification about ‘its legitimate range of action.’ What is the meaning of these words, or the object of introducing them? Is it not revealed in the note I have quoted about the stimulus which the Bishop’s patronage gives to proselytizing zeal?

“If it were a practical question between me and Serjeant Shee, I might ask him to consider whether ‘its legitimate range of action,’ in the sense of that legal oath which he has taken, must not be interpreted by the legal object and purpose of the Establishment itself. His book has often declared that the legal purpose of the Establishment itself is to bring the Irish people to conform to it. And can law or morality justify the insertion of qualifications which the oath itself does not contain, to construe that oath so as to leave men at liberty to defeat that very purpose?

“But this is no practical question between us; for I have already shown that the property now enjoyed by the Irish Church is not sufficient for that which Serjeant Shee himself considers the necessary requirements for its legitimate range of action. I therefore gladly leave this part of the subject; and the more so as the degree of respect which Serjeant Shee does pay to his oath, contrasting as it does so favourably with the conduct of his allies, and the decrees of his Church, commands my respect and esteem.”

Does Serjeant Shee doubt the truth of the reports which are circulated respecting the progress of this NEW REFORMATION, this new “restoration to Catholic orthodoxy?” We will give him a few details from a little work, whose express object it is to circulate authentic information respecting the results of that excellent Society, the “Irish Church Missions:”—

“One whole district,” we are told, “has been worked upon the principles of the Irish Church Missions, as an experimental effort.

This has been attended with rapid success. From the vantage-ground of this manifested result, efforts to carry out the same principles are now to be made in every part of the country. The faith of the Committee, borne upon the wings of their past experience, takes a high flight into the heaven of hope; and believing that what God has already blessed with the tokens of His favour, may be confidently carried on with the expectation of the same blessing, the Committee are acting with no faint hope that the means which have been brought into the treasury, beyond the measure of their early anticipations, will be still poured forth, in due proportion with the requirement of the work. Twenty Missions are in actual operation; two more are immediately commencing; and two are so arranged, that it is hoped they may be opened in a short time.

"These twenty-four Missions having been arranged, it has been the subject of much prayerful consideration how this machinery shall be brought to bear most effectually upon the strongholds of Romanism in Ireland. It has been decided, that a combined and systematic effort should be made, in every part of the Missions simultaneously, at the very period that our present number will come into the hands of our readers. The month of November has been employed in final and practical arrangements for this purpose, even as the previous months of August, September, and October were occupied in personal inspection of the Missions, and conference with the Missionaries upon the subject<sup>6</sup>."

And it is most satisfactory to notice the manner in which the "Irish Church Missions Society" conducts its operations. It is plain that their object is not merely to destroy, but to build up also—not merely to persuade Irish Romanists to forsake the tyranny, and to renounce the corrupt teaching of the Church of Rome, but, in so doing, to embrace the pure and scriptural faith of the "United Church of England and Ireland." They are working with the full approbation and the cordial concurrence of the Bishops of the Irish Church. The work we are quoting thus speaks on this point:—

"Many things have concurred to encourage the Committee in determining upon the course to be pursued in the Missions, of which some explanation is given in the preceding article. Amongst the foremost of these encouraging marks of progress, has been the approbation expressed in various degrees by the Right Reverend the Bishops of Ireland. The principles of the Society for Irish Church Missions have gradually developed themselves in practice; and those whose peculiar duty it is to watch over the interests of the Church, would have been scarcely attentive to that duty, had they hastily adopted a system which circumstances called into action in an unusual manner. It is a legitimate source of gratification to the Committee, that exactly in pro-

<sup>6</sup> Banner of the Truth in Ireland, pp. 147, 148.

portion to the extent of the operations of the Society in any diocese in Ireland, has been the approbation of the Bishop, after wise and careful delay for observation of the course pursued. This has been the effect, both amongst the Bishops and the Clergy; and the result is, that at the present moment, the feeling amongst the Clergy may be characterized as a general anxiety to co-operate with, and be assisted by, the Society, while every Bishop in Ireland, in whose diocese the Missions are at work, has sanctioned them with more or less of cordiality, as there has been more or less opportunity for experience. Upon the occasion of the report recently made to the Committee by the Hon. Secs., the following was recorded on the Minutes, and we are permitted to insert it here, as affording a detailed summary of the general statement we have now made.

*"Copy of Minute 1052 of the Committee of the Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics.*

*"MINUTE 1052:—*

- "The Honorary Secretary for Missions reported, that the present position of the Society in Ireland enabled him to state to the Committee, that there are upwards of 400 pulpits where the controversial teaching of the Society is carried on from time to time, and that the following will show the position of the Society with reference to the Right Rev. the Bishops.*
- "The Society has Missions in the diocese of Armagh, &c., with the sanction of the Lord Primate.*
- "A Mission has just been commenced in the diocese of the Archbishop of Dublin, to which his Grace states he has no objection.*
- "A Mission has been commenced in the diocese of Meath, under Episcopal sanction; and the Bishop, appointed within these few days to the See, is an earnest friend of the Society.*
- "The Bishop of Cashel has long been a Vice-President of the Society, and has ordained several of its Missionaries to work in his diocese.*
- "The Bishop of Down recently presided at a meeting of the Society in Belfast, and publicly expressed his hearty approbation of its operations.*
- "The Bishop of Kilmore is a liberal annual subscriber to the funds of the Society, and has cordially welcomed its operations into his diocese.*
- "The Bishop of Killaloe has given his sanction to the Society's Missionaries, and stated his cordial approbation.*
- "The Bishop of Limerick has expressed to our Missionary, in his diocese, his good wishes for the success of the object in view.*
- "The Bishop of Ossory has important Missions established in his diocese, to which he gives his cordial sanction.*
- "The Bishop of Tuam has been the warm friend raised up of God to foster the Society's efforts, and to direct the results of its greatest successes.*

“ ‘ The Bishop of Cork is the only Bishop in Ireland within whose diocese the Society has not yet had any occasion to commence its operations, and there is no reason to suppose that his Lordship would differ from the whole of his Right Rev. Brethren, should circumstances bring the Society within his Episcopal charge ’ . ”

We trust that this statement will satisfy the minds of those persons in the English Church who have hitherto looked with, possibly, not an unnatural degree of suspicion on the operations of the Society in question. There can be no doubt that as England has been greatly to blame, in past years, for her conduct towards Ireland and the Irish Church, so this Society opens up one very admirable means of repairing that neglect, by co-operation *with* the Irish Church, in the great work of diffusing throughout “unhappy Ireland” the blessings of civilization and the doctrines of a pure faith.

<sup>7</sup> Banner of the Truth in Ireland, pp. 149, 150.

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

ETC.

1. Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. 2. The Penny Post. 3. Reuben Medlicott; or, the Coming Man. 4. The Hero's Funeral. A Poem. 5. The History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. 6. The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London. 7. The Church in the Apostolic Age. 8. Gilbert's Clergyman's Almanack, and Churchman's Miscellany for 1853. 9. A Complete Greek and English Lexicon for the Poems of Homer, &c. 10. The Pentateuch and its Assailants. A Refutation, &c. 11. A Short Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels of the Christian Year. 12. The Convocations of the Two Provinces; their Origin, Constitution, &c. 13. Parochial Sermons, preached in a Village Church. 14. The Fall of Man; from Milton's Paradise Lost. 15. A Letter to the Earl of Shaftesbury on the Establishment of Ragged School Churches. 16. Sermons. Second Series. Preached at Rome during the Seasons of 1850-51 and 1851-52. 17. The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. 18. A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. 19. Handbook to Convocation. 20. The Life of James Bonnell. 21. The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. 22. A Church Dictionary. 23. The Rule of the Church a Law to all her Members, &c. 24. The Greek Testament, with a Critically revised Text, &c. 25. Confession and Absolution. A Letter to the Very Rev. the Dean of Exeter, &c. 26. The Dramatic Works of Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, &c. 27. Vacation Rambles, in 1841, 1842, and 1843. 28. Romanism an Apostate Church. 29. A First History of Greece. 30. Sermons to Children, &c. 31. Holy Baptism, Confirmation, &c. &c. 32. The Ten Commandments. The Lord's Supper. Tracts for Penitents. 33. Thoughts in Past Years. 34. La Filosofia dello Scuole Italiane. Miscellaneous.

- i.—*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, *Poet Laureate*. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1852.

THAT men may know beforehand, or rather feel instinctively, what any new poem of Tennyson's on any given subject will be, is not to be questioned, but this does not prevent his being a most delightful poet. Tennyson is emphatically *the* poet of the Age: he does not soar above it or beyond it in any respect, and *therefore* he is the more congenial to its feelings: he interprets the prose of his fellow-men into emphatic and high-sounding verse: he gives them back their own secret conceptions and prepossessions under a beautiful and ideal aspect: he catches up the tones of modern life, and transmutes them into magic melody. He *teaches* little; at the utmost he can only be said to suggest half-truths; but for an age which has lost the spirit of faith in no small measure, such suggestions have a greater claim than any bold assertions could have; and even we, who *possess* an infinitely higher truth as Christians and as Churchmen than the ideal which the poet of the nineteenth century so vaguely bodes forth, confess the theme of his melodious and mysterious lyre, and feel our hearts thrill to the accents of that doubtful, hopeful, wavering voice. Mr. Tennyson, it is

to be feared, would be "all things to all men:" for the Christian, he speaks thus of our adorable Redeemer,—

"Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood Thou ;"

whilst to gratify the transcendental deist or pantheist, Carlyleite or Emersonian, he can tell of

"The Christ that is 'to be :'"

a phrase, that it is possible perhaps to interpret of Millennial glory ; but which is, at all events, capable of the very worst construction, and is sure to have that construction put on it by very many readers. In fact, to quote the dictum of a former article in this "Review," above referred to, Tennyson "personifies, and expresses, and transfers to his poetical canvas the highly-educated gentleman of the nineteenth century : there is a certain nameless grace, a refined but painfully conscious elegance, a *savoir faire* and a *savoir vivre*, a little philosophy, not very deep though often affecting depth, a little Christianity not of a strict or practical character, a little infidelity, and a good deal of scepticism." In these charges we think there is great truth, though perhaps they are pressed a little too far ; but, after all, it is no mean praise to say of any man that he is emphatically *the* poet of his age. This does not indeed constitute the highest eminence ; but his must be a subtle and a lofty genius that can attain thereto. And be it remembered that Tennyson represents many of the best as well as some of the evil phases of the educated mind of his day ; love for man as man, and all the pure domestic affections are exquisitely illustrated in his many minor poems, which after all are unquestionably the greatest and highest of his compositions, though "The Princess" be very graceful, and "In Memoriam" fraught with much grace and melancholy beauty. Who that has read "The May Queen," and "The Lord of Burleigh," and "Lady Clare," and "Ellen Adare," and "The Gardener's Daughter," can help loving Tennyson ? Who that has studied "The Vision of Sin," can avoid reverencing the grandeur and wonderful power of his conceptions ? But to come at once to the Ode before us, it is, in our judgment, a most masterly composition, certainly intensely Tennysonian, marred perhaps by many mannerisms, which yet we should scarcely wish away, but on the whole sublime in its conception, and great in its execution also. We like least the opening, which is abrupt,

"Let us bury the Great Duke,  
With an empire's lamentation ;"

but even this gains upon us, as Tennyson's verses are almost always sure to do; and whatever may be thought of this, the grandeur of the second, third, and fourth strophes must be admitted, we should say, by all. The second consists only of four rather peculiar, and eminently characteristic lines, in which a simple but fine idea is powerfully embodied:

"Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore."

Truly a fitting resting-place has, England's great defender found in the heart of her central mart of commerce, where busy tens of thousands, reaping the fruits of his wisdom and valour, (for he was the chief instrument in God's hands for our deliverance,) daily pass the threshold of his great sepulchre. The third section is calmly magnificent, in its pure unstudied simplicity: (apparently unstudied: what matters it to us, whether the poet spent two minutes or two weeks, composing it?)

"Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial trumpets blow;  
The last great Englishman is low."

Let us hope that the assertion of the last line will not be verified by future events. Indeed, when we first read this Ode,—it was late at night, and we were retiring to our rest—the "*cacoethes scribendi*" possessed us, or rather let us hope the Muse inspired us, with this bold reply,—

The last great Englishman laid low!  
And is it so?  
Friends and brothers, Queen and People,  
Dare we not answer, No?  
Lives not in us the heart to bear Fate's ominous blow,  
And face the gathering Woe?  
For like the avalanche, that lies in spell-bound rest  
But at a touch might whelm some valley blest,  
The Storm on high sits darkening; fitful breezes wake;—  
Yet lives there Briton would his part forsake?  
Our hearts are true, our souls are sound,  
Liberty yet on earth is found,  
Truth on her Island throne sits crown'd,  
And viewless walls are rear'd by Heav'n Britannia's shores  
around."



But to return from our own hasty rhymes, thrown off at that witching hour of night, to the poet-laureate's masterly and elaborate composition, we have not space to devote to the considerations of all its many beauties : we cannot dwell on the grand but quaint fourth strophe,

"Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy Son,"

with its short, pregnant, powerful verses and volleying rhymes, which seem the echoes of a cannonade. Then comes the magnificent eulogy of Nelson ; then a noble celebration of England's civic greatness ; then (in strophe 8) another powerful vindication of Wellington's true fame and a devotional and solemn close, like the gradual dying away of some sublime strain of sacred music in a lofty fane. We will content ourselves with one more extract which will supersede the necessity for any efforts on our part to do justice to the great departed in our tame prose. Whose heart will not echo to this noble strain ?

"Of heads, our chief state-oracle is mute :  
Mourn for the man of long enduring blood,  
The statesman—warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of largest influence,  
Yet freest from ambitious crime ;  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
The foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.—  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !  
Such was he, whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er :  
The great world-victor's Victor will be seen no more."

There is a magnificence and a sobriety blended in this eulogium, most admirably characteristic of the hero whom it sings ; and the same praise will apply to the whole Ode. Despite some mannerism and, perhaps, some affectation, there are power and beauty, grandeur of sentiment and felicity of expression, sound and sense, combined in this noble composition, which has been received far too coldly by the public, and with the most preposterous affectation of patronage by many sensible critics of the day.

All honour to England's laureate, say *we*, who has amply justified the choice of England's Queen !

- 11.—*The Penny Post*. London: John Henry Parker, 377, Strand.

VERY happy are we to be able to state that there is a manifest improvement in the tone and spirit of this periodical. Our contemporary has now spoken out decidedly with regard to the Church of Rome and to mediæval fictions, and we can only exhort its editor to persevere in the same courageous course, not suffering himself to be deterred from a line of duty which is essential to gain the confidence of English Churchmen, rich or poor, either from motives of what we cannot but call mistaken and morbid delicacy, or from the vain desire to please and satisfy those who are already Rome's in heart. The tale of "Maria" has been touchingly concluded, and that of the "Heart Stone" is brought to a better termination than we had hoped for; indeed we have little doubt this tale will read well when published by itself, though in the "Penny Post" much of it seemed sadly out of place. We have only to take exception to one short article on "Our Mother," the meaning of which is, to say the least, dubious. But, on the whole, we can congratulate Churchmen on the real amelioration in this little periodical, and sincerely trust that it may prove continuous.

- 111.—*Reuben Medlicott; or, the Coming Man*. By M. N. SAVAGE, Esq. London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

EXCEEDINGLY amusing and entertaining, though without any stirring interest either of feeling or principle. The lesson which the author desires to inculcate is, "a signal example of what little is to be done in this busy world by much knowledge, much talent, much ambition,—nay, even much activity,—without singleness of aim, and steadiness of purpose." This lesson is ably taught, though the last half of the last volume might, we think, have been rendered more agreeable, with little, if any loss, to the moral. It is uncomfortable, too, to see characters of lesser power and lower sentiment succeeding by the very want of qualities which we *ought* to revere and admire. The *dramatis personæ* are well imagined, and well acted out; the Dean Bishop, the wine merchant, the successful chaplain, the elocutionist, the musical shoemaker, Mademoiselle Louise, the Quakers, and the citizens of Chichester, are all admirably conceived and executed, though with some strokes of decided exaggeration.

IV.—*The Hero's Funeral. A Poem. By* ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A., *Author of "The Christian Life," "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c.* London: Routledge. 1853. [pp. 31.]

THOUGH this noble poem has only reached us as we were going to press, we feel bound to make room for some notice of it, however hurried or insufficient. Great as is its author's fame, we doubt much whether future ages will not consider the present production as one of his most solid claims to immortality. That his own more especial admirers in the present day will do so we do not think, for there is decidedly less of "Montgomeryism" about this *brochure*, than about any previous efforts of his muse. He indeed seems to have well-nigh forgotten his own individuality in the living, overpowering consciousness of the scene in which he was a partaker—for to those who witnessed any part of the great mourning to use the expression *actor* would seem offensive. He appears to have felt, and rightly felt, that whatever were the merits of his own high genius, Robert Montgomery had no right to claim the privilege of an individual existence in the presence of Arthur Duke of Wellington: and thus his poem reminds us of all the power and all the eulogy with none of the adulation, distinguishable in the laudatory odes of Dryden—what that mighty minstrel did under compulsion, Montgomery has done upon free will, and divesting himself as far as it is possible of every accident separable from the idea of a true Englishman and a great poet, he has celebrated with becoming reverence the obsequies of the greatest Englishman.

Our first extract describes the deep, solemn, anxious anticipation which was felt by all those who awaited the coming day:—

" With a feverish awe oppressed,  
And a something in the breast  
Neither tones nor tears explain,  
Like a mute and mighty pain,  
Or a pulse of patient grief  
Too august for word-relief,—  
Millions now are slumberless;  
And in thinking loneliness  
Are brooding o'er the unbreathed thought,—  
To-morrow down to dust is brought  
That hoary Chief, whose high career  
Will range half Europe round his bier;  
Who fifteen battles fought and won,  
Nor left nor lost a British gun,  
But took three thousand cannon from the foe  
The thunder of his charge had laid in battle low!"

None who witnessed, as we did, the picture which the poet has here painted, will fail to acknowledge the felicitous accuracy of his description, when as the hour approached—

“ On window, roof, and balcony,  
Where foot can stand, or eye can see ;  
By churchyard gate, or garden wall,  
Near porch and palace, hut and hall,  
Crowd human forms, like clustering bees,  
That swarm at morn on summer trees ;  
While clashing with incessant jar,  
Rush chariot wheels and rolling car ;  
Horse and horseman then combine,  
Clear the way and close the line :—  
Still the trooping thousands come !”

The commencement of the procession is with a similar happiness thus spoken of :—

“ 'Tis eight o'clock by matin chime ;  
And signal guns announce the time,  
While countless numbers, mute with breathless trance,  
Seem melted into one, to view the Pomp advance.—  
With lingering preludes long and low,  
Comes marching on serene and slow,  
'Mid symphonies of solemn woe,  
Yon Cavalcade of Death !  
With mourning trump and muffled drum,  
'Behold the vast procession come,—  
And hold your pausing breath.  
Cornet, flute, and clarion pour  
Mingled death-wails more and more,  
Bannerets and blazonry,  
With plumes of towering pageantry,  
Streaming Flag and Gonfalon,  
Colours out of carnage won,  
Mingled with the harnessed gun,  
Rifles, Horse, and Fusileer,  
Dragoon, Marine, and Grenadier,  
And scarworn Pensioners, with sable wands  
That faintly quivered in their feeble hands,  
Steed and soldiers' measured pace  
Wearing each some mourning trace,  
While sob and sigh intensely show  
The heavings of the heart below.”

With equally keen perception the poet has seized on that most pathetic spectacle, the warrior's horse,—to us there was nothing in the whole procession so deeply, truly, livingly touching as the melancholy bearing of that noble animal ; he seemed fully to enter

into the grief of those around him, and entirely to realize in his own person the loss of his heroic master.

But let us resume :—

“ Hark ! again the muffled drum,  
While the plumed Battalions come,  
Timing deep their measured tread,  
To the March surnamed the Dead,  
Rise in file, in single rank,  
Ringing out a hollow clank :—  
Mingle with the martial scene  
Mailed Guard and red Marine,  
Foot and horse artillery,  
And brigades of infantry.

\* \* \* \*

And when, to end the vast array,  
Hussar and Lancer lined the way,  
The wailing Piper next, a pibroch blew,  
And coronach that thrill'd the soul of Feeling through.”

The truthfulness of the following lines will be appreciated by all those who were present on the occasion which they describe, and who duly honour the hero whom they celebrate.

“ Round that high Car though countless hosts assembled,  
And under pawing steeds the pathways trembled,  
You might have heard your heart-pulse beat,  
So hush'd became the o'er-awed street !  
And pale, as if with inward prayer,  
The living Mass stood gazing there,  
With heads uncover'd, and with moisten'd eyes,  
Whose silence uttered,—There a Hero lies !  
From whom, when call'd to bid the world farewell,  
The truncheons of eight laurell'd Armies fell ;  
The pillar of our Church and State  
By self-renouncement nobly great ;  
Who in the storm of public danger stood,  
Bold as the rock that baffles ocean's flood,  
The truest Patriot since our throne began,  
The perfect model of an ENGLISHMAN.”

v.—*History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in MDCCCXV. to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in MDCCCLII. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Vol. I. London and Edinburgh : Blackwood and Sons.*

WE rejoice to see the pen of Sir Archibald Alison engaged on a subject well worthy of it,—the history of Europe for the last thirty-five years. To no one could this task be so appropriately

assigned as to the distinguished historian of the revolutionary war, because no one can be more competent to take up the thread of events, and trace their connexion with preceding causes. The work, however, is necessarily of a character altogether different from that of the former history. The first volume, according to the preface, includes the period of time commencing with the entry of the allies into Paris, after the fall of Napoleon, and terminates with the passing of the Currency Act of 1819 in England, and the great creation of peers in the democratic interest during the same year in France. We have read some portions of this volume, and find it every where bearing the evidences of the same praiseworthy research, the same manly style of composition, and the same class of political principles which have given such well-merited celebrity to the distinguished author's name.

VI.—*The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London. As reported by ye Authour of "Mary Powell."* London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

"THE maiden and married life of Mary Powell," otherwise Milton, is, without doubt, known to many of our readers. We can recommend to them with confidence the "Colloquies of Edward Osborne," as quite equal, in all respects, to its predecessor. It describes the fortunes of a young apprentice in London during the reigns of Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth, and his marriage to a wealthy heiress. The descriptions which it gives of life, and habits, and of the events of the times, are admirably and most graphically written.

VII.—*The Church in the Apostolic Age. By HENRY W. J. THIERSCH, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology. Translated from the German. By THOMAS CARLYLE, Esq.* London: Bosworth.

THIS work exhibits, in some respects, much sounder views than many publications of the German schools, but it is evidently strongly tinged with the doctrines of Irvingism, and is translated by an Irvingite who has considerably developed its tendencies in his annotations.

VIII.—*Gilbert's Clergyman's Almanack, and Churchman's Miscellany for 1853.* For the Company of Stationers.

THE present edition of this well-known almanack appears to be most carefully and ably edited, comprising the fullest and most

authentic body of information on all matters concerning the Church of England and the Universities. It ought to be in the hands of every Clergyman.

- IX.—*A Complete Greek and English Lexicon for the Poems of Homer, and the Homeridæ, &c.* By G. CH. CRUSIUS. Translated from the German, with corrections and additions, by HENRY SMITH. Revised and Edited by the Rev. T. K. ARNOLD. London: Rivingtons.

THIS is probably the most complete and convenient lexicon for the study of Homer now in existence. The results of an immense amount of classical knowledge and research are comprised within its compass.

- X. — *The Pentateuch and its Assailants. A Refutation of the Objections of Modern Scepticism to the Pentateuch.* By WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, D.D., Pastor of the Government Street Church, Mobile, Ala. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS important work commences with a description of the German Neological mode of interpretation; then enters on the discussion of the character of Moses as a scholar and a statesman; of the necessity of revelation; of the Bible as a revelation from God; of the Pentateuch as a genuine and authentic work of Moses; of the inspiration of the book of Genesis; of the creation in six days; of the populousness of the earth in the days of Cain, and the longevity of the ancient patriarchs; of the antediluvian giants; of the universal deluge; of the origin and extent of death, and of the common origin of man. The object is to maintain the inspiration of the Bible as the Word of God; and a great amount of learning and research appears to have been bestowed in the composition of this defence of the first principles of true religion. We would hope to bestow on this work hereafter a more careful examination than time or space now permits us.

- XI.—*A Short Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels of the Christian Year; with Questions for the use of Schools.* London: Bell.

ONE of the most useful little books we have seen for some time. It is admirably adapted for Sunday-school teachers who need assistance in their work.

- XII.—*The Convocations of the Two Provinces; their Origin, Constitution, and Forms of Proceeding: with a Chapter on their Revival.* By GEORGE TREVOR, M.A., Canon of York, &c. London: Mozley.

THIS is the most convenient and complete work extant on the history and constitution of Convocation. It will, of course, be in the hands of all who are interested in the restoration of that body to activity.

- XIII.—*Parochial Sermons, preached in a Village Church. Third Series.* By the Rev. C. A. HEURTLEY, B.D., &c. Oxford: J. H. Parker.

WE have had occasion to notice the former volumes of Mr. Heurtley's sermons as distinguished by a solidity of judgment, and a sincere and unaffected piety, which in these times are more than ever valuable. The volume before us appears to maintain most fully the high reputation of the author.

- XIV.—*The Fall of Man; from Milton's Paradise Lost.* By the Rev. CHARLES EYRE, A.B., &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

The idea of this work is a bold one. It is to carve out from the "Paradise Lost" a smaller poem more strictly epical. We have, therefore, here an abridgment of Milton in his own words.

- XV.—*A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury on the Establishment of Ragged School Churches.* By the Rev. W. E. RICHARDSON, B.A., Curate of All Saints, Northampton. London: Hatchard.

• THIS interesting pamphlet suggests an idea which is well deserving of the notice of those who are anxious for the improvement of the poorer classes—the erection of churches in connexion with the ragged schools. We must place before the reader a few extracts illustrative of the plans of the author:—

"I have thus, my Lord, attempted to point to the causes which have operated to prevent the attendance of the poor of our large towns, not only at churches in general, but *even* at those churches which have been more especially designed for their benefit; I have further attempted to suggest a remedy for this great existing evil by the establishment of Ragged School Churches; and will proceed now to notice more in detail the working of the system which I advocate, making this observation in passing—that the remedy which I propose



is simply to be regarded as provisional, lasting only until the district where the Ragged Church has been erected shall have been brought into such a healthy condition as that it may be formed into an ecclesiastical district, with its own parish church.

"The heading which I have attached to this letter, as well as my remarks in page 4, will have made it evident that I advocate the erection of a building for the double purpose of a church and school. Such a building cannot, I am aware, receive consecration at the hands of a bishop, but it may obtain his licence; neither can it have a clergyman specially appointed to it, but yet it may be regularly served by one of the curates attached to the parish church, who shall regard this Ragged Church, and the district lying around, as more immediately committed to his charge."—pp. 8, 9.

The plans, it appears, have been already tried at Northampton with much success.

"In the year 1849 the town of Northampton was, along with the rest of England, visited by that terrific scourge, the cholera: its ravages were more particularly fatal in a part of the town called the South Quarter, which lay on low meadow-land, and was thickly inhabited. After the abating of the disease, a meeting of some of the leading parishioners, more especially of those inhabiting the ravaged district, was held, when it was resolved to erect a building to be set apart as a school and a house of prayer in connexion with the Church of England, as a thank-offering for the removal of the cholera. This plan, meeting with the co-operation of the vicar of the parish, was immediately carried into execution, and in July, 1850, the building was opened by the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, who kindly consented to preach the opening sermon, and thus publicly to testify to his approval of the work. His Lordship, further, was so much pleased with the plan, that, on his return to Peterborough, he was the instrument in causing the erection of a similar building in a destitute quarter of that city. In the Ragged Church, thus auspiciously opened, divine service was forthwith celebrated, and in process of time Sunday schools, evening classes for both sexes, and an infant school respectively occupied the building; and though, from the services having at first been alternated Sunday mornings and evenings, with the vain hope of inducing the poor to attend the morning service, the success did not correspond to the anticipations which had been raised, yet, on the regular adoption of an evening service, which had been urged by many from the very first, the attendance rapidly increased, until at the present time but few vacant seats can be perceived. A further good resulted from this alteration, as the building could now be opened in the morning for a service specially adapted to the school children; from which service, however, those of the parishioners who chose to attend were not excluded.

"These were the circumstances which attended the erection of the All Saints' Ragged Church, which has, since its opening, exercised a most beneficial influence in the neighbourhood; not only gathering

together many to attend its services, but also, by its Sunday, week-day, and evening schools, impressing upon the minds of the young the great truths of Christianity. It may here further be noted, that besides these direct advantages, many indirect benefits have accrued from the building being used for the joint purpose both of a church and school, and this amongst the chief, that the children, more especially those belonging to the evening classes, have become so attached to the building that they are frequently induced to attend the services. The parents also, by the description of the children, are oftentimes tempted to drop in, just to see what sort of a place it is, and are afterwards to be found amongst the regular attendants.

"It is such a building, my Lord, as the one I have just described, that I desire to see erected in some of the worst localities of our metropolis, and other large towns; and I feel fully persuaded in my own mind, that if a clergyman, of piety and experience, who can count all things but loss for the simple object of winning souls unto Christ, is appointed to labour in such a sphere, that the building, notwithstanding many discouragements it may have to sustain, will yet speedily form, as it were, a missionary station, and be the means of rescuing many from a life of sin and wretchedness, who otherwise, in all probability, must have perished."—pp. 9—12.

We must refer the reader to the pamphlet for the further development of the plan, which appears to be deserving of an attentive consideration.

xvi.—*Sermons. Second Series. Preached at Rome during the Seasons of 1850-1851, and 1851-1852. By FRANCIS B. WOODWARD, M.A., Chaplain to the English Congregation.* London: Rivingtons.

THIS volume of discourses appears to evince very considerable intellectual power and ability. They are generally argumentative, and enter on topics which are only adapted to an educated congregation. Their tone appears to be high and orthodox.

xvii.—*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By WILLIAM STIRLING, Author of the "Annals of the Artists of Spain."* London: J. W. Parker.

THIS volume presents the Emperor Charles V. in a less pleasing light than we could have anticipated; and its details wholly do away with the romance of his abdication of the crown. In these pages he appears as a *gourmand*, an instigator of persecution, and a superstitious fanatic. The work is, however, a very curious and amusing one, and deserves perusal.

xviii.—*A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.* By THEODORE PARKER, *Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass.* London: Chapman.

THIS work may be compared for virulent infidelity and blasphemy to the publications of Paine. It is an attack on the essentials of religion, conducted on the method of the German Rationalists.

xix.—*Handbook to Convocation.* By HENRY J. RHODES, M.A., *Curate of St. Nicholas, Abingdon.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE compiler of this curious little work must have bestowed great pains in collecting the materials. It states the opinions of all the members of Convocation as far as they can be ascertained.

xx.—*The Life of James Bonnell.* London: Masters.

THE first volume of an intended biographical series. If those that are to follow should be in any degree as useful, and as unexceptionable, as this republication of the life of Bonnell, a real benefit will be conferred on the Church by their publication.

xxi.—*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By the Rev W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., *late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. J. L. HOWSON, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool.* In 2 vols. 4to. London: Longmans.

FROM all we have been enabled to see of this great work, it would appear to be amongst the most valuable contributions of modern criticism to the knowledge of the sacred volume. It brings the researches of the most eminent men on all the direct and collateral sources, to bear on the illustration of the life and writings of the Apostle of the Gentiles; and landscape pictorial illustrations are introduced, thus connecting the associations of scenery and natural objects with the history of St. Paul. We trust that it will have the circulation which its many and high merits deserve.

xxii.—*A Church Dictionary.* By WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D., *Vicar of Leeds.* Sixth Edition. London: Murray.

DR. HOOK'S Church Dictionary has acquired a circulation, and a position as a standard work, which places it above our recom-

mendations. The present edition has been carefully revised and improved, with an especial view to the prevailing tendencies of the times.

- \* XXIII.—*The Rule of the Church a Law to all her Members; or, Faith and Obedience in Relation to the Church. A Sermon preached in St. Andrew's Church, before the Bishops and Clergy of Aberdeen. By the Rev. J. CHRISTIE, M.A., &c. Edinburgh: Lendrum.*

THIS discourse has been reprinted from the Scottish Magazine for circulation. It urges the revival of the sacramental system in all its integrity. In the following passage the author remarks on the present neglect of this system; and urges an entire obedience to all the rubrics, and the restoration of all rites, forms, and customs sanctioned in the Book of Common Prayer:—

“At our ordination, we profess our belief that the Church is ‘the pillar and ground of the Truth,’ ‘the Spouse of the Lamb,’ ‘the Body of Christ.’ We declare our belief that Her doctrines and ordinances, Her rites and ceremonies, Her holy Provision, and Sacramental system, are sound and scriptural; and we solemnly vow to ‘give faithful diligence to minister the doctrine, and sacraments, and discipline of the Church, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same.’ We say that we believe—we vow that we believe—that She is a sound branch of the True Vine. We aver our belief in the beauty of Her various requirements, and yet, if we test our faith, to what in reality do our averments, our professions, and our vows practically amount? They manifest, alas! absence of faith in the Church’s ‘provision.’ One acts in this way, another in that: one adopts this part of Her ‘provision,’ and another a different, as if it were left to each individual to ‘do what is right in his own eyes,’ instead of there having been a given rule to all. Her laws, as set forth in Rubrics and Canons, are but partially observed. They are, in too many instances, treated as if they were dead letters, and as if we ourselves had not sworn to obey them. Her Fasts and Feasts, Her daily Prayers and weekly Eucharists, Her course of service and round of holy seasons, are neither earnestly, nor fondly, nor eagerly embraced and followed. But to make reserves, to question and select, to act a little, to act when we think proper, or when it will be prudent to act, to obey more or less, is proof that we believe a little, that we believe more or less; is proof, in short, that we have a partial faith. If we had living faith in the Church and in Her system, we would act,—we would manifest it by a due observance of Her injunctions. True faith leads on to holy obedience, without calculating, without selecting, without picking and choosing. It ‘hath respect unto the recompense of the reward;’ ‘being fully persuaded that what God hath promised He is able also

to perform.' 'I will abundantly bless Her provision.' 'The generation of the faithful shall be blessed.'—pp. 7, 8.

"Not to speak at present of Her other requirements, we must not neglect Her voice calling us to a daily prayer. If we wish to have 'Faith, hope, and charity,' we must, like the saints of old, 'take refuge in prayer.' If we wait upon God as they did, if 'we seek Him as Daniel, as Anna, and St. Paul, like them we shall 'know whom we have believed.' We shall have a right faith and a right obedience. We have but to believe, ask, and pray, and 'according to our faith so shall it be done unto us.' 'The living body of the Church,' says the earnest-minded Bishop Doane, 'breathes in its prayers. When Saul was turned to God, the Lord said of him, 'Behold he prayeth.' 'Prayer is the Church's breath of life. The first believers were continually in prayer.' 'They continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayer.' They were daily 'with one accord in prayer and supplication.' They continued 'instant in prayer.' They prayed 'without ceasing.' When shall it again be so? When shall there be but 'one mind and one mouth;' one spirit breathing through the Church its earnest voice with God? When shall the daily incense rise from every altar, and from every hearth, like the sweet pulses of a sleeping infant's breath, acceptable before Him, through the name which is 'as ointment poured forth;' like those 'golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints?' 'Prayer is the Church's breath of life.' How mightily would we prevail with God, if in every Church daily prayer ascended to his throne of grace! Thus might we bow the heavens! Thus might we bring down one mighty to save! Thus might we bring sure deliverance to the Church and Her children! 'The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him; yea all such as call upon Him faithfully. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him. He also will bear their cry and will help them.' 'I will surely bless Her provision.'

"And if simple, common prayer is of such mighty efficacy, how much more potent is the Eucharist—the Prayer—the LITURGY—the most perfect and consummate action,' as Jeremy Taylor says, 'among all the instances of religion, union of mysteries, and a consociation of duties'—τέλειον, as it was anciently characterized—*PERFECTIVE*—the finishing of the man in the school of Christ! How potent, when we offer up the great Memorial Sacrifice of our salvation—when we plead before Almighty God the merits of His Son's sacrifice, and feast upon His precious body and blood to everlasting life; yes, when we plead that 'by the merits and death of His Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in His blood, we and all His whole Church may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of His Passion!' How potent, were the Eucharist celebrated weekly and on feast days; nay, even daily, as the Church requires. St. Ignatius assures us, that 'when the Eucharist is daily celebrated, we break the powers of Satan, who turns all his actions into hostilities and darts of fire.'

"But it is not merely in the use of the Church's greater means of

grace, Her prayers, and Sacraments, that we may mightily prevail with God, and bring down blessings upon ourselves and people. It is by exhibiting and using Her whole provision, even in those points which seem to us of minor importance, in obeying Her injunctions; for instance, in duly and regularly intimating Her Ember and Rogation days, Her Vigils, Her Fasts and Feasts, at the proper time and from the proper place—immediately after the Nicene Creed and from the Holy Altar; and then going on to observe in *deed* those holy seasons, of whose existence and obligation we give notice in words. We must obey Her whole system to the very letter, even in such points as these, even in Her very ceremonies, if we wish ‘God surely to bless to us Her provision.’ All Her ministrations as well as Her Prayers and Sacraments, all Her ceremonies and holy appointments, are all actual means of grace, abounding with life and spiritual energy. Do we not remember the case of Naaman, the Syrian? To prove his faith, Elisha required him to perform a ceremony which he, in his overweening pride, deemed too trifling and insignificant to be followed. He would scrupulously have obeyed a precept which he conceived to be rife with grace and healing. He was willing to ‘do some *great* thing.’ But his refusal to comply in little things manifested his unbelief, as ours also, brethren, is proved, when we yield not obedience to the Church’s orders and ceremonies, because we fancy they are unimportant and may be left undone. Our Lord would now prove the sincerity and fulness of our faith, as the Prophet did Naaman’s, by obedience to the Church’s least things as well as to Her greatest.”—pp. 11, 12.

We cannot but think that this notion of enforcing the directions of the Church on the least things, as well as in the greatest, proceeds on a mistaken view; that it ascribes to the changeable and human institutions of the Church, which are only matters of discipline and expediency, the same degree of sacredness and obligation, as if they had proceeded from the Divine institution; and the whole view taken appears to us to place the mere carrying out of the Church’s injunctions, right and good as they are in themselves, in too prominent a place amongst Christian duties. The principle of obedience to the Church is right; but it should only come in subordinately to the principle of obedience to God Himself, and faith in His Son. We think that it is frequently made to take a place which does not belong to it.

XXIV.—*The Greek Testament, with a Critically revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a copious Critical and Exegetical Commentary.* By HENRY ALFORD, B.D., &c. In 3 vols. London: Rivingtons.

THE title of this work will show the comprehensive nature of its

contents. The present volume (II.) appears much more carefully and judiciously compiled than the former; and although the substance is derived from German commentators, and not without some infusion of their spirit—far less so, however, in this volume than in the former—we trust that it will be found, on the whole, to be a useful work. A decided opinion, however, on the merits of this volume, would require a larger examination than we are enabled at present to afford.

xxv.—*Confession and Absolution. A Letter to the Very Rev. the Dean of Exeter, in a Sermon preached by him, &c. By HENRY, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.* London: Murray.

FEW antagonists are competent to grapple with the Bishop of Exeter in controversy. The pamphlet before us is characterized by the well-known ability and courage which so eminently distinguish that illustrious prelate. A sermon preached by the Dean of Exeter against the Romish doctrine of Confession and Absolution, and against those who are seeking to restore that doctrine and practice, led to a correspondence between the Bishop and the Dean, out of which the publication before us has grown. On the general subject-matter of that discussion we have on former occasions unreservedly stated our opinions; and on the present we shall limit ourselves to some extracts from the Bishop's Letter, referring to some interesting topics. The Bishop thus alludes to certain painful circumstances:—

“In your explanatory letter of 19th November, you mention a supposed imposition of a penance by Mr. Prynne, on which you comment (how justly, much more how charitably, I stop not to inquire). It is enough for my purpose to remark, which I do with an apology for taking the liberty of saying it, that you are here chargeable with a degree of inadvertence, which, in one less learned than yourself, might reasonably be ascribed to ignorance. Penances, according to the Church of Rome, are works of *satisfaction to the justice of God*, imposed by the priest, in lieu of suffering the pains, not of hell (from these the sinner is relieved by absolution), but of *Purgatory*, which would else remain to be endured, after the final salvation of the party has been secured by the sacrament. Penances, in short, are, in the Roman system, essentially connected with Purgatory. To say, therefore, of any Christian minister, as you say of Mr. Prynne in your letter of the 19th, ‘that the penance which he imposed, you presume after confession, affords a very strong ground of presumption that he is prepared to carry to their full extent some of the very worst practices of the Romish Confessional;’—is in effect to say, that Mr. Prynne believes, and is ready to teach and act upon the belief, that the Romish doctrine of Purgatory is true—notwithstanding he has repeatedly and solemnly declared, as the very condition of his

admission to holy orders, and to the cure of souls amongst us, that that doctrine is 'a fond thing vainly invented, grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God.'

"Such is, in effect, your charge against Mr. Prynne. Can you have been in earnest in making it? I think not.—But, if not, why did you write thus of him? Is it possible that you could permit yourself to catch at a popular clamour, for the mere purpose of justifying what, without some such pretence, you felt it impossible to justify,—the line of argument followed by you in your sermon?

"Respecting Mr. Prynne, let me speak my sentiments fully and openly. That he is a most zealous, devoted, single-minded labourer in the Lord's vineyard, I am quite sure. That he has, with the blessing of God, laboured, in the main, successfully, I have very strong reason to believe. With a stipend not exceeding that of a curate, out of which he has to pay the rent of his house, and known to be otherwise in the most straitened circumstances, he has not sought to increase his means of supporting a wife and children by receiving pupils, or having recourse to any other legitimate occupation; but he has given all his time, all his faculties of mind and body, to his holy calling. Divine service is celebrated in his church every morning and evening—the holy Communion daily; and this daily service, especially on holidays, is very numerously attended,—better, I am told, in comparison, than that of Sundays. What may be the feelings towards him among the higher classes of his own people, I know not; but I have no reason to believe that they are other than favourable: one thing I can confidently state, that, although during the late excitement I expressly invited complaints against him from his parishioners, if they had any thing to complain of, not one complaint from any one of them reached me—nay, I am assured, that among the numerous requisitionists of the recent public meeting, there was not the name of a single member of his congregation. This, considering the occasion of that meeting, is most unaccountable, if his doctrines and practices are such as have been supposed. But, be the feelings towards him of other classes what they may, 'Among the resident poor he certainly is beloved, and deserves to be; for though his manners are not prepossessing, he is really sterling, and acts, I am convinced, from the highest principles of Christian duty.' Such is the testimony given to me, of him, by one who has no connexion with Mr. Prynne, no reason, no prejudice, to predispose him in his favour, no inducement to speak or write of him at all, but that one strong inducement to an honourable, a Christian man, a sense of the gross injustice with which he has been assailed.

"Against such a man, persecuted as he has been, while I shall be always ready to receive and to attend to any complaints purporting to be supported by sufficient evidence, never will I follow a multitude lightly to speak evil. He may be—probably he is—indiscreet. When I held the recent inquiry at Plymouth I expected—and I avowed that I expected—great indiscretion to be proved against him. But on that occasion nothing, in my judgment, was proved by evidence worthy of



any regard; and therefore I felt it my duty to declare this judgment, at whatever hazard of clamour and misrepresentation.

"Having said thus much of Mr. Prynne, the only individual to whose proceedings you refer, I will now address myself to the specific matter which you allege against him—'the penance' which it has been said was 'imposed' by him on a young lady after confession. The story, I believe, is, that he required her to make a cross with her tongue on the bare floor; and it rests on the following evidence:—A clergyman of Cambridgeshire, in whose parish, I believe, the young lady's family reside, stated that she, being an inmate of Miss Sellon's establishment at Plymouth, had, while resident there, gone to Mr. Prynne, who received her confession—and, having received it, 'imposed the penance' (such is your phrase) which I have recited. This, he says, he was told by the young lady herself. The publication of the statement caused, as was to be expected, a very strong feeling of public odium against Mr. Prynne. He addressed the members of his congregation on this matter, and told them that 'although he had not the slightest recollection of ever having given Miss ——— such a penance, yet, if she has really stated that she distinctly remembers that he did, he should be willing to admit that it might have been so, as he would far rather think that he had given it than that she had really stated what was untrue.' He added, that 'he wrote to the young lady herself, desiring her to say whether she distinctly remembered the fact to have been as was stated—that to this letter he received no answer—and therefore that he does not believe it was allowed to reach her.'"—pp. 20—23.

The Bishop thus continues his remarks on 'the conduct attributed to Mr. Prynne:—

"If there be any truth in the story (and I admit it seems strange that Mr. Prynne was unable to give from his own memory a peremptory contradiction of it), I think we have a probable solution in the fact that some great authorities on confession—Bishop Andrewes, if I forget not, is of the number—recommend, as a good discipline of the penitent, that he should punish the member that has been the instrument of offence; and as in this lady's case the tongue was the peccant member, she may have herself proposed the penance, and Mr. Prynne may have given his sanction to it. For he tells us of his own experience—what *a priori* is very likely—that persons, after receiving absolution, 'in the enthusiasm of their gratitude and love, often seek to have burthens laid upon them, which a prudent guide will rather check.' Cranmer almost redeemed, in popular repute, the ignominy of his fivefold or sixfold recantation, by thrusting first into the flames the 'unworthy hand' (as he termed it) which had written the document of his shame. Miss ——— may have felt similar indignation against her tongue, and may have rejoiced to exercise this somewhat lighter vengeance against it. After all, if Mr. Prynne did indeed of his own mere motion impose such a penance, I think that he merits very much of the censure which

he has received ; but till this is proved on better evidence than has yet been adduced, I cannot, as an honest man, join in treating him as guilty.

" I return to your statement respecting penance : and on this matter you must bear with me when I say, that if the story against Mr. Prynne were true to the very letter, there is nothing in it which justifies any one in professing to see Popery in it ; for I repeat, Romish penances are imposed by the priest in the tribunal of confession on unwilling subjects, as satisfactions to the justice of God, which must else be satisfied by the pains of purgatory ; whereas penances recommended (never, I believe, imposed) by clergymen who receive confession among ourselves are of a wholly different kind—they are proposed to willing parties, accepted or declined at pleasure, not as penalties for the past, but as helps against evil habits for the future—remedies of some besetting sin—instruments, in short, of spiritual discipline. They are like the rule of a Temperance Society, but without the pledge.

" Persons may differ as to the expediency of such a practice ; and, for myself, I hesitate not to say that, in my judgment, the *habit* of going to confession, without some special reason, is likely to produce very grave mischief in many cases—to impair the healthy tone of a Christian conscience, just as constant and unnecessary recourse to medicine weakens the constitution of the body. But this is a matter which the Church leaves open to the discretion of its members, both lay and clerical ; and I disclaim the right of interfering with it, beyond saying, as I again say, to my clergy, that I disapprove it."—pp. 23, 24.

xxvi.—*The Dramatic Works of Sir THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, D.C.L. Eleventh Edition ; to which are added, a few Sonnets and Verses.* London. Moxon. 1852.

ANOTHER testimony to the falsehood of the dictum, that poetry is not read in these days—is not a saleable commodity. Here is an *eleventh* edition of contributions to the most unpopular of all poetical departments with *readers*, namely, the dramatic. The public was nauseated with the puling sentimental strains of certain lady-poetesses some twenty years ago, and the reaction is not yet complete. The accomplishment of easy rhyme was very general in Pope's day ; but the deeply sentimental has only become common property in later times ; and true poets have suffered grievously in consequence. Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd's works have now attained to the standard of English classics, and do not need our praises ; but this last and beautiful edition, published at a very reasonable price, provokes some friendly notice. It were vain to speak of the statuesque grace, the calm felicity, the noble spirit of antiquity, which distinguish " Ion ;"

for we cannot forbear citing some few lines descriptive of that gentle character, which will speak for themselves :—

“ Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized  
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd  
From some bright sphere, which sorrow may not cloud  
To make the happy happier ! Is he sent  
To grapple with the miseries of this time,  
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears  
As it would perish at the touch of wrong !  
By no internal context is he train'd  
For such hard duty ; no emotions rude  
Has his clear spirit vanquish'd. Love, the germ  
Of his mild nature, has spread graces forth,  
Expanding with its progress, *as the store  
Of rainbow colour, which the seed conceals,  
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,  
To flush and circle in the flower.* No tear  
Has fill'd his eye, save that of thoughtful joy,  
When in the evening stillness lovely things  
Press'd on his soul too busily ; his voice,  
If in the earnestness of childish sports,  
Raised to the tone of anger, *check'd its force,  
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,  
And faller'd into music.*

\* \* \* \* \*

So his life has flow'd  
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
Alone are mirror'd ; which, though shapes of ill  
May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
And takes no shadow from them.”

The character of Adrastus is admirably pourtrayed and embodied ; and the scenes betwixt him and Ion have a most vivid and exciting interest. “ Glencoe ” is a most interesting play, and must be a great favourite, we should suppose, with highlanders, so faithfully does it reflect the stern and savage beauties of their mountain-land ; where, as the noble Halbert Macdonald says (of all this author's dramatic creations, perhaps the one which appeals most powerfully to our sympathies :)—

“ 'Neath the moon  
Our three huge mountain-bulwarks stood in light,  
Strange, solemn, spectral ; *not as if they tower'd  
Majestic into heaven, but hoar and bow'd  
Beneath the weight of centuries.* ”

XXVII.—*Vacation Rambles. Comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours, in the Vacations of 1841, 1842, and 1843. By Sir T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. Third Edition. London: Moxon.*

ONE of the most delightful, good-natured, sensible, gossiping books of travel we ever remember to have met with. Were this the proper season of the year we might be tempted to descant at some length upon its merits. As it is, we cannot refrain from saying, that those who have trodden the same ground with the learned judge will derive no little pleasure, as we have done, from retracing their footsteps by his side, while the untraveller can possess themselves of no work which gives more graphic delineations of the scenery of the Rhine and Switzerland, and more happy sketches of foreign ways and habits. A singularly good-natured book is this, as we have said, not blindly so, but still mild and charitable to almost all the world, with one marked exception. Every man, says a French proverb, has his "*bête noir*:" and surely the *bête noir* or bogy of this most pleasant traveller is Lord Byron, whose self and poetry he manifestly holds in great abhorrence. Thus in an interesting passage discussing the advantages of an attempt to climb to the summit of Mont Blanc, alluding to Mr. Murray's "*Guide Book*," and having observed that it may be considered as the virtual representation of all the respectable common-place on this subject, he goes on to speak of "one of those few passages which lead to nothing, and which, *with the quotations from Lord Byron*, may be regarded as *taxes on the first necessary of travelling life*." With one longer and really valuable extract illustrating incidentally the same tone of feeling, we shall conclude:—

"I gazed on the scenes among which Rousseau has placed the few incidents of his eloquent but sickly romance, among which the '*Hotel Byron*' now towers, and the interest of which is weakened, if not distorted, when they are contemplated through the medium of Lord Byron's praise. The fictions of Rousseau's brain, discoloured as they are by sophistry, vindicate a truth in our experience from the intense feeling with which the author himself regards them; while even the physical realities of this scenery lose their individuality, while the poetical commentator forgets them in himself, and, professing to interpret their spirit, only develops his own. Lord Byron, amid the many-coloured mockeries of his life, wished to be thought the mournful enthusiast, which Rousseau was; but the difference remains between a flaming reality and a phosphoric illusion. It was natural for Rousseau, familiar with the village of Clarens and the rocks of Meillerie, to take them for the scenes of his story; but there is no truth in the elaborate stanzas of Lord Byron which, passing by the influences which genius can shed abroad on external nature, 'peopling it with affec-

tions,' represent these spots as peculiarly the home of love, having 'a sound, and sense, and sight of sweetness.' True, here, 'the Rhône has spread itself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne;' but surely the opening of the wide gorge of a large turbid river, too marshy to allow an approach even with the sound of its ripple, and the white irregular pinnacles of the Dent du Midi, rising above dark bare mountains, noble as those features are, do not suggest the luxuriant bower in which 'early Love his Psyche's zone unbound, and hallowed it with loveliness.' Clarens has no aspect of the 'birth-place of love;' it is a long, dull, brickly village, stretching along the breast of a scantily-wooded hill—steep enough for weariness, but not for romance. Its trees do *not* 'take root in love,' at least they do not display any fruits of such sweet nurture—all things are (not) here of love; they are open, arid, uninviting—suspended between ugliness and grandeur—but having no touch of loveliness except that with which Rousseau's sentiment has tinted them. The whole scene—lake, rocks, and mountains—is one which may inspire great thoughts—thoughts tending to brace and strengthen the sinews of the mind, not to array them in voluptuous sadness; attractions the reverse of those with which the English poet has arrayed it."

xxviii.—*Romanism an Apostate Church.* By NON-CLERICUS.

London: Longmans. [12mo. pp. 460.]

THE author of this work assails with no gentle hand the Romanists and the Tractarian party. Its style is not adapted for the higher classes, but we have no doubt that its somewhat coarse, though vigorous, attacks on popery will render it popular. We regret that the author should have spoken of the episcopate of the Church in terms so offensive as he has done, merely because they have not proceeded against Tractarianism in the way which his own views would have led him to prefer. The style of the work also appears to us too violent generally, to render it fit for circulation by the clergy. But it certainly comprises a great deal of extremely useful and valuable matter, and is well deserving of a place in the libraries of those who might be deterred by its fiery violence and its occasional errors from circulating the volume. It appears to us, that the fault of this work is that the author discloses at once all his own feelings of indignation at popish wickedness, before he has taken his reader through the process which is necessary to bring him up to the same point. The work, however, is well worthy of attention. Towards the conclusion of the volume we have a collection of extracts from the Romish press, in which the most open disloyalty and sedition are mingled with threats of persecution. If Romanism were to obtain the ascendancy, what would be the result? The following passage, cited from the "Rambler," tells us what Romanists themselves look to.

"You ask, if I were lord in the land, and you were in a minority, if not in numbers, yet in power, what would we do to you? That we say would entirely depend on circumstances. If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, we would tolerate you; if expedient we would imprison you, banish, fine you; possibly we might even hang you. But be assured of one thing, we would never tolerate you for the sake of the glorious principle of Civil and Religious Liberty."—p. 433.

The Romish priesthood in Ireland and their parliamentary satellites have recently commenced a crusade against the Established Church on the principle of Religious Liberty and Equality, and are looking for the aid of the leading friends of those principles. Their own practical views on the subject are exhibited in attempts to murder the Scripture readers and missionaries, or to deter them by force from the prosecution of their work. The theory of their Church is thus stated by the "Rambler:"—

"It is difficult to say in which of the two popular expressions—'the rights of *civil* liberty,' or, 'the rights of religious liberty'—is embodied the greatest amount of nonsense and falsehood. As these phrases are perpetually uttered by Protestants, and by some Catholics, they contain about as much truth and good sense as would be found in a cry for the inalienable right of suicide. \* \* \* \*

"Let this pass, then, in the case of Protestants and politicians. But how can it be justified in the case of Catholics, who are the children of a Church which has ever avowed the deepest hostility to the principle of 'religious liberty,' and which has never given the shadow of a sanction to the theory that 'civil liberty,' as such, is *necessarily* a blessing at all? How intolerable it is to see this miserable device for deceiving the Protestant world still so widely popular amongst us! We say, 'for *deceiving* the Protestant world,' though we are far enough from implying that there is not many a Catholic who really imagines himself to be a votary of '*religious liberty*,' and is confident that if the tables were turned, and the Catholics were uppermost in the land, he would, *in all circumstances*, grant others the same unlimited toleration he now demands for himself. \* \* \* \*

"Believe us not, Protestants of England and Ireland, for an instant, when you see us pouring forth our liberalisms. When you hear a Catholic orator at some public assemblage declaring solemnly that 'this is the most humiliating day in his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principle of *religious freedom*'—(especially if he says any thing about the Emancipation Act, and the 'toleration' it *conceded* to Catholics)—be not too simple in your credulity. These are brave words, but they mean nothing; no, nothing more than the promises of a parliamentary candidate to his constituents on the hustings."—pp. 432, 433.

Statements like this ought to be preserved; and the volume before us contains a useful collection of specimens.

xxix.—*A First History of Greece. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c.* London: Longmans. 1852.

THIS delightful book fully keeps up the already high reputation of the authoress: it is beautifully written as to style, tone, and temper; and is in every way admirably adapted for the delight and instruction of the young.

xxx.—*Sermons to Children, preached in St. Stephen's Church, Brighton. By the Rev. GEORGE WAGNER, M.A.* Brighton: Henry S. King. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1852.

It always gives us especial pleasure when we are enabled to bestow cordial commendation on the productions of those, who, though, in some degree, separated from ourselves, are still one with us in their honest endeavour to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. The little volume before us is just one of those which we can dwell upon with unmingled satisfaction. It is impossible for any one practised on the subject to read two pages of it without perceiving that the writer is what is termed "Evangelical;" and yet a much shorter consideration will prove to us, beyond doubt, that he is a sincere Christian, whilst a longer examination elicits the conclusion, that he has said nothing in the volume inconsistent with the Catholic faith. We like, nay, we love, such books. There are, indeed, some passages which *we* should have written differently; and yet herein lies the charm,—that though such be the case, we can cordially sympathize with the author throughout. It is a habit with some persons in their abhorrence of latitudinarianism, to confine their own devotional reading, and that of their children, to those works which exactly agree with their own tastes and fancies, as well as principles and sympathies in *phraseology*, as well as thought; and where such identity cannot be obtained, it is too much the custom of these individuals, and they are many in number, to use and recommend extreme and decidedly objectionable books, which lean in what they think the right direction, instead of the very best books, which are only just at the other side of the line of demarcation, which party feeling has laid down in their bosoms. Now this is very foolish, and very wrong; it tends to weaken and narrow the mind and the heart, to chain both down to the slavery of words and phrases, and to offer to party that loyalty and love which belong of right to God, and God only.

We, therefore, most heartily commend this very beautiful, simple, and holy little book—not only in spite of, but also on account of its being written by one who "followeth not with

us"—we advise those who symbolize with us to circulate it amongst their little friends; and we earnestly wish the author God speed in feeding the lambs of Christ.

- xxxI.—1. *Holy Baptism: selected from the Tracts for Parochial use.*  
 2. *Confirmation; or Tracts for the use of Persons about to be Confirmed.*  
 3. *Words of Advice and Warning.*  
 4. *The Chief Truths.*  
 5. *A Scripture Catechism on the Church, wherein the Answers are given in the Words of the Bible.*  
 6. *The Church Service.* Oxford and London: John Henry Parker. 1852.

WE rejoice to see and to recommend these well-arranged selections from Mr. Parker's Parochial Tracts—a series for which he deserves well at the hands of Churchmen. The success which has attended this publication, and the interest which the publisher is generally believed to have taken in it, afford one more proof of the great advantage derivable to the clergy from the active co-operation, and sound practical sense of loyal and intelligent laymen.

The tracts on Baptism are sound in principle and sober in tone, whilst they are exceedingly simple and intelligible. Those on Confirmation fill a void which must have been painfully felt by every pastor. Words of Advice and Warning are extremely valuable, we should perhaps give them the palm. The brochure on The Chief Truths is plain and straightforward; but might, we think, have been written more simply and effectively. The Scripture Catechism on the Church, is an admirable handbook, which no teacher, lay or clerical, should be without. The Tracts on The Church Service contain much that is good, and nothing that is objectionable; but they are not altogether on the whole quite equal to the rest of the series in practical usefulness. We should advise their being kept in their separate form.

- xxxII.—1. *The Ten Commandments.*  
 2. *The Lord's Supper.*  
 3. *Tracts for Penitents.* John Henry Parker: Oxford and London. 1852.

WE have separated these from their companions because we have more or less fault to find with all of them.

We consider the author of the tracts on the first and second



commandments to be guilty of grave neglect or grievous sin in making no mention of, or allusion to, the idolatries of Rome, and the temptations now existing to fall into those idolatries. The tracts state nothing whatever that is objectionable, but they fail to state what they ought to state, and ought not therefore to be circulated without some dissuasive from Rome to go with them. The other commandments are admirably handled.

The tracts on the Lord's Supper are sound and practical: but we think that the last of them had much better be omitted, as it is decidedly a blemish to the otherwise excellent collection. This is not a time, in our opinion, at least, to adopt in newly-compiled devotions for general use such titles as

*An Act of Contrition.*

*An Act of Faith.*

*An Act of Love.*

*An Act of Desire.*

It can do no good; and may do much harm. On the one hand, we are bound to do nothing which may unnecessarily wound weak consciences or awaken distrust; on the other, it is injudicious, to say the least of it, to use any indifferent phrase which has a tendency to throw down the barriers of distinction between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. The Prussian Government, in its jealousy of French invasion, has forbidden the French language to be learnt in its national schools: we have an equally imminent peril from an equally powerful and ambitious enemy, whose language even to the minutest phrase we should eschew with, *at least*, equal vigilance.

Our severest censure is however due to the author of the "Tracts for Female Penitents;" since, whatever be the measures of love and holiness with which they abound, they manifestly have a tendency to encourage the system of *spiritual direction*, against which we have felt it our painful duty to enter our most solemn protest. Nevertheless, as far as the tracts themselves are concerned, if rightly used by either priest or penitent, they would be most serviceable; nor should we have found any fault with them, but for our unhappy consciousness of the active operation and baneful effects of the erroneous system to which we have alluded.

xxxiii.—*Thoughts in Past Years.* By the Author of "*The Cathedral.*" Sixth Edition. Oxford: John Henry Parker, 377, Strand, London. MDCCCLII.

WE are glad to see another edition of this very beautiful and justly popular collection.

"Some classical subjects," the author informs us, "which appeared in the earlier editions, have been now omitted, and placed in the other volume, 'The Christian Scholar,' as more suitable to it. The part called 'the Side of the Hill,' is composed of poems not before published."—p. vii.

Among these new contributions, the lines on the "Origin of the Tracts for the 'Times'" will be read with considerable interest ; as well as several others connected with the movement, and its results.

The following purely domestic piece strikes us as deserving the highest praise, both in a moral and poetic point of view :—

"Whate'er thou dost, my growing boy,  
With doubtful sins ne'er stop to toy ;  
As thou wouldst keep the open glance  
Of a truthful countenance,—  
As thou wouldst love a conscience pure,  
And peace which may through life endure,  
Thou must not dare with aught to play  
Which fain would shun the eye of day,  
Ne'er for one moment pause within  
The precincts of a question'd sin,  
Nor harbour aught that dwells from sight,  
In twilight between wrong and right.  
In the warm evening of the spring  
The foulest things are on the wing,  
And doubtful shapes, half-bird, half-brute,  
Like evil spirits in pursuit."—p. 309.

We must find room for one more extract, an exquisite little piece, entitled

THE SILKWORM.

"I cannot now this habit leave,  
It is my nature thus to weave ;  
Upon the verdant leaf I feed ;  
Then from within these webs proceed.  
It may keep warm my wintry bed,  
My winding-sheet when I am dead.  
I hope from such myself to spring,  
And, when I leave them on the wing,  
Others may profit find in these,  
And cherish them, if God so please.  
But be it so, or all in vain  
I cannot cease this pleasing pain."—p. 326.

xxxiv.—1. *La Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane. Lettere al professore G. M. Bertini per* AUSONIO FRANCHI. Capolago: Tipografia Elvetica. 1852.

2. *The Philosophy of the Italian Schools. Letters to Professor G. M. Bertini by* AUSONIO FRANCHI. Capolago: Helvetian Press. 1852.

SUCH is the title of a work lately offered to the Italian public. It professes to be written and published in Switzerland, the Introduction being dated from Geneva. The newspapers have mentioned a certain Buonavino, an Italian priest of respectability and learning, as the author, and it is said that the Piedmontese Government are trying to gain judicial evidence of the fact, in order that he may be brought to trial on account of the opinions he has put forth. We invite attention to this book, since it not only appears likely to have influence in Italy, but also indicates the present state of feeling there. It is a symptom of the struggle which has long been carried on, and is now apparently approaching a crisis in that unhappy land—the struggle, namely, between Superstition and Infidelity.

No one who has, even superficially, observed the present state, religious, moral, and political of Italy, can doubt that it is on the eve of a great change; things cannot continue as they are; the past history of mankind proves, that *thought* cannot for ever be repressed by physical force, that when a national system, which no longer retains its hold on the faith and intelligence of a people, is supported mainly or solely by persecution, and by an appeal to the lower instincts of man's nature, such a system must at last be thrown off. The emancipation may take place sooner or later, according to the resources and consequent force of resistance of the ruling powers; still it is only a question of time, and it therefore becomes a subject of deep interest to observe the tendencies of the innovating movement; not only to examine the evils of the obnoxious system, but also the probable character of that which is to supplant it. If many among us fear the progress of infidelity in this country, where we have the blessing of a Scriptural as well as Apostolic Church, and a clergy in no respects inferior to their opponents even in secular learning, and, as a body, claiming general respect by their social and moral conduct as Christian men, what is the prospect for Italy; where, on the side of religion, there is—the Papacy, the symbol of national degradation, upheld as it is solely by foreign arms—the court of Rome, synonymous to the ears of an Italian with corruption and iniquity—an ignorant and immoral priesthood, accused on all hands of trafficking with the consciences and terrors of men, and gaining their

subsistence by preaching a Heaven, a Hell, and a Purgatory, which they themselves disbelieve—and in fine pervading the whole like a subtle essence—the principle of Jesuitism. It is true, indeed, that in Italy we find a Church, originally founded by the Apostles, and cemented by the blood of saints and martyrs, to whose care was entrusted the Divine revelation of God to man in the Written Word, and through whose medium the Sacraments of His grace are perpetually dispensed. But in what estimation does she hold these high privileges? Does she look upon them as a sacred deposit, to be protected with reverent and jealous care from all human additions, as well as diminutions? What are the facts? We find God's word a sealed book to the people, who, instead of being exhorted to the daily contemplation of the life and discourses of their Divine Master, are invited to meditate on the lives and miracles of the saints; are taught, indeed, that it is as necessary to their salvation to receive and believe such miracles, as those which we accept on the authority of inspiration.

The dogmas of the infallibility of the Pope, of Indulgences and of Purgatory, are put forth as equally binding with a belief in the Holy Trinity, or in the efficacy of the Atonement; indeed, so indissolubly united are human corruptions with the truths of revelation in the Roman Church, that she scruples not to declare, that her members must receive her as she is, or reject all Divine revelation, for her language is “on my authority alone you can receive the Bible; and I alone have determined for you as to the authenticity of its contents.”

The author of the work before us is, apparently, a striking instance of the *practical* results of the Church system in Italy; himself a priest, he not only denounces the corrupt practices of his Church, but aims a blow at Christianity, and rejects all Divine revelation. Nor is he a man, who, from irregular conduct, has fallen under ecclesiastical censure, and is now endeavouring to avenge himself on a system which has rejected him; on the contrary, he was living in esteem and competency, in the midst of the state of things which he denounces, and he has, by this act deprived himself of all means of support, and incurred the risk of condemnation to the galleys. Here then is the miserable spectacle of a Christian priest, abjuring his faith, and turning all the powers of his intellect against that God, whose cause he has sworn to uphold; but while we feel just indignation, let us not underrate the strength of the temptation to which he has been exposed. Who, that has not experienced it, shall estimate the power, with which doubts assail a man of vigorous mind, practically conversant with no other system than that of the Romish

Church, exemplified by its moral and political results in Italy? Surely as Heathen Rome was stained with the blood of martyrs, so Papal Rome will one day hear the accusing cry of thousands, cast into the abyss of scepticism, from horror of her corruptions and tyranny. Let us, therefore, while we cannot but condemn the principles of this unhappy man, not refuse him our compassion, nor withhold from him the acknowledgment of a certain generosity of character and sincerity of purpose.

We will begin our extracts with the account which the author, at page 88 of the introduction, gives us of himself, and of the means by which he has arrived at his present conclusions, merely observing that if seen through the medium of a translation, his expressions may sometimes appear exaggerated; read in the original, and with the remembrance that they are the words of an Italian, we are impressed with the conviction that they come from the heart:—

“The opinions which I now profess, are not those in which I was educated; therefore they can neither be attributed to the force of habit, nor to the effect of prejudice. My boyhood and youth were passed under the discipline of the college and seminary, where I proved myself not only a docile, but a scrupulously devout and affectionate pupil. My scanty studies in literature, philosophy, and theology never extended beyond the strict and jealous circle of Roman orthodoxy; my favourite teachers were the *saints*, and chiefly Thomas Aquinas and Alphonso de' Liguori. The two ruling passions of this period of my life were study and devotion; and until my twenty-third year, in which I was ordained priest, I had no other occupation, I tasted no other pleasures than those of reading and prayer. In a word, had it not been for the firmness of a most affectionate father, I should have entered, as I had already resolved, into the society of the Jesuits, an institution, which seemed to me most adapted to satisfy, both my thirst for knowledge, and my zeal to labour as a missionary in the service of God. Thus the spring-tide of my life knew no other joys than those of sacrifice and terror, experienced no other delights than those of prayer and penitence. When I now look back on those years, at once so sad and yet so joyful; years, which for me were gladdened by no smile, over which the poetry of youth cast not one flower, nor excited one throb. Ah! I do indeed feel my soul shrink from the recollection of that state of febrile exaltation, with which a mystical fanaticism had enamoured me, but it shrinks as from the remembrance of a misfortune and with no feeling of remorse. Faith had hitherto preserved in me, all the simplicity, candour, and trustfulness of childhood; and he only who has experienced it, can understand the mysterious condition of that man, whose conscience is misled by his very virtue, who from fervour of piety abjures reason, and from love to God willingly raves (*delira*). But the priesthood was for me, the dawn of a new existence; and the first ray of light darted on

my mind, incredible as it may appear, from the Confessional.—At my soul's first contact with the realities of human life, at that tale of misery and sorrow, which the men and women of the people came trembling and weeping to deposit in my breast; I began to feel an opposition between the moral doctrines of the schools and the inward voice of conscience. Thus was I first assailed by doubts. To tranquillize my mind therefore, I recommenced the study and examination of those theological principles, which I had always considered as eternal and absolute truths. Then for the first time, I perceived that my studies had been directed, not by the spirit of truth, but by that of sectarianism, and that, at the very time when I thought they were finished, it was necessary to begin them again. I did not hesitate for an instant. A new world, still in confusion, was opening before me; and a secret presentiment warned me, that after questions on Jesuitical morality, others were arising, still graver and more important, and that, under casuistical difficulties, lay concealed the whole system of religion, of science, of society, and of life. Still I did not hesitate. As if by instinct, I saw, that the path on which I was entering, was not one that would lead either to honours or emoluments; and without loss of time, I willingly gave up those I already enjoyed; and resolved to continue in a private and independent position, a resolution in which I have ever persevered, often resisting the entreaties of friends, and the smiles of fortune, and in order to dedicate myself to the search after, and worship of truth, I resigned myself beforehand to an obscure, laborious, and necessitous life, and stopped short in the honourable and lucrative career which was opening before me.

“I now therefore recommenced my course of study, and from morality I had soon to pass to dogmatism, thence to history, and so on to literature, education, philosophy, and politics. This work, which produced a deep and ineffaceable revolution in my whole being, was at first a fierce struggle, against myself, against the belief imbibed at my mother's breast, and received from honoured lips, against the instructions of my youth, the anathemas of the Church, the sophisms of self-love, and the seductions of fear; a struggle which cost my heart tears of blood, but which that heart undertook, maintained and won in its own strength, and in the secret recesses of conscience, with no witness, counsellor, or judge but God; a struggle which day by day, and one by one, stripped from the soul those convictions, which I had hitherto professed, with all the enthusiasm of a pure and unsullied faith, to which I had consecrated with a vow, the flower of my youth, in which I had placed the dearest pleasures, the noblest aspirations, the sweetest hopes of my life. . . . . After having examined the doctrines of the different Catholic schools, I turned to the principles of the Jansenists, then I consulted the Protestant systems, questioned the philosophy of the last century, weighed the modern works of criticism relating to religious creeds; and the first certain, unshaken, and incontrovertible conclusion, in which my mind found rest was this, that reason is the supreme judge of all truth. Having established this principle, my intellectual and moral eman-

cipation was complete. It led immediately to the denial of every supernatural dispensation, of all positive theology, of all theocratical authority, of all divine revelation, it discovered to me the universal law of continual progress, and of successive transformation, which directs the physical and moral life of the world, of beings and of ideas, of nature and of science, of civilization and of religion; and hence arose that harmony between the intellect and the heart, which I had in vain sought in every other system."

It is not our intention to enter into an examination, or attempt a confutation, of the principles this writer propounds, our only aim being to call attention to those passages which throw light on the present state and tendencies of Italy, and which occur in the lengthy introduction to his work. He apparently accepts, in their extreme results, the doctrines of Kant, and of other German and French metaphysicians, and puts forth his views in an animated and popular manner. The minds of those he addresses are, unhappily, but too well prepared to receive such teaching; and when to this fact is added the *prestige* which persecution and the excommunication of his book will lend to the author, there can be little doubt that the work before us will have much more influence in Italy than a similar publication would have in this country.

He begins by assuming that—

"To estimate correctly the state of a nation, it is necessary to determine in what condition are its philosophy and its religion, since the state of its philosophy will show what is the extent, the power, and the energy of its intellect; while from its religion may be inferred the rectitude, the warmth, and the magnitude of its heart."

He then asks "Whether modern philosophy be still possible in Italy?" and answers in the negative, from the fact that philosophy cannot exist where there is no liberty.

"Now, up to the present time, what liberty has Italy enjoyed? The press is subject to the censure of the bishops and the government; a jealous system of *espionage* is kept up in the sanctuary of home; the public schools are regulated by official programmes; private teaching is either forbidden or subjected to severe restrictions; academical meetings are either entirely proscribed, or the members are condemned to make verses without poetry, speeches without ideas, and disputations without practical aim. The libraries are either closed, or no work is admitted which is placed on the index of prohibited books. There is no liberty of conscience, no religious toleration: there are no studies in common with other countries. Foreign books and journals which are not approved by the authorities, are either seized or sent out of the country; and persecution, imprisonment, and exile, await those who dare transgress any of the numerous regulations, issued by the autho-

rities, high or low, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, who are employed to measure out to Italians air, light, and warmth, sufficient for vegetation, and whose business it is to preserve them from all temptation to think, speak, or write, things hurtful to the health of their souls."

He then gives examples of the persecutions and sufferings of different Italian philosophers<sup>1</sup>; and after stating that the professorships are almost exclusively filled by ecclesiastics, he exclaims—

"What philosophy can be expected from such professors? That, and that only, which has been reviewed, corrected, and approved by legitimate superiors,—that is to say, by the Bishops and the Pope. What terms can be more opposed and contradictory to each other than 'Pope' and 'Philosophy?' Philosophy is reason,—the Pope is authority: philosophy is liberty of examination,—the Pope, blind faith; philosophy, the progress of science;—the Pope, the *vis inertiae* of ignorance. Philosophy, the echo of nature; the Pope, the oracle of revelation. Hence philosophy is the denial of the Pope, as the Pope is the denial of philosophy. Thus clerical teaching has been that which it ought to be,—a crusade against philosophy,—which has come to be represented as the origin and primary cause of every evil, and of all the errors which afflict and dishonour the human race. From it are said to proceed political changes, and civil disorders, insubordination of nations, and the fall of states, corruption of manners, and contempt of law, hatred of religion, loss of faith, and all the miseries of a present and future life. Thus philosophy, in the hands of the clergy, could serve no other purpose than to prove the impotence and folly of reason; and, in their language, the name of philosopher had become synonymous with that of impious man or a fool."

Nor does he think the state of private education much better, although here he says—

"We may find somewhat less ignorance and fanaticism, and a little more learning, criticism, and good faith; still every where, as regards philosophy, the barbarous language of the schoolmen continues to be spoken, and the atmosphere of the middle ages breathed."

<sup>1</sup> It is here significant to observe that two of the number, Rosmini and Gioberti, who stood forward as champions of the Romish Church, and of the supremacy of the Pope, were driven into exile, and their works placed on the Index, because they ventured to lament certain abuses, and advocated the revival of primitive discipline. The Italian scholar would find much to interest him in "*Le cinque piaghe della Santa Chiesa*," by Rosmini. It is written in a temperate and reverent manner by a Roman Catholic priest, and is dedicated to the clergy. It is much to be regretted that such works are so little known in England, giving us, as they do, far more trustworthy evidence of the abuses and disunion in the Romish Church, than that which we gain from the invectives of a Gavazzi or an Achilli. To those who are scandalized at the mode in which English bishops are appointed, we would recommend the fourth chapter of the "*Piaghe*," which treats "of the nomination of the bishops abandoned to the secular authority," or the third, "on the disunion of the bishops."



After giving his views on the state of the philosophical element, the writer proceeds to the religious, and in confirmation of his principle, that the Christian religion is subject to the same law of rise, progress, and decay, which has influenced all *human* institutions, he continues:—

“ And even that religion, which once appeared better provided with titles, and richer in documents, so that it seemed capable of belying history, is now so different from what it was, that certainly neither Christ nor Peter would recognize their own work. We see it reduced to such extremity, that all means fail to keep together the few who remain faithful to it; we see it prolong a feeble existence under the protection of a few soldiers, who curse it—of a few princes, who insult it—of a few orators, who detest it—and of a few writers, who have never either known or professed it; we see it obliged to confess that its kingdom is the silence of the desert: its science is ignorance; its school is the cemetery; its apostles are the Jesuits; its arguments are imprisonment, exile, torture, and the scaffold. But a religion, which rose with the Gospel of Christ, was nourished with the blood of martyrs, and enlightened by the wisdom of the Fathers, yet which afterwards speedily became corrupted by ambition, avarice, licentiousness, violence, and barbarity, and at length sank so low as to call the Court of Rome the Holy Church, the Inquisition a Catholic institution, and the word of Pius IX. the Oracle of the Holy Ghost—such a religion may appear divine and celestial to those few privileged souls who are satisfied to think with the mind of others, and do not care to understand what they say; but to all those who value reason, and respect history, it will not certainly appear of a nature so far superior to others, that it requires the direct and immediate intervention of God, or can be exempt from the natural and organic laws of the human mind.”

He then proceeds to show that the Church has lost her hold on the hearts of the people.

“ Our country is condemned and forced to profess a religion in which it no longer believes, and therefore the conscience is prostituted to a ritual, for which it has no longer either reverence or love. We live under the authority of *the religion of the State*, and the only religion of the State is Catholicism. . . . Now, as to the sentiments with which Italy regards the doctrines and practices of this religion, the last four years have shown so clearly, that there can be no longer doubt or illusion on the subject. Listen to the clergy; their discourses are constantly on the sad times, the perversity of men's minds, the increase of infidelity, the evils and wounds of the Church. From the encyclicals of the Pope to the sermons of the parish priest; from the pastoral charges of the bishops to the discourses of missionaries; from conferences in the sacristy to articles in the papers, the clergy do nothing but deplore the misfortunes of Italy, because the Catholic faith languishes, and impiety is universal. And they are right; daily and

important facts justify their lamentations. Wherever the expression of thought and of conscience was, or is, free, there open war is waged against the Pope and the bishops—against rites, mysteries—in a word, against Catholicism; there books and periodicals, coteries and societies, theatres and other public places, show forth the principles of a rational faith diametrically opposed to the orthodox. And where the voice of public opinion is stifled, if the press is silent, not so are actions; and actions, with mute but energetic eloquence, do indeed attest that the people of Italy are Catholic only in name, and that if, individually, many remain faithful to the Pope, it cannot be said that the majority of the nation do so."

Of this he cites two recent examples, Piedmont and Rome. In the former country—

"When the Government resolved to abolish certain ecclesiastical privileges by a law, to which Rome strongly opposed herself, what occurred? Spectacle both new and unexpected! On one side was the Church—that is, Pope, bishops, canons, rectors, priests, and monks, of all parties, who, in the name of God, and of the Catholic religion, condemned the law, and threatened with anathema all its promoters; on the other side, the whole country, which laughed at the sophisms of the Pope, despised the complaints of the clergy, applauded the Government, celebrated the decree as a national benefit, and now consecrates its memory with a monument." (To Siccardi, the minister, whose statue is now in the course of erection at Turin.)

"The other example is still more important; it comes to us from Rome itself! The Roman people heard, one day, of the flight of Pius IX., and were unconcerned; they heard the thunders of excommunication hurled against the framers of another Government, and they ran in crowds to elect their representatives, and threw into the Tiber the copies of the Papal sentence; they heard the fall of the Pontiff, and the foundation of the Republic, proclaimed from the Campidoglio, and with a shout of exultation, and a hymn of liberty, they replied to the vote of the Assembly; they heard of the approach of four armies, under the Papal banners, and they flew to arms, resisted, fought, and died, to drive away the 'Vicar of Christ;' while the rest of Italy admired and blessed them, calling them heroes and martyrs. Now, ought these people, who celebrate with enthusiasm that which the Church formally reproves, still to call themselves Catholic?

"It is in vain to elude the force of these facts by objecting that they were questions of civil rights, which did not touch the spiritual constitution of the Church, since the Pope maintained the contrary, the bishops unanimously echoed the Pope, and when the Episcopate with the Pope at their head, pronounce a doctrinal judgment, this judgment is, for every Catholic, truth, and the voice of the Holy Ghost, and to deny it is apostasy. Were they even points of discipline relating to no dogma, it would come to the same thing—the Church or the Pope commanded, the people would not obey, and to refuse obedience to the

Pope or to the Church, is apostasy. . . . The practical consequence of this state of things is too evident; Italy has no longer a national religion, very many have renounced all religion, and that external form which many still profess, is for the majority, mechanical, or an affair of habit or dissimulation or a pastime (*passo tempo*), only in very few is it accompanied with a feeling of Christian piety. . . . No, the Church of Christ no longer exists: it is history, not I who proclaim it. Examine the civilized countries of Europe, and name the nations in which public morality is least respected, probity least severe, honesty least to be depended on, love least noble, promises least sacred, virtue least pure! They are Catholics. And among the Catholics themselves, which is the class that, in general, least recommends itself by sanctity of manners, nobleness of character, greatness of soul, generosity of sentiment, constancy of sacrifices, love of country, zeal for justice, reverence for truth? It is the clergy. And among the clergy themselves, who is the real and living personification of all these scandals? It is the Pope. He is the vicar of Christ, and a king,—the father of the faithful, and a tyrant,—the successor of Peter, and the ruler of a state,—the apostle of the Gospel, and the captain of armies—a preacher of humility, poverty, gentleness, penitence, and exposed to the adoration of the world, surrounded by police (*birri*) and executioners, and in the midst of luxury, pleasure, and bloodshed. And does this man call himself the representative of God? Do these clergy boast themselves successors of the Apostles? And would they impose their ideas on mankind as the oracles of the Holy Ghost? No, their religion cannot be ours! No, their God cannot be He who lives in the hearts of men! No, their Church cannot be the family of Christ! They have made of religion a political sect, of God a monster, of the Church a secret society. . . . Oh! in proportion as I admire the heroism of the primitive clergy, who showed their zeal for the cause of Christ, by martyrdom; so do I detest the unworthiness of those of our own day, who presume to exercise their apostleship by making martyrs of those who do not believe them. I venerate the martyr, but I loathe the executioner. I kiss the foot of the apostle, but I execrate the inquisitor; I bless the soft and persuasive voice of truth, but I despise the threatening and fanatic cry of violence; I recognize the person of Christ, in the humble, meek, and generous priest, who consecrates his life to evangelizing and comforting his brethren, but I only see the infamous type of the Pharisee, in the proud, avaricious, and cruel prelate, who spends his life in trampling on and cursing his fellow-men; I adore the faith which regenerated the pagan world, and began a new epoch for humanity, but I abhor the faith, which has deluged the earth with the blood of religious wars."

After having thus proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that Italy is no longer Catholic, he will not admit that it is therefore disposed to become Protestant, and small encouragement indeed does he give to the efforts of our Bible and Missionary Societies.

"There are not wanting those who would hand over Italy to some one of the many Protestant Churches, but I am confident that the good sense of the Italians, will lead them to a better judgment, both of the present times and institutions. The Reformation, which in the sixteenth century was a great progress, now would be but a useless anachronism. . . . Our ancestors did not embrace Protestantism when it was living, robust, and full of future promise; and ought we to accept it now that it is only a name, a formality, a memory of the past?"

That a rationalistic writer should speak in these terms, can excite no surprise; but when we reflect that these are also the sentiments of a large and growing class, we must confess that the future religious prospects of Italy are sufficiently gloomy. While among men of education and thought, prevails either scepticism or indifferentism, the lower classes are sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition. The clergy, in the mean time, are doing all in their power to stifle inquiry, and impede the education of the people, and those priests who remonstrate, however temperately, against the abuses and lax discipline of their Church, are repudiated and exiled. The efforts towards proselytism on the part of Protestants, are jealously watched by government, and repressed by actual persecution. Facts, however, sufficiently prove that the Italian mind is accessible to the voice of Truth; and we do not see why faith should not spread, notwithstanding the persecutions directed against it.

But it is time to bring these extracts and observations to a close.

That the author, as an Italian priest, must have had good means both of becoming acquainted with the working of his Church system, and with the state of religious feeling among his countrymen, is as evident, as that he is likely to give us his impressions, somewhat highly coloured. We leave them therefore to speak for themselves, as also the significant fact, of such a book proceeding from such a quarter.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Amongst the publications now before us to which we can on this occasion afford only a transient notice, are "A Narrative of a Visit to Lew-Chew by the Bishop of Victoria" (Hatchard), an extremely interesting publication; "The Six Days," by Captain Charles Knox (Hatchard), bringing geology to the illustration of the Bible; "The Gospel Missionary for 1852" (Bell), an admirable periodical, which every one ought to subscribe for; the second edition of Mr. Vanderkiste's most interesting "Notes and Narratives" of his labours in the London City Mission (Nisbet); "Revealed Economy of Heaven and Earth" (Bos-

worth), a very thoughtful work on the design of the Gospel and the future condition of Christianity; "The American Pulpit" (Clark), containing sermons by many of the most distinguished American divines; "The Mission and Martyrdom of St. Peter," by T. Collins Simon (Seeleys), a critical examination of the evidence for St. Peter's having visited Rome; "Course of the History of Modern Philosophy," by M. Cousin, translated by Mr. Wright (Clark), an American translation of Cousin's celebrated work, which appears to be carefully executed. We have also to notice as deserving of attention, "A Charge" by the Ven. C. Clerke, D.D., Archdeacon of Oxford; "A Sermon on the Proposal to Open the Crystal Palace on the Lord's Day," by the Rev. J. E. Kempe; "A Sermon on Church Music," by W. Gresley, Prebendary of Lichfield; "A Charge on Convocation," by Archdeacon Bartholomew; "A Sermon on the Common Prayer," by the Rev. J. P. Marriott; "A Dirge for Wellington," by M. F. Tupper; "A Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon on the Life of Washington," by Jared Sparks; "Lectures on the Principles of Action in the Conduct of Life," by R. Snape; Rev. S. N. Pears on "The Protestant Theory of Church Music;" "The Worthy Communicant," by the Rev. H. Goodwin; "Phaethon," by the Rev. C. Kingsley; Shepherd's "Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, on St. Cyprian's Works;" "Sermons on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," by the Revs. E. Miller, H. Howarth, J. Baines, N. Tate, G. Curréy, and also by the Rev. J. Sortain, and T. Binney, dissenting ministers.

## Foreign and Colonial Intelligence.

### EUROPE.

**BELGIUM.**—The following communication, which has lately appeared, relates an interesting fact, showing the progress and the power of the Gospel in Belgium :—

*“ Heigne, September 10, 1852.*

“ . . . Since last autumn, meetings have been held by me on Sunday evenings at Houbois, a distant hamlet of this extensive commune, and have been very numerously attended. Hundreds of Roman Catholics have come to hear the Word of Life, and their conduct has been invariably orderly and peaceable. This is the more remarkable, as the neighbourhood is full of public-houses, and in all directions on Sunday evenings the songs of the drunkard and the noise of music and dancing may be heard. The priests have never publicly discountenanced these things; but as soon as they heard of our meetings they made a great outcry. The preaching of the Word of God, the hymns, the pious accents of prayer, were denounced as a curse. ‘The curse has entered this village,’ said one of the priests in his sermon, ‘it will not be long before this place becomes the object of Divine vengeance.’ The priests visited the people, using threats and bribes, but in vain. Filled with rage, they determined to put an end to them, whatever it might cost. Six or seven of the men who have received the Gospel are employed in a coal-pit, of which the managing director is a main prop of the tyranny and idolatrous superstitions of the Church of Rome. A report was soon spread amongst the workmen that the priest had written to the director requesting him to expel from the works all the Protestants. Some days after this, our friend, at whose house the meetings are held, was sent for by the director, who begged of him to forsake our assembly and give up the Gospel, and endeavoured to persuade him that Protestants are revolutionists and disturbers of the public peace, bad characters, and the dregs of the people. Our friend answered, ‘Protestants are peaceable men, who pray for their king and country, and spend their Sabbaths in places of worship.’ ‘Had I been a bad character,’ he added, ‘a drunkard, or had my house been a resort for evil company, the priest would not have written to you about me.’ He then gave two excellent tracts to the director, who promised to read them; and he also asked him to act towards him with justice and compassion. He has four children, and is the support of his aged father. A month passed, and the storm appeared to have blown over, when a man fell from the top to the bottom of the pit, and was dashed to pieces. At the funeral of this unfortunate man, the priest, contrary to his usual custom, addressed the assembled masters and workmen. ‘The shaft,’ said he, ‘is cursed, because it is filled with blasphemers, with Protestants. If means be not taken to expel them, other acci-

dents may be expected.' I would here observe, that the character of the Protestants is so well known among the workmen that, when a swearer is reformed, the remark is that he is becoming Protestant.

"At the beginning of last month the director issued an order to all the Protestants to return to mass, and withdraw their children from the Scriptural schools, under pain of immediate dismissal from the works. All but one nobly refused to submit. Their conduct was beheld with admiration by all. When the overseers were putting their orders into execution, one of them said to one of our people, 'Are you coming with us to-morrow?' 'Where to?' was the reply. 'To mass.' 'No, never; I would sooner die.' 'You are an honest man,' said the overseer, shaking hands with him—'I respect you.' When our friends were leaving the works, several workmen said to them, 'They are persecuting your brethren in France; your turn will soon come in Belgium; take care of yourselves.'

"A few Sundays ago the priest placed himself in ambush near the house where I got to preach, that he might intimidate those who came to hear me. 'Where are you going?' said he, to two of our friends, though he well knew. 'To hear the Word of God preached,' was their answer. 'Say rather the word of the devil,' he replied.

"The time chosen for dismissing our brethren was well selected, as at this season work is scarce, on account of the canals being stopped. God, however, watched over them, and almost immediately they found work, contrary to their expectations. God be praised! By their courage and faithfulness they have given fresh proof that we do not labour in vain, and that the work of grace has taken root in many hearts.

"We live, thank God, under a paternal and generous government, ever ready to protect us; but the mass of the people is still very intolerant and fanatical. In many places converts to the faith of the Gospel are treated like Pariahs; their sufferings are incessant.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. JACCARD, Minister of the Gospel."

FRANCE.—The recent elevation of the Emperor Napoléon III. to the French throne having been brought about with the aid of the Romish Church in France, the latter is at present in the highest favour, and obtains whatever favours it demands.

Two decrees published in the "*Moniteur*" grant 2,500,000 francs for a Cathedral at Marseilles, and 1,500,000 francs for a new wing to the Cathedral of Moulins.

Louis Napoleon has, on the request of Cardinal Donnet, promised a grant of 500,000f. for beautifying the front and principal entrance of the Cathedral of Bordeaux.

In all the churches of France the *Domine, salvum fac Imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem* is chanted, according to the form prescribed in 1804 by the Holy See.

The Minister of Public Instruction and Worship has addressed the following circular to the bishops:—

“Monseigneur,—The French people have just placed the crown of the Emperor Napoleon on the head of a Prince whom Divine Providence has chosen, to put an end to the misfortunes of the country. The Empire is re-established. In the supreme power Napoleon III. will find new force for assuring to religion the first principle of the grandeur of nations, the respect which is the inheritance of his family, and the glory of his government. The Church of France, always ready to associate itself with the wishes of the nation, will gladly return, I do not doubt, to the formula which, on the 8th Jan. 1804, the Cardinal Caprara, in the name of the Holy See, transmitted to the bishops. I am certain, Monseigneur, to respond to your sentiments, not less than to the intentions of his Imperial Majesty, in demanding from you that the words *Domine, saluum fac Imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem* shall be substituted for those which were until lately chanted at the conclusion of Divine Service. I also beg of you, Monseigneur, to be kind enough to order that, after the singing of that verse, the prayer equally consecrated shall be recited: *Quæsumus Omnipotens Deus, ut famulus tuus Imperator noster, qui tua miseratione suscepit regni gubernacula, etc.* I shall receive with gratitude, Monseigneur, the communication which you may be kind enough to make to me of the instructions you may give on this subject to the clergy of your diocese.—Receive, &c.

“H. FORTOUL,

“Minister of Public Instruction and Worship.”

The Archbishop of Paris has issued the following pastoral letter to the curés of his diocese:—

“Monsieur le Curé,—The Empire has been proclaimed; the elect of the people takes the title of Emperor of the French by the grace of God and the national will. Never, in fact, was the finger of God more visible than in the events which brought about this great result. Never was the will of the nation expressed in a manner more authentic, more invariable, and more energetic. Louis Napoleon, prompted by the most noble inspirations, declares to-day on a most solemn occasion in the presence of God and of men, that he desires to found his reign on religion, justice, probity, and love for the suffering classes. Let us greet with gratitude such an oath. May it remain in heaven as in the heart of the nation! and may aid from on high descend abundantly on him who has hitherto shown himself so worthy of the great mission which he has received! You are to substitute, Monsieur le Curé, for the prayer now in use for the head of the state, the following one:—

‘*Domine, saluum fac Imperatorem nostrum Napoleonem;*

*Exaudi nos in die qua invocaverimus te.*’

“Receive, Monsieur le Curé, this new assurance of my most affectionate devotedness.

✠ MARIE DOMINIQUE AUGUSTE,

Archbishop of Paris.”

The “Univers” gives the following return of the subscriptions in



favour of Dr. Newman :—Subscriptions collected in England, 175,000f. ; in Ireland, 20,000f. ; in France, 50,000f. have been collected by the "Univers," besides 12,500f. collected in other quarters. This makes the total amount already collected in England, Ireland, and France, nearly 260,000f. (10,400*l.* sterling.)

It is stated in the journals that the *danseuse* Cerito, having vowed a chalice to "Our Lady" in the event of her obtaining an engagement this year at the French Opera of Paris, has, on being re-engaged, presented to "Our Lady" a chalice of Gothic pattern, bearing on its foot an inscription setting forth the vow, and imploring a blessing on the future efforts of the dancer to please the admiring public.

During his stay at Nismes the President was waited upon by the Protestant pastors of the district, and the Pastor-President had afterwards a long private interview with Louis Napoleon, in the course of which, it is stated, he promised to the Protestants full protection of their rights, and authorized the Pastor-President in case of grievance to write not to the Ministers, but to himself directly.

GREECE.—On Sunday, the 26th ult., the consecration of the first Bishop of the independent Church of Greece, since the emancipation of that country, took place in the principal church of Athens, in accordance with the terms of the treaty recently entered into with the Metropolitan of Constantinople. The whole clergy of the town were present at the ceremony, which was performed with the utmost pomp. Two English clergymen were admitted into the Hieron, or sanctuary, along with the Greek priests. The Queen of Greece was also present, with the whole Court, and the diplomatic corps, and all the authorities, civil and military. After the ceremony the Queen offered her good wishes to the new Bishop, whose benediction was received by more than three thousand persons. The person chosen to occupy the first and principal of the eighteen Bishoprics to be filled up, that of Achaia, is Father Missael, who was sent to Constantinople to negotiate with the Patriarch, and afterwards to Russia, to announce the treaty to the Emperor.

Another Bishop of the independent Greek Church has been consecrated at Athens, under the new arrangement, and appointed to the diocese of Acarnania. It appears that on the day of the consecration of the Metropolitan of Athens, the Queen sent for the newly-consecrated Bishop to the palace, and, after conferring upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Saviour, informed him that he should have at all times free entrance to herself or to the King without going through the usual formalities.

ITALY.—The deputation, consisting of the Earl of Roden, the Earl of Cavan, and Captain Trotter, the representatives of the English evangelical Christians, and the representatives of various other countries, who had proceeded to Florence to intercede in behalf of the Madii, having requested an interview with the Grand Duke through the Tuscan Minister, have received the following reply :—

"To the Right Hon. the Earl of Roden, Peer of England, at Florence.  
"Florence, Oct. 25.

"MY LORD,—I have placed the letter signed by the persons whose names are associated with yours, and which was addressed to me under date the 24th of this present month, before my august Sovereign.

"His Imperial and Royal Highness appreciates the form under which this application is made, but he would certainly have repulsed any political pressure whatever; and the honourable diplomatic agents who reside at this court would equally have abstained from exercising it.

"The husband and wife Madiai, Tuscan subjects, have been condemned to six years of reclusion by the regular tribunals for the crime of spreading Protestantism, which, inasmuch as it attacks the religion of the state, is punished by our laws. Their punishment is merely an application of those laws, and their appeal for a revision of the process has been rejected by the Court of Cassation.

"His Imperial and Royal Highness while reserving to himself the exercise of his high prerogative in such a manner and at such a time as he may judge fitting, cannot accept any interposition in an affair which concerns the administration of justice in his state, and its operation upon his own subjects.

"My august Sovereign, taking cognizance of the benevolent sentiments which inspire your conduct, but convinced that he ought not to listen to any kind of intervention in this matter, orders me to make known to you, my Lord, that he regrets his inability to grant the audience desired by you and the other subscribers to the letter addressed to me.

"Receive, my Lord, for yourself and colleagues, the assurance of my high esteem.

"LE DUC DE CASIGLIANO."

A further communication with the Minister on the part of the deputation took place, in which they requested that he would lay before the Grand Duke an address, in which they set forth the object they had in view.

- F. Madiai was withdrawn from the charge of the regular chaplain of the jail, and placed under the *surveillance* of a guard of Capuchin friars, whose instructions were to employ all the available resources of the Church, including both exhortations and discipline, to bring him back to the Romish faith. To prevent any interference with this process of conversion, the permission given to his friends to see him was restricted to a visit of once a month.

It is understood that Rosa Madiai was lately visited by the Grand Duchess Maria Ferdinanda, the stepmother of the Sovereign; and subsequently by the Archbishop of Lucca, Padre Guilio Arrigoni. Through both these personages Rosa Madiai was offered her liberty on condition of abjuring her errors. The failure of both attempts is felt as a great embarrassment.

The Jesuits have found another victim. M. Guarducci, a clerk in the bank of Messrs. Fenzi and Hall, has been arrested for the crime of

Protestantism. The arrest was effected at three o'clock in the morning, when his house was searched, and a copy of Diodati's Bible found on the premises. M. Guarducci is one of the five individuals who, at the commencement of these proceedings, were sentenced with Count Guicciardini to a year's imprisonment for reading together the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, but whose imprisonment was commuted, through the prompt exertions and indignant remonstrances of Mr. Shiel into a year of exile. M. Guarducci passed the term of banishment in Piedmont, and then returned to Florence, renewing his engagements in the bank of Messrs. Fenzi and Co., by whom he is much esteemed. The fact of this arrest following immediately upon the decrees by which the punishment of death is revived for offences against religion, has given rise to the most serious apprehensions of his ultimate fate. His wife and children, from whom he has been thus suddenly torn, are in a state of cruel anxiety.

As persecution for religion always defeats its own end, Protestantism is rapidly increasing at Florence, and the Jesuits are every day more and more alarmed and exasperated at the growing spirit of revolt. Their first attempt to check it was the arrest of an Italian printer, for printing copies of the New Testament, an arrest which gave rapid circulation to a large edition—the police agents themselves realizing handsome profits by the surreptitious sale of the copies seized. The next step was to send Captain Pakenham out of the country, as the foreign enemy supposed to be engaged in sowing the tares.

This was followed by a police edict prohibiting Italians from attending the services of the Swiss Protestant Church. The edict being neglected, two Waldensian ministers, with Count Guicciardini and several of his friends, were expelled the state, the count only escaping imprisonment in a fortress situated in the pestilential marshes of the Maremma through the prompt and energetic interference of Mr. Shiel. A multitude of minor arrests succeeded, and among them that of the Madiai, who were kept in separate prisons for nine months without trial, until a charge could be concocted against them.

We remain in expectation of further and more rigorous measures to put a stop to the Protestant movement; the government is aware that the presence of the deputation has inspired the Protestants with renewed confidence in the ultimate triumph of their principles, and that an address expressive of this sentiment, emanating from a very numerous body, and thanking their Christian friends of different states, for their exertions in favour of the Madiai, was placed in the hands of Lord Roden before his departure.

An account of a miraculous cure has been published under the hand and seal of the Archbishop of Pisa, said to have been wrought by "Our Lady of Carmel" on a young woman in a state of extreme disease and debility, on her paying a visit to the church during the octave of Mount Carmel, with the concurrence of her confessor, a monk of the convent attached to the Church.

Whilst an address to the Queen has been put into the hands of Mr. Walpole, soliciting Her Majesty's interference on behalf of the

Madia's, the Berlin "Spener's Gazette" states, that they were to be liberated on the 1st of December, in compliance with the intercession of the King of Prussia, through Count Arnim Blumberg.

The Bishop of Turin has suspended *a divinis*, a priest named Barrieo, who had moved in the municipal council the resolution in virtue of which the mortal remains of the late Abbé Gioberti were removed to Italy. On the same day (says the "Gazetta del Popolo") the King sent Barrieo the decoration of SS. Maurice and Lazarus.

The commission of the Piedmontese senate on the Civil Marriage Bill has presented its report, with the amendments it proposes. The articles which relate to the claims of the Church are the following:—The civil law of Piedmont only considers marriage in its relations with civil society, leaving the duties which religion imposes out of the question. A Christian cannot marry a person not belonging to a Christian creed. Ecclesiastics and persons of both sexes who have taken vows of celibacy cannot marry. A marriage contracted according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church debars the parties from contracting marriage with other persons of a different creed. Roman Catholics shall be admitted formally to declare in the contract that they do not consent to the civil marriage, unless it be followed by the religious ceremony according to the Roman Catholic rite. In the case of such declaration the marriage shall be null and void, unless a certificate of the said religious ceremony having been performed be delivered to the civil officer within a fortnight after the civil celebration. The separation between married persons may be pronounced by the tribunals in case one of the parties refuse to consent to the celebration of the Catholic rite. All matters relating to the validity of civil marriages are under the cognizance of the civil tribunals, except the cases anterior to the promulgation of the new law.

The celebrated Abbé Gioberti, whose prominence in Italian politics during the years 1847 and 1848 will be remembered, has just died at Paris, at the age of forty-five, of a fit of apoplexy. Gioberti was for a time president of the council of the cabinet of Charles Albert, and in 1849 represented the present King of Sardinia at Paris.

The "Nouveau Patriote Savoisien" has the following curious story:—"The vicar of Boège has lately accustomed himself, to impose as a penance on the females of his flock, the obligation of coming to his chambers, where, after their backs are stripped, they receive a flagellation from the pastoral hand. There is no mistake about the fact, which has evoked a cry of indignation throughout the commune. More than thirty females are known to have submitted to this infliction; others have refused to endure the degradation. The last attempt of the priest failed. The vicar had in his chamber a female who was *enceinte*, whom, under the pretext of penance, he was desirous of flogging, and was about to proceed by force to carry out his purpose; but the woman being frightened, uttered loud cries, which brought the neighbours to her aid."

The Pope held a secret consistory on the 27th ult., in which he made several appointments. Twenty-seven bishops were named for different

sees, and the pall was conferred upon several archbishops, among them those of Dublin, Corfu, and Halifax.

The Pope has passed a decree of "Beatification of the venerable servant of God, F. Paul of the Cross, professed priest and founder of the congregation of the Discalced Clerks of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ." The decree authorizes the exposition of his body and relics for the public veneration of the faithful, and the recitation of his office and mass at his yearly festival.

The "*Giornale di Roma*" announces that the worship of the ancient image of the Virgin, worshipped under the title of *Salute degli infermi*, in the church of Santa Maria Maddalena, said to have belonged to Pius V., and to have spoken to him on several occasions, and announced to him the victory of Lepanto, which had fallen into neglect, has begun to flourish marvellously, the number of the faithful who flock to "the Mother of Salvation" being incalculable, and the extraordinary graces obtained by her intercession innumerable.

The celebrated preacher, Father Ventura, is so dangerously ill that the last sacraments have been administered to him.

A priest of the Greek Church having accompanied a funeral in his stole and carrying the cross, at Malta, the Popish authorities have applied to the Governor, calling upon him to enforce the law requiring all ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies of the Greek Church to be performed within the church or burial-ground, and prohibiting her priests from appearing in the streets in sacerdotal vestments of any sort.

SPAIN.—The Madrid correspondent of the "*Morning Chronicle*," writing on October 15th, says:—"Another long list of convents is published, which are authorized to receive noviciates under the concordat, so as to complete the legal number of nuns which each convent is entitled to have, and which is twenty to thirty in most cases, descending as low as eight, and ascending up to sixty. The present list contains the names of 133 convents, in the provinces of Palencia, Segovia, Seville, Tarragona, and Tortosa, and the total number of nuns which they may contain is 4168. The '*Nacion*' observes that when the convents were suppressed in 1835, there were about 1700 nuns in them; whereas looking at those which have already been authorized to receive noviciates, and those that still remain to be so, the total number will probably not be less than 4000."

SWEDEN.—We have to insert the following interesting communication from a Swedish correspondent:—

"It is a well known fact that Protestantism in Germany, whence it originally came to Sweden, dissolved the papistical government of the Church. Whereas the Bishop of Rome was Patriarch of the Western Church, the patriarchal order also came to an end with the protest against the Pope. This order had, however, through the claims of the Pope on the primacy of the Church, vanished from the mind of people in general so much that there was hardly any question about it; the rather because the connexion with the Greek Church was dissolved: the Pope was resolved to keep all or to lose all.

"The bishops took the side of the Pope, and lost consequently all with him. The German Evangelical Lutheran Church abolished episcopacy, and—as it was necessary that reform should spring from some power—left to the temporal sovereigns to carry out the same, without any fixed principles having been laid down, for it was left to the discretion of the sovereigns.

"In Sweden, King Gustavus I. was the principal reformer, being assisted by the brothers Olaus and Laurentius Petri, who in the year 1519 returned to Sweden, after having finished their studies at Wittenberg. Principles were at first not fixed, but reform was advanced with much tact and moderation. The king seems, just after the liberation of his fatherland from the dominion of the union-kings, which had degenerated into Danish oppression, to have been desirous of bringing the Church within such limits as not to stand in the way of the development of his state-policy. Consequently the political power and authority of the bishops was broken; part of the Church property was from necessity applied to paying off the national debt. The king took upon himself to regulate the salaries within the Church, leaving the clergy in possession of their third part of the tithes, and disposing himself of the rest, of which, however, a considerable share was allowed to the bishops, who declared themselves satisfied 'to be as rich or as poor as his Grace desired to have them.' The cathedrals, canons, and monasteries were ordered to render an account of their revenues to the king, who provided for their wants what was necessary, and appropriated to the crown so much of the remainder as was not reclaimed by private donors or heirs. The power of public opinion, not less than occasional strong measures of government, put an end to monasteries, not so much by means of public decisions, as by a silent understanding that they could not be allowed to exist under the new state of things.

"At the Diet of Westeras, 1527, these decisions were made. It was declared 'that the bishops and the dignitaries of the Church had been too powerful.' The clergy should, in secular matters, answer before a secular tribunal. All fines for the violation of the Sabbath, &c., should be paid to the king and not to the bishop, 'because it was hard for the people to be under the sway of two masters.' It was publicly declared that there was no intention to determine 'that no bishops should exist;' on the contrary, 'it was indeed desirable that they should exist, but not be too powerful, so that the king or the empire might be in any danger from them.'

"On the same occasion it was resolved that 'the pure word of God should be preached over all the kingdom.' But a decisive declaration of a change, a precise enunciation of the doctrine, did not take place till the year 1593, when a general synod was held at Upsala, in consequence of the attempted papistical retrograde movement by King John III., at which synod the unaltered Augsburg Confession, and the three Symbols, were adopted as the Confession of the Swedish Protestant Church. It has remained so ever since, and the clergy are besides by their official oath, since the time of the Syncretistical con-

troversies, bound to observe the other symbolical books of the Evangelical Lutheran Church.

"The Swedish Church having, in the year 1593, thus expressly approved the Augsburg Confession, and the same religion, not less than political circumstances, having more and more strengthened the connexion between Sweden and Germany, the state of the Church remained unaltered, except that the bishoprics were divided, and superintendents, without episcopal name and consecration, were appointed to these separate districts. The superintendents were at first either dependents or subordinates of the bishop, to whose diocese their districts previously belonged. However, in the course of time they became by degrees independent, and had even the right to ordain priests.

"King Gustavus I. already began to look upon the bishops with suspicious eyes, and seems, after the German Church had abolished them, to have been inclined to follow the example. However, in this view those men did not coincide, who particularly had assisted him in carrying out the reformation, so far as it concerned the abolition of the abuses within the Church. It is probable that this dissension prevented him from adopting any measures to dissolve the old constitution of the Church. But he frequently impressed upon the bishops to bear in mind, that they were merely inspectors over the clergy. Besides this, he appointed a German, who was sent for as tutor for his eldest son, to be his own superintendent in the year 1539, investing him with such a power, as to encroach upon that of the bishops. He also made the commencement of dividing the old bishoprics into superintendencies: the Archbishopric of Upsala was thus divided by him.

"Although the Swedish Church has preserved, and in later times also confirmed the episcopal order, yet she has not maintained the principle that episcopacy is indispensable for the existence of the Church and efficiency of the sacraments. She acknowledges this order merely as a disciplinary arrangement, brought into existence by Divine Providence. The Church law of 1571, sanctioned by the Synod of Upsala, 1593, declares that, 'inasmuch as this order was very useful, and no doubt sprung from God the Holy Ghost (who giveth all good gifts), it was also generally approved and received over all Christendom, and has thus ever since remained, and must still further remain, as long as the world exists.' The still valid Church law of 1686 acknowledges, 'as a great blessing of God the Holy Ghost, that he sends faithful ministers to his congregation, who not only all of them have to preach the word of God, but of whom there also should be some, who, having received greater gifts, are besides to be inspectors over others, and to take care that those who are under their inspection and authority, faithfully and diligently, in doctrine and conduct of life, fulfil their official duties.' The solemn Church prayer, the Litany, contains also an express prayer for the bishops.

"The appointment of a bishop is at the present time proceeded with in the following manner:—When a vacancy occurs, the clergy in ordinary of the diocese meet together, each district by itself, and the

chapter at their official place, all on a certain day previously fixed by the king. After having taken an oath to choose according to the best of their conscience, they proceed to vote for three persons. The votes being cast up, those three who have obtained the majority are put in nomination before His Majesty, who appoints one of them whom he thinks most fit for the office, he having no right to go beyond those three in nomination. With respect to the appointment of an archbishop, the chapter of the diocese of Upsala and its clergy in ordinary, the chapters of the other eleven dioceses, the chapter of the city of Stockholm (consisting of all the rectors in the city and the suburbs), and the *Senatus Academicus* of Upsala (i. e. all the professors in ordinary of the University)—making in all fifteen bodies—give their votes in a similar way for three persons, each of these bodies having one vote. Those three persons who have the majority of votes are put in nomination before the king, who also in this appointment is restricted to those in nomination. The selection of these electing bodies originated in the threefold function of the Archbishop, viz., as Bishop of his diocese, as the head of the Swedish Church, and ex-officio Speaker of the Chamber of the Clergy at the Diets, and as Pro-Chancellor of the University of Upsala.

“The bishops are consecrated, with prayer and imposition of hands, to their respective offices; but from the old custom and precept, that a bishop should be consecrated by two or three other bishops, the Swedish Church has deviated so far, as not to require more than one ordinator, who might be assisted by presbyters. The apostolical succession is kept up, without being considered as absolutely necessary. It has been kept up in this way, that the first bishops, who were appointed after the reformation, and also the first archbishop, were consecrated by Petrus Magni, who in the year 1523 was elected to the see of Westeras, being at that time residing at Rome, in the capacity of procurator in the house of Sancta Brigita, and also as a functionary in the chancery of the Pope. His election having been confirmed by the Pope, he was consecrated at Rome before his return to Sweden. There is no reason to suspect that the succession since that time has been broken, provided the question is limited to that point, that a bishop has not been consecrated by any one but a bishop. Although it is not always expressly recorded, when and by whom the bishops have been consecrated, still the practice which from the outset up to the present time has ever prevailed, namely, that the bishops have been consecrated, and by bishops too, must with sufficient security put the question at rest. All the Church laws enjoin, other public acts approve, historical records mention, when an opportunity occurs, the consecration of bishops. It has been remarked that, at the consecration of the second Protestant Archbishop of Sweden, in the year 1575, a bishop officiated, who was consecrated by one Bothvidus Sunonis of Strengnäs, of whom there is not sufficient evidence to show, where and by whom he was consecrated. That this Bothvidus, who was appointed bishop already in the year 1535, should then through some unaccountable circumstance have been not consecrated, or consecrated differently from the other bishops



elected during the reign of Gustavus I. is not to be credited; and it is quite certain, that should there have been any ground for remark in this case, it would not have been overlooked at the consecration of Laurentius Petri, jun., in the year 1575, when King John already felt inclined to bring the Church back to a closer connexion with Rome; when he was surrounded by persons friendly to popery; when he before the consecration ordered the archbishop elect to subscribe certain articles, amongst which was one 'De ritu et ordinatione episcoporum more antiquorum observanda;' and when he obtained to have this consecration performed with unction and other ceremonies, which after the Reformation had been abolished.

"The functions, which exclusively devolve on the bishops, are to ordain priests, to hold visitations in the parishes of their dioceses (here a distinction must be made between the visitations of bishops, and those which are to be held by the archdeacons), consecration of new churches, the general inspection over the Church and the schools. Visitations and consecration of new churches might be performed by some one whom the bishop may appoint for that particular purpose. The bishops are ex-officio members of the chamber of the clergy at the diets. The bishop shares with the chapter the general administration of the diocese."

#### ASIA.

It is stated that M. Bonnard, missionary of the congregation of foreign missions, suffered martyrdom, by being beheaded, on the 1st of May last.

Great excitement has been caused among the Hindoos at Delhi by the conversion and public baptism of two natives, Sub-assistant-surgeon Chumunlal and Ram Chandra, teacher of science at Delhi College. The ceremony was performed with much solemnity, the catechumens answering the questions in a firm and audible voice. On their return home they were followed by a large mob, but the converts took refuge in the government dispensary, where Chumunlal resides. This being the first case of conversion in Delhi, it is expected to have a great effect in shaking the people in their adherence to Hindooism.

The vicar apostolic of Siam presented to the Pope on the 10th ult. two Siamese youths, bearers of a letter from the King of Siam, in which he says:—"I am not a follower of Christ; I am a pious Buddhist; but I only cling to the philosophy of that religion which has been disfigured by such absurd fables that it appears to me likely in the end to disappear altogether. Your Holiness may be certain that during my reign there shall not be any persecution of the Christians." The Pope received them graciously, and gave them his slipper and the fisherman's ring to kiss.

Bishop Olliffe, the popish vicar-apostolic of Eastern Bengal, has engaged a staff consisting of five ecclesiastic, five nuns, and five lay brothers (tradesmen of various sorts), members of the congregation of Sainte Croix, at Le Maus, in France, four Loretto nuns from Bavaria, and one priest from Dublin, to assist him in his "diocese," to which he is about to return.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that in the province of Jakoutsky (Siberia), the Greco-Russian missionaries are travelling about with a portable church, and have, in the space of eight months, gone over the greater part of the province. About fifteen hundred idolaters have during that period received baptism.

In an address delivered by Dr. Gobat at the Malta Protestant college, on the 5th inst., the bishop stated that the terms on which the Anglican bishopric at Jerusalem was founded, having been submitted to diplomatic consideration between the courts of England and Prussia, with the full concurrence of the highest ecclesiastical authorities in England, any seceders from the communion of the Christians of the East, comprised in the bishop's diocese, may now be received into communion with the Church of England in Jerusalem, provided they make a declaration before the competent Turkish authority, of their wish to be placed under the bishop's jurisdiction, which secures for the proselyte the protection of England, Prussia, and the Sublime Porte.

The French journal "*L'Ami de la Religion*" lately made the following report concerning the holy sepulchres :—

"We shall soon know whether the intervention of France has triumphed over the obstacles raised by rival passions to the recognition of our rights in the affair of the holy places. Afif Bey, the commissioner of the Porte, has arrived at Jerusalem. The Greek schismatic patriarch has also arrived there from Constantinople, and it is said that he is disposed to spread money in all directions, and the consul-general of Russia at Beyrout has received orders from his government to leave immediately for the Holy City. Our adversaries are therefore prepared to support their usurping pretensions. They will not, however, find the field open to them. M. Botta embarked at Beyrout on the 19th, in company with the Abbé Dequevauvillier, chancellor of the patriarch of Jerusalem. He is the bearer of instructions from the French ambassador, and is, it is said, charged to act as the honour and interest of the Latins may require. We have no doubt that his presence and his firm language will suffice to defeat all intrigues."

It appears, however, that the Sultan had resolved to repair the defects in the cupola of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at his own expense, to appease the disputes to which the state of the building had given rise among the Greek and Latin Christians :—

"A Turkish engineer had arrived, with orders to survey the edifice, and make the necessary measurements and estimates for the repairs ; on the day after the arrival of the engineer, Affif Effendi, a conference was held in the body of the church, at which he met the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, the catholic bishop, and the French consul, M. Botte. Affif Effendi opened the sitting by stating it to be the declared will of the sultan that the dispute about rebuilding the cupola should be settled ; he had therefore resolved, without prejudice to the rights of the powers interested in it, to undertake the restoration at his own cost ; the Effendi notified, accordingly, that he should commence the survey on the following morning. This communication gave rise to an

angry discussion between the heads of the three Christian Churches, during which the Turks present quietly smoked their chibouques. A few days afterwards another meeting was held in the Church of the Grave of the Virgin to hear the firman read, by which some of the causes of the continual conflicts between the Greeks and Latins would, it had been hoped, be settled. The firman gives the Latin or Catholic priests the right to perform divine service in the Church of the Sepulchre, on condition that they shall not make the smallest alteration in the building itself. But, as the Latin priests will refuse to perform mass before 'schismatic' altars, it is believed the firman will be useless. The Latins are also secured in the right of opening the great door of the Church at Bethlehem four times during the year, and to enter it in procession. This right is likely to produce collisions, in which, as before, the Turkish soldiers will have to separate the combatants by force, to the scandal of the Christians of all sects."

The Roman Catholics are extremely enraged at the failure of all their attempts to dispossess the Greeks of the Holy Sepulchre. It appears that the Emperor of Russia is just as determined to maintain the latter in possession, as the Romanists are to eject them.

### AMERICA.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—The "Canadian Churchman" gives the following as the religious census of Upper Canada, taken under the authority of law, in the years 1842, 1848, and 1852:—

	1842.	1848.	1852.
Church of England . .	128,897	166,340	223,928
Methodists (all) . . .	99,343	137,752	208,611
Presbyterians (all) . .	115,120	148,182	204,622
Church of Rome . . .	78,119	119,810	167,930
Baptists . . . . .	19,622	28,053	45,457
Lutherans . . . . .		7,186	12,085
Congregationalists . .	5,095	5,993	7,931
Quakers . . . . .	6,230	5,951	7,497
Universalists . . . .		2,196	2,688
Unitarians . . . . .		678	833
Not classed . . . . .	23,582	78,461	70,471
Totals . . . . .	486,055	723,332	952,065

The Bishop of Toronto is engaged in a Confirmation tour through his diocese. At Perth, he preached and confirmed 126 persons; and at Smith's Falls, he confirmed ninety-one. A colonial paper says, that, notwithstanding his advanced age, and the very great amount of labour and fatigue which he has to undergo in his Confirmation tour; his lordship appeared in good health, and as active as ever.

An Act of the Provincial Legislature of Canada has recently received Her Majesty's assent, by which the patronage of the rectories endowed out of the clergy reserves, instead of being vested in the Government of

the province, is henceforth vested in, and is to be exercised by, the Church Society of the diocese.

On Wednesday, November 10, a special general meeting of the Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto was held under the presidency of the bishop, to consider what steps should be adopted for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of the statute 14 and 15 Vic., clxxv. The bishop explained to the meeting the position of the forty-four rectories effected by the act, only one or two of which are enabled to support the incumbents in common decency and comfort, the rest being dependent on the aid afforded by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is dispensed through the bishop of the diocese.

"The Act," said his lordship, "surrenders the power of nominating to the rectories, which was theoretically in the Crown, to a large public body, which, from its numbers, can have little or no feeling of individual responsibility; but, as the Crown could not surrender more than it possessed, and never did or could act except through the bishop, so must it be with the Society; for it can no more dispense with the concurrence of the bishop than the Crown could do."

The following resolutions were carried by the meeting unanimously:—

"That from the respect and affection which this Church Society entertains for our venerable diocesan, and the debt of gratitude which we owe to his lordship for his untiring exertions and indefatigable zeal in promoting the best interests of the Church during the long period of fifty years, to which, under Divine Providence, is mainly owing the prosperous condition of the Canadian branch of the Catholic Church, it would be felt by the Society to be injurious to the Church to vest the presentation to rectories in any other hands than those of the diocesan—resolved, therefore, that the patronage be vested in the diocesan.

"That a committee be appointed, consisting of the Chief Justice, the Hon. Mr. De Blaquiére, the Hon. J. H. Cameron, the Rev. H. J. Grasett, the Rev. F. L. Osler, and the Rev. D. E. Blake, to prepare a by-law to be submitted to the next monthly meeting, declaring in whom the right of presentation to the rectories in this diocese shall be hereafter vested."

The foundation-stone of a new church has been laid at Waterford, diocese of Toronto.

The corner-stone of a new church has been laid for the Mohawk Mission at the Bay of Quinte, in the archdeaconry of Kingston. A correspondent of the "Canadian Churchman" mentions, that, "after the stone was adjusted, the 100th Psalm was sung by the Indians in their native tongue. The effect produced by this simple act of praise was most pleasing, and richly suggestive of holy and grateful reflections."

The "Canadian Churchman" contains the charter constituting Trinity College, Toronto, a University, bearing date of the 16th of July last.

The "Canadian Churchman" contains an address from the Bishop of Toronto to the Legislative Assembly of Canada, remonstrating against

the injustice of the secular school system, to the support of which the members of the United Church of England and Ireland in Toronto, being upwards of eleven thousand out of thirty thousand, the whole population of the city, are made to contribute, by paying more than one-third of the educational rates, amounting to some thousand pounds annually, while they have not the power of establishing, out of all they pay, one single school, but are compelled to establish parochial schools for their several congregations by private contributions, in order to protect their children from "the growing evils of the present irreligious plan of education, in which nothing is attempted to be taught but worldly knowledge; while that knowledge to which all others should be subservient is entirely neglected."

The Bishop of Quebec, during his late tour, visited the Mission of Bourg-Louis, where he held a Confirmation, and consecrated the church and burying-ground; also the chapel at St. Catharine's, in Fossambault, where a Confirmation was likewise held. His lordship then proceeded to Bishop's College, at Lennoxville, being accompanied from Richmond by the Bishop of Montreal, the two prelates having met for a special meeting of the college corporation. After three days spent at the college, their lordships proceeded to the outlet of Lake Memphramagog, where the two dioceses meet, and where it is their hope to establish a joint mission of an itinerant character. The Bishop of Quebec, on his downward route, consecrated the little church at the *Rivière du Loup en haut*, where the Confirmation of a few persons was also held.

The Bishop of Montreal has been visiting the Bishop of Toronto, and assisted at the services at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto, on the Sunday after his arrival, preaching an able discourse on the occasion.

The "Church Times," Halifax, 11th Sept. 1852, publishes the following account of the Bishop of Nova Scotia's visitation of the eastern shores of Nova Scotia:—

"On Wednesday, the 4th of August, after various delays and disappointments, arising from the state of the weather, the bishop finally left Halifax in a carriage, accompanied by the Hon. M. B. Almon and Mrs. Almon, and the Rev. Edmund Majurin, Curate of St. Paul's, who acted as chaplain to his lordship. On the following day, they proceeded to sea, but had scarcely left the harbour, when they were becalmed, and obliged to return for the night. On Friday the weather was still more unfavourable, accompanied with easterly winds, and dense fog, which rendered it impossible to leave the harbour. Although the rain fell heavily during the night, the next day was equally unpropitious; and, finding it impracticable to reach Beaver Harbour in time for the following Sunday, according to his lordship's intention, the bishop resolved to take advantage of the delay for the purpose of visiting the neighbouring missionary stations along the shore; and accordingly, on Saturday morning, his lordship landed in a fisherman's boat, and walked over a rough road through the woods, amidst constant

rain, over an extent of eight miles, and arrived in the evening at the residence of the Rev. Robert Jameson, at Ship Harbour. The clergy also followed his lordship's example, and landed on the shores of the harbour with the view of dividing their labours on the following day between the adjacent churches. In accordance with this arrangement, the bishop preached twice on Sunday in the church at Ship Harbour, while the Rev. T. Dunn performed two services in Jedore church, and the Rev. E. Maturin held an evening service at Musquodoboit Harbour. On the next day, the Rev. Messrs. Maturin and Dunn left Jedore Harbour in the schooner, and joined the bishop at Ship Harbour. His lordship had been anxiously waiting for their arrival, and had gone out to meet them in an open boat, rowed by himself and Mr. Jamieson, for a distance of several leagues, having thus exhibited his proficiency in the use of the oar, which is so important an accomplishment along these shores. It will be observed, that there was no Confirmation held in Mr. Jamieson's mission on this occasion, as it is the bishop's intention to perform this service in that station after his return to Halifax.

"At an early hour on Tuesday morning, the 10th of August, the schooner got under weigh, and proceeded to Beaver Harbour, the missionary station of the Rev. James Breeding. Notice was immediately given for the celebration of divine service on the following day; and accordingly, on Wednesday afternoon, at the hour of two o'clock, P.M., the service commenced by the solemn consecration of the church and burial-ground to the public worship of Almighty God, the former being dedicated by the name of the Church of St. James the Apostle. The church is a neat little building, decently furnished and provided with open seats of uniform arrangement, and capable of accommodating nearly 200 persons. It has received some valuable assistance from several friends of the incumbent in the Isle of Jersey, who have presented, among other things, a decent set of vessels for the administration of the Holy Communion. It is satisfactory to find that the church has been completed free from all incumbrance whatever. The Rev. T. Dunn acted as commissary at the consecration, after which the service of the Church was read by the Rev. E. Maturin, during which, after the second lesson, the interesting service of adult baptism was witnessed by the congregation, the candidate being a respectable young woman, who was baptized by the bishop, and confirmed with the other candidates."

UNITED STATES.—The "New York Churchman" gives a detailed report of the proceedings of the Diocesan Convention at which Dr. Wainwright was elected Provisional Bishop. The Convention sat three days, and it was not till the ninth ballot that a sufficient majority was arrived at to constitute a canonical election.

The election was followed by a public service of thanksgiving for the happy termination of the election at which the church was crowded.

At a subsequent sitting, the bishop elect, after a feeling address to the Convention, invited them to join with him in the following prayer at the institution of a minister, which he appropriated to himself, proceeding to the chancel, and kneeling at the altar :—" O Lord my God ! I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof, yet Thou hast honoured Thy servant with appointing him to stand in Thy house, and to serve at Thy holy altar. To Thee and to Thy service I devote myself, soul, body, and spirit—with all their powers and faculties. Fill my memory with the words of Thy law ; enlighten my understanding with the illumination of the Holy Ghost ; and may all the wishes and desires of my will centre in what Thou hast commanded. And to make me instrumental in promoting the salvation of the people now to be committed to my charge, grant that I may faithfully administer Thy Holy Sacraments, and by my life and doctrine set forth Thy true and lively word.

" Be ever with me in the performance of all the duties of my ministry ; in prayer, to quicken my devotion ; in praises to heighten my love and gratitude ; and in preaching to give a readiness of thought and expression suitable to the clearness and excellency of Thy Holy Word. Grant this for the sake of Jesus Christ Thy Son our Saviour."

Considerable discussion arose as to the provision to be made for the provisional bishop, and it was finally ordered that the treasurer of the Convention be directed to pay to the provisional bishop of the diocese, until the next annual Convention, all the income of the disposable fund over and above 2500 dollars ; and the Standing Committee which had been appointed before on this subject was ordered to make a fresh report to the next Convention, and to devise means for making the salary for the present year not less than 4000 dollars.

It appears that Dr. Wainwright was born in England, as an American citizen, in 1791. He came to the United States as a child, and was educated at Cambridge, where he held a professorship. He was subsequently rector of a church in Hartford, Conn. In January, 1821, he came to New York, and was made assistant minister of Trinity Church, having charge of the Grace Church congregation. • About 1834 he resigned, and took the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston. Five or six years afterwards he returned to his former post of assistant-minister at Trinity Church, New York, taking charge of St. John's Chapel, where he has ever since remained. Dr. Wainwright has been prominent in the councils of the Church, and is now secretary of the House of Bishops. He has travelled through Europe, Egypt, and Palestine, and other countries. Seven or eight years ago he was engaged in a controversy with Dr. Potts, on the legality and propriety of the office of Bishop. It is hoped that the elevation of Dr. Wainwright to his new office will heal the divisions which have for a long time existed in the diocese of New York.

A motion was made for the division of the diocese of New York,

with the consent of the General Convention, the new diocese, north of the boundary lines of the counties of Columbia, Greene, and Delaware, to be called the "Diocese of Northern New York."

On Wednesday, the 10th ult., the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D., was consecrated as Provisional Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of New York, in Trinity Church, with circumstances of a very gratifying character. A correspondent has sent us the "New York Enquirer," from which we abridge the following interesting particulars:—

"Every available portion of space was occupied with seats, and yet thousands were unable to procure tickets, and other thousands were turned away from the doors. At eleven o'clock, the south vestry-door was opened, and the procession entered, in reverse order. The students of the General Theological Seminary led the way, followed by the unofficiating clergy (nearly all in surplices) the seven officiating deacons and twelve officiating priests then entered, and, finally, the Provisional Bishop elect, supported by two priests, and followed by ten bishops, closed the immense array, which in all numbered over 200 clergy in surplices and robes,—a larger number, it is believed, than was ever before assembled on a similar occasion on this continent. All the clergy, on taking their places, remained standing until the bishops had entered, and all knelt in silent devotion at the same moment."

Morning prayer having been said by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, assisted by the Rev. Drs. Vinton, Kip, and Haight, and the Rev. Mr. Bedell. The anti-communion office was said by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, assisted in the epistle by the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and in the gospel by the Bishop of Maryland. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of New Hampshire; and, after an anthem—

The Provisional Bishop elect was presented to the right reverend the Bishop of Connecticut (the senior bishop in the Church, and presiding bishop on this occasion), by the Bishop of Indiana and the assistant Bishop of Connecticut.

We have to record the decease of another American Bishop, the Right Rev. Philander Chase, D.D., Bishop of Illinois. He expired at his residence at Jubilee on the 20th ult., from the results of a fall from a carriage, in which he has long been in the habit of taking daily exercise. He was in his seventy-eighth year; and four children survive him—the Rev. Dudley Chase, of Chicago; the Rev. Philander Chase; Mrs. Chamberlaine, the wife of the Rev. J. S. Chamberlaine, who has just gone to Minnesota territory, under the direction of Bishop Kemper; and Mr. Henry J. Chase, who has had the supervision for some years of the out-door business operations of the College establishment. Bishop Chase was consecrated to the episcopate (of Ohio) Feb. 11, 1819; and, as the senior in date of consecration, was, according to a rule of the House of Bishops, its presiding officer. He is succeeded in his diocese by the Right Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, the assistant bishop, consecrated Nov. 20, 1851; and, as the presiding Bishop, by the Right Rev. Thomas Church



Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut, who was consecrated to the see Oct. 27, 1819.

The "New York Churchman" states, that the Rev. Dr. Hawks has been elected Bishop of Rhode Island.

The Episcopal Convention of the diocese of New Jersey reassembled on Wednesday, the 14th of July, in Trinity Church, Newark, for the purpose of hearing the report of the committee of seven laymen appointed at the last session to investigate the charges against Bishop Doane, contained in the presentment. It occupied two hours and a half in reading, and comprises, besides the regular report, a large amount of documentary evidence, letters, inventories, schedules, &c., which will make, when published, a bulky pamphlet. The following resolutions were adopted by a vote of—clergy, 15 to 4; laity, 21 to 5:—

"1. Resolved—That the results of this investigation, and the evidence now laid before the Convention, renew and strengthen the confidence heretofore expressed in the integrity of the right reverend the bishop of the diocese; and in our opinion fully exculpate him from any charge of crime or immorality made against him.

"2. Resolved—That the Convention of New Jersey has now fulfilled the duty which previous conventions have felt and expressed their readiness to fulfil, of making a full, searching, and honest inquiry into any allegation against the bishop, when formally brought before it upon definite charges; and we appeal to the Church at large to ratify our declaration, that this duty has been faithfully, and in the fear of God, performed.

"3. Resolved—That a committee of four clergymen and three laymen be appointed, by ballot, to lay the report of the committee and the accompanying evidence before the court appointed for the trial of the bishop; that such committee present a written representation, on behalf of this convention, setting forth its legal and canonical position and rights; and earnestly and respectfully urging the right reverend the bishops to consider whether (apart from all abstract questions of power) it will be wise, or just, or for the peace of God's Church, to proceed further upon the charges laid before them.

"4. Resolved—That the report and the testimony be printed in the journal, and a copy of the same be transmitted to every bishop of the Church, and to the standing committees of such dioceses as are without bishops, or whose bishop is under disability."

The "New York Churchman" states that a new presentment has been served upon the Bishop of New Jersey, to be tried by a Court of Bishops at Camden, New Jersey, on the 7th of October. The presentment, though dated the 22nd of July, was not served on Bishop Doane till late at night on the 6th of September, just within the thirty days required before the meeting of the court. It is subsequent to the report of the committee to the late Special Convention, of New Jersey.

In pursuance of a request addressed to him from his own diocese,

the Bishop of New Jersey called another Special Convention of his diocese to assemble at Newark on the 27th of October, "to decide upon and pursue such course in regard to the interests and just rights of the diocese, as the action of three bishops, in making what purports to be a new presentment of the bishop of this diocese, may in their judgment require."

The Bishops' Court for the trial of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, upon the presentment made by the Bishops of Maine, Virginia, and Ohio, was formally opened at Camden on Tuesday, the 7th inst. The sitting of the court was not public, but the following facts have transpired:—The members present were Bishops Hopkins, Smith, Kemper, McCoskry, De Lancey, Whittingham, Johns, Eastburn, Chase, Lee, Potter, Upfold, Green, and Rutledge. The Bishop of Vermont was appointed President. An adjournment to Burlington, for the convenience of the witnesses, was warmly opposed, especially by the presenters, but carried by a large majority. A resolution proposed by Bishop Johns, that communications from third parties should not be received, intended to exclude the proceedings of the New Jersey Convention, was rejected by a decided majority. The last-named document was read, and produced a marked effect. Bishop McCoskry afterwards moved that no action be taken on the first presentment, in consequence of the action of the New Jersey Convention, and that all action should be postponed on the second until after the Special Convention of the Diocese should have met and acted on the subject.

A pamphlet has been issued by the clergy, setting forth the grievance of insufficient salaries. The average salary of the clergy is 450 dollars; in Maryland not over 400 dollars, while the Washington clergy petition for an increase of 20 per cent. on their salaries of 1000 or 1200 dollars a year, found to be insufficient for their support.

A meeting of "Spiritualists" has lately been held at Worcester, United States, at which various revelations said to have been received from spirits,—that is, according to their doctrine, spiritualized bodies,—were detailed, and marriage was denounced as the root of all sin, folly, and suffering, and the great obstacle to the regeneration of the world.

Mr. Mullen, a Roman Catholic priest, has published the following statistics in the "Tablet," showing the losses Popery has sustained in America:—

"The present population of the United States is about 25,000,000, and of these the Catholic Church claims only 1,980,000. From the year 1825 to 1844, 1,250,000 left Ireland, 1,000,000 of whom came to America; the proportion of Catholics among them may be very fairly estimated at 800,000. Since that period to the present, the numbers who emigrated here from Ireland, at the lowest calculation, were 1,500,000; and taking the Catholics as above, we will have, in nine years, 1,200,000. A large number (say half a million) came from Germany, some from Italy, France, Belgium, and other countries, during the last ten years, half of whom were Catholics, say 250,000.

Twelve years ago America had a Catholic population (according to Dr. England, Bishop of Charlestown) of 1,200,000. Calculating the increase of this number by births at the very small number of 500,000, and adding for converts in the larger cities and towns 20,000, we will have the following total :—

Catholic emigrants from the year 1825 to 1844 . . . . .	800,000
Catholic emigrants from 1844 to 1852 . . . . .	1,200,000
Catholic emigrants from other countries . . . . .	250,000
American Catholic population twelve years ago . . . . .	1,200,000
Increase by births since . . . . .	500,000
Number of converts . . . . .	20,000
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Number who ought to be Catholics . . . . .	3,970,000
Number who are Catholics . . . . .	1,980,000
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Number lost to the Catholic Church . . . . . 1,990,000

Say, in round numbers, two millions !”

**AUSTRALASIA.**—On Aug. 16, the Lord Bishop of Sydney bade farewell to the clergy of Sydney, and the members of the Church, previous to his departure for England.

Divine Service was celebrated in the Cathedral at ten o'clock in the morning, at which a large number of persons were present, and partook of the Holy Communion at the hands of the bishop, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon of Cumberland, the Rev. R. Allwood, and the Rev. George King.

After the service the congregation adjourned to St. Andrew's school-room, in the Cathedral Close, for the purpose of receiving the bishop's farewell address.

The Bishop of Melbourne has, in an appendix to his Charge, published a statement of the qualifications in respect to knowledge which he will require of all candidates for ordination. They are :—

1. An accurate knowledge of the English Bible. 2. Ability to state and to prove the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. 3. A competent knowledge of the evidences of Christianity. 4. A familiar acquaintance with the Book of Common Prayer and the other formularies of our Church. 5. A knowledge of ecclesiastical history.

With regard to the Fathers, and the Latin and Greek languages, the bishop states his reasons for not requiring a knowledge of them, the former, because a superficial acquaintance with them is likely to be prejudicial rather than beneficial ; the latter because Latin is no longer essential for holy orders, and because Greek, although valuable for reading the New Testament in the original, is not indispensable.

The following address from Bishop Short was read to the various congregations of the Church in Adelaide, and in other parts of the province, at Easter last.

“Dear Brethren.—The Apostle Paul, writing to the Corinthian Church, says, ‘Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.' The like reason have we so to bless God, even as the Apostle : for if our trials have abounded, so also have we been comforted of God under them, by several circumstances of encouragement, as well as by experience of the faith in his promises and providence, which faileth not. When, for example, it seemed good to the 'powers that be' that all assistance from the State to the preaching of the gospel should cease ; and we were exhorted to trust in the divine institution of the Church for the maintenance of its own ministry, the ready zeal with which you responded to the call inspired a confident hope that in nothing we should come behind those who, for conscience sake, had trusted for their support to the liberality of their followers. We were further comforted by the assembling of the Church, for taking counsel together, after the primitive example. You conferred with your bishop and clergy upon the measures best calculated to promote fellowship among its numerous but dispersed members ; and gathering means for the extension and support of its ministry. Looking back upon those meetings, I cannot but take comfort in the wise, sober, and godly feeling which appeared to prevail in them, as well as in the earnest desire to work effectually for the maintenance of divine worship, in all such places as the services of our Church might be required.

"In the midst, however, of our consultations, it pleased God to try our faith and patience very severely, by the sudden removal of a large portion of our population. If we had trusted in the arm of flesh, we should have been not only cast down, but in despair. Our God, however, is still a God of comfort in all our tribulation. He has bidden us cast all our care upon Him, for He hath said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' We trust, therefore, in the living God. Already the cloud which hung over our temporal prospects has begun to break. Numerous are the instances in which they whom God has prospered in digging gold out of the dust of the earth have been forward to obey the apostle's precept, 'owe no man any thing,' and 'render unto all their dues.' And this assures us that if we faithfully sow unto God's people spiritual things, we shall in due time reap of their carnal things. The ordinance of the Lord cannot fail. 'They who preach the gospel shall live of the gospel.' But trust in God's providence must not supersede our use of means. It depends, therefore, upon you, brethren, to confirm this our assured reliance upon the word and will of God.

"After due and solemn consideration, your representatives, in conference assembled, have proposed the establishment of a General Pastoral Aid Fund, by the payment of one shilling each calendar month by all the members of our Church. From this general fund the thinly peopled and poorer districts are to receive aid in their endeavour to support their own clergyman, instead of each congregation limiting its sympathies and affections to itself, who should then feel (as is our bounden duty) members one of another in the body of Christ. The

strong and wealthy would bear the infirmities of the weak and needy. Christian charity, 'the very bond of peace and all virtues,' would flourish amongst us; and the Churches, being at peace within themselves and with each other, and walking in the fear of the Lord, would be multiplied. Shall these hopes, beloved brethren, be disappointed? Shall our love grow cold because many have departed for a season from amongst us? Shall the fruit of all our anxious deliberations and our prayers be frustrated, and, after we have willed, when the time to do has arrived, shall be weighed in the balances and found wanting? Better would it have been for us never to have devised liberal things, never to have purposed 'to honour God with the first fruits of our increase,' than, after having been thus minded, to use lightness. Better far not to vow, than 'having vowed, not to pay.' If there be in you, then, as I believe there is, 'any comfort of love, any bowels and mercies,' fulfil, I beseech you, that which your representatives have proposed; and set on foot a collection for 'the elders and deacons that are among you.' Let 'them that serve well and labour in the word and ministry, be counted worthy of double honour.' What man is there among you in this favoured land that cannot contribute one shilling each month to the general support of the ministers of religion? It is not the tenth, but scarcely an eightieth part of a labouring man's ordinary earnings. Let that collection be begun zealously 'as unto God, and not unto man.' Let not covetousness prove the curse of our Church, nor our riches be cankered by the idolatry of wealth! Be not ye partakers with other men's sins. As in the Church of Corinth, why not lay up in store for charitable uses on the first day of the week, 'the Lord's Day,' according 'as God has prospered every man.' This is the primitive 'Christian way.' It would be an offering to God, not a gathering by man; and thus every man who loved the Lord would be diligent gladly to give of the little which he possessed. No man, no congregation of men, can really be Christ's in whom the love of God is not shed abroad in the heart; and he who loves Him that beget will love also them that are begotten of Him.

"Brethren, let me have this comfort of you; that as to will was present with you, so now to do may, through God's grace, be present also. I beseech you to know them that are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. Let your care of them flourish again, and while they watch for your souls as they that must give account, and give themselves wholly to these things, do you provide for their temporal wants, that they may labour much in the Lord, and not be drawn aside by cares or anxieties to worldly business. 'Who feedeth the flock and eateth not of the milk of the flock?' even so the Christian Pastor is to be sustained by the free offering of the Lord's people, even as the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and His Apostles, were ministered unto of the substance of them who believed on Him unto eternal life. Them that thus honour God, He will honour, and look whatsoever they do it shall prosper,

"Brethren, if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them ; for godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. Fare ye well in the Lord.

"From your faithful friend and Chief Pastor,

"AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE."

The "Tasmanian Chronicle" publishes some documents in connexion with the Colonial Church movement in that diocese. The bishop issued a circular letter "inviting" the election of lay-delegates on the 16th of June, to meet on the 23rd of the same month, in accordance with the following report of a committee, consisting of the Archdeacon of Hobart Town and the clergy of the district of Hobart, appointed at a general meeting of the clergy of the diocese, on the 28th of January, 1852:—

"For the purpose of considering by what plan the opinions of the lay-communicants of the Church might be best obtained upon the matters then brought before the clergy by the following words of a circular from the bishop:—

"I feel myself justified in requesting you to meet me, first, to consider how far you are prepared to adopt the general principle set forth in minute 3, of the conference at Sydney, that future synods and conventions, duly constituted, may be the means of settling many questions of great importance to the well-being of the Church; and, secondly, to adopt measures for obtaining, by representation, the opinions of the laity upon the same point."

This committee considers:—

"1. That the opinions of the laity of the Church may be best obtained by a general meeting of lay-delegates, to be held in Hobart Town on a day to be named by the bishop.

"2. That such lay-delegates be communicants of the Church; one to be elected from every parish or district being under the licensed charge of any one clergyman; such delegate being resident within the said parish or district.

"3. That the electors be male adults, resident within the parish or district which is to return the delegate, and declaring themselves to be members of the Church of England.

"4. That such lay-delegates be chosen at a meeting of electors, held on a day to be fixed by the bishop, at some central place within the parish or district, the said meeting having been convened by the clergyman by notice to his congregation or congregations during divine service on two several Sundays before the day of election.

"5. That electors shall only be allowed to vote personally.

(Signed) "FITZHERBERT A. MARRIOTT, Chairman."

The Bishop of Tasmania having refused to receive or countersign testimonials as to soundness of doctrine from clergymen who had signed the "solemn Declaration of Ministers," containing among others a denial of "the authority of any Church or minister to prescribe to any individual in matters of religion, *in opposition to their own judgment*;" and having, likewise, refused admission to holy orders to candidates

denying the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, certain clergymen and laymen of the diocese formed a Tasmania branch of the London Protestant Defence Association, and appointed a deputation, to wait upon the bishop, and demand of him to withhold the condemnation of certain clergymen involved in the repudiation of their testimonials, to retract his resolution to refuse holy orders to persons not holding the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and, moreover, to prohibit the use of Dr. Wordsworth's "*Theophilus Anglicanus*" at the college. The bishop declined to accede to these demands, in a lengthened reply, which he proposes to publish, and in the mean time he has published a letter briefly summing up the reasons of his refusal.

The resolutions passed at the meeting of the Church Education Society (see "*Guardian*," Sept. 1) have led to a further step on the part of Bishop Selwyn towards obtaining a constitution for the Church in the colony of New Zealand. His lordship has issued the following pastoral letter:—

"St. John's College, April 19, 1852.

"My dear friends and brethren,—The reports which I have received from England, Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Tasmania, have convinced me that the time has come when it is my duty to press upon you the necessity of applying to the heads of the State and of the Church in England for authority to frame, under their sanction, such a form of constitution for our branch of the English Church, as may define the privileges and duties of all the members, whether clerical or lay, and secure to them a due participation in the management of its affairs.

"The necessity of this measure arises mainly from two causes:—

"First, that the Church in this colony is not established by law; and, consequently, that a large portion of the ecclesiastical law of England is inapplicable to us.

"Secondly, that the Church in this colony is dependent mainly upon the voluntary contributions of its members.

"It would be impossible, within any reasonable compass, to trace out the necessary differences of system, resulting from these causes, which must exist between our colonial branch and the mother Church, as it is in England, established by law, and supported by permanent endowments.

"We can scarcely expect that such a revision of the ecclesiastical law as would meet our wants will be undertaken in England; because the Convocation of the clergy is no longer allowed to meet for deliberation, and the British Parliament is no longer composed only of members of the Church. Our own colonial legislature, for the same reason, cannot be considered competent to enact laws for the government of the Church.

"It follows, therefore, that we must either be content to have no laws to guide us, or that we must apply for the usual power granted to all incorporated bodies—to frame by-laws for ourselves in all such matters as relate to our own peculiar position; reserving to Her Majesty and to the heads of the Church in England such rights and

powers as may be necessary to maintain the Queen's supremacy, and the unity and integrity of our Church. I therefore submit to you the following statement of a few fundamental principles which, with your approbation, might be made the basis of an application for a charter of incorporation to be granted to our branch of the English Church. It would be reserved for the Convention itself to decide upon all the minor details of our Church constitution, so far as we may be left free to legislate for ourselves.

"Commending you to the guidance of Him who is able to give you a right judgment in all things, I remain, your affectionate friend and pastor,

"G. A. NEW ZEALAND."

*"General Principles proposed as the Basis of a Constitution of the Church in New Zealand."*

"1. That the bishops, clergy, and laity shall be three distinct orders, the consent of all of which shall be necessary to all acts binding upon the Church at large.

"2. Subject to the foregoing principle, that each order be at liberty to conduct its deliberations separately, or to unite with the others, at its own discretion.

"3. That provisionally, till a definition of Church membership shall have been agreed upon by a General Convention, every person shall be deemed a member of the Church of England who shall make a written declaration to that effect to the clergyman of his parish or district.

"4. That every adult Church member who shall have been duly registered be entitled to vote at the election of lay representatives to the first General Convention.

"5. That it shall rest with the General Convention to decide how and by whom all patronage shall be exercised, and in what manner all persons holding Church offices shall be removable from the same; and also to fix the amount of all salaries, fees, and other allowances.

"6. That it is necessary that the Church body, constituted as above, should be legally incorporated; and that all sites of churches, burial-grounds, schools, and lands for endowment of the Church, &c., should be vested in the general incorporation.

"7. That in order to maintain the Queen's supremacy, and union with the mother Church, a draft of the constitution proposed for the Church in New Zealand be submitted to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, and to the Archbishop of Canterbury, through the Metropolitan Bishop of Sydney; with a petition that Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to direct the necessary steps to be taken, whether by Act of Parliament or by royal charter, to secure to our branch of the English Church the liberty, within certain limits, of framing laws for its own government.

"8. That neither the doctrines nor the ritual of the Church of England, nor the authorized version of the Bible, shall in any way be subject to the decision of the General Convention.

"9. That the Bishop of New Zealand be requested to embody the



above resolutions in the form of a petition, and to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying into effect the wishes of the memorialists."

The Rev. G. H. Nobbs, chaplain of Pitcairn's Island, has been admitted to priest's orders, by the Lord Bishop of London, in the parish church of Fulham. The Rev. R. G. Baker, vicar, took part in this solemn and interesting service. The Rev. T. B. Murray, M.A., presented the rev. candidate to the bishop. The vessels for the Holy Communion, which were used for the first time, immediately after the ordination, were placed by Mr. Baker in Mr. Nobbs's hands, for the church in Pitcairn's Island.

"The eventful history of the 'Bounty,' which led to the occupation of Pitcairn's Island by part of the mutineers, with some men and women of Tahiti, in 1789, is well known. After a few years spent in violence and unbridled licence, the Tahitian men, and seven of the nine mutineers, including Fletcher Christian, the leader of the mutiny, came to an untimely end; one of the remaining two died of consumption; and, within ten years of their landing, John Adams remained the single survivor of the men who had taken possession of the island. This remarkable man became impressed with the solemn responsibility of his position, when he found himself surrounded with a number of young persons, all children of the mutineers, between the ages of five and fifteen, ignorant of God, and likely, under the influence of their Tahitian mothers, to become idolaters. About the same time he be-thought him of the Bible, which had been much used by Christian, and also by Young in his last illness. On finding this, as well as a Prayer Book, which had also been saved from the 'Bounty,' he set himself to read their contents, which at first he was scarcely able to do from his imperfect scholarship. Still he persevered, so that he was shortly able to instruct the young people to read; and he became so impressed and imbued with the Gospel lessons of salvation, that he undertook the regular religious instruction of the inhabitants. From this time peace and contentment pervaded this small Christian community. Early in 1829 John Adams died, at the age of sixty-five years.

"Five months before his death, a young man, moved with a desire of assisting him in his work, arrived in the island, and being kindly received by the inhabitants, was, immediately on the death of Adams, appointed to the office of schoolmaster and pastor. In these capacities, as well as that of their medical adviser. Mr. Nobbs has almost uninterruptedly continued ever since among them. During that period, now between twenty-four and twenty-five years, several ships have visited the island; and the accounts brought back by the visitors of the singular innocence and simplicity of manners that prevail among the inhabitants, have from time to time excited great interest in the public mind."

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It is remarkable that while so much attention has been given of

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late years to the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages, till we can reconstruct a church of the fourteenth century so well as almost to deceive the most practised eye, the Domestic Architecture of the same period has been entirely neglected; yet is the one as well worthy of attention as the other: and had the same care been bestowed upon it by our architects and their employers, we should not have daily and hourly to lament over the miserable abortions with which our country has been studded of late years under the misnomer of Houses in the style of the Middle Ages, the best of which are bad imitations of the mongrel style of the Elizabethan era, nor would the country have to lament over the thousands that have been wasted on that splendid failure, the new Palace at Westminster.

The large collection of careful engravings of the finest examples of Domestic Architecture of the best period, here supplied, will, it is hoped, prove as serviceable to the profession and their employers, as the specimens of Ecclesiastical details supplied by the Glossary of Architecture have been found in building new churches.

But the study of the houses of our ancestors is not a mere dry matter of bricks and mortar, it is inseparably mixed up with the manners and customs of the period; it is impossible to explain or to understand the one without the help of the other. Records in themselves unintelligible become clear as daylight when read by the aid of existing remains; and on the other hand, all the odd holes and corners of our old houses or castles had their use and object, which can be understood and explained by the aid of the cotemporary writings. Often is light thus reflected from the one to the other in the most unexpected manner. Now it is the public records, now some private contract, now an obscure passage in an old Romance, or Poem, or Legend, or History, that explains or is explained by the ruins of some ancient mansion.

Such is the object which this volume aims at, to collect, digest, and arrange such passages, and endeavour to interest, amuse, and instruct the reader. How far we have succeeded in our object we must leave for others to say.

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